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W. B. YEATS

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The Cabinet of Irish Literature

Selections from the Works of
The Chief Poets, Orators, and Prose Writers
of Ireland

With Biographical Sketches and Literary Notices by

CHARLES A. READ, F.R.H.S.

Author of "Tales and Stories of Irish Life" "Stories from the Ancient Classics" &c.

NEW EDITION

Revised and greatly Extended by

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Author of "Poems" "The Dear Irish Girl" "She Walks in Beauty" "A Girl of Galway" &c.

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OF

IRISH LITERATURE.

THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

[Miss Lawless was born in Ireland. She is the daughter of the third Lord Cloncurry, and sister of the present peer. Her books are: *Hurrish*; *Major Lawrence, F.L.S.*; *The Story of Ireland*; *With Essex in Ireland*; *Plain Frances Mowbray*; *Grania*; *Traits and Confidences*; and *Maelcho*. From the last-named exquisite book we give a long excerpt. However Time may shuffle our modern appreciations there can be no doubt that Miss Lawless must rank among the first of Irish novelists. Miss Edgeworth, Carleton, John Banim, Miss Lawless, Miss Barlow; in some such way the bed-roll must begin. In Miss Lawless's work strength and sweetness are happily united. Terror and pity meet in her pages; and the story of Maelcho and the Desmond Rebellion wrings the heart as intolerably as those few poignant words of Spenser in which he, an alien and an enemy, describes the sufferings of the hunger-stricken in the Desmond country. The extracts are given by kind permission of the author.]

MAELCHO TELLS FAIRY STORIES.

(FROM "MAELCHO".)

Then peace fell upon the camp—that peculiar, almost unnatural peace which was apt to follow those melodramatic entrances and exits. Three or four hours passed. The Spaniards had left off fort-building and settled down to their suppers. Upon his ledge of rock Hugh Gaynard was squatting comfortably upon his heels beside the

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fire, in a fashion he had learnt among the O'Flaherties. It was a damp evening, with a heavy briny smell, for the air was beginning to curdle up with minute particles of sea fog. The small stream gurgled sociably through its limestone shingle, growing all but noiseless as it sank amongst the roots of the spurries and stunted scurvy-worts which covered the lower slopes. A dreamy impression of melancholy seemed to be brooding over the whole wide gray wilderness of water, stretching away sail-less, solitary, desolate, seemingly to the very bounds of all creation.

If the background was thus not exactly exhilarating, the foreground of spurting flames and children's faces was lively enough. The two little girls had been spending a cheerful afternoon, racking their small brains to discover some fresh task to lay upon their big henchman. At the present moment they were insisting, as a preliminary to going to bed, upon being told a story—a long, long, *long* story—one of those ideal stories which have never yet been heard by mortal ears, but which all over the world the children are still faithfully waiting for. In this case the claim was really almost a reasonable one. To have the most celebrated *senachie* in all Munster—therefore in Ireland—therefore in the world—for one's own private nursery-maid ought surely to mean unlimited luxury in this direction, if in no other.

"Yes, it is a *long* story, the longest and best story that *ever* was told, *that* is what you are going to tell us to-night, Maelcho, honey-man, so begin quick, *at once!*" the youngest was saying in a peremptory tone.

She was the fair one—a little blue-eyed creature with the round, enquiring face and straw-coloured aureole of one of the camomile flowers, just then closing its petals against the sky over her head.

"And what tale can the poor old senachie tell to the little *girsha* ladies?" sounded in the deep, rumbling bass. "What tale can poor old ugly Maelcho tell to the beautiful little *girsha* ladies?"

"You will tell us one of the tales that you used to tell us in Spain, honey-man, only you will tell us a better one, much better. It was much, *much* better tales you said you would tell us when we got here—beautiful tales, long tales, tales that were never going to leave off at all! But it is no tales we have had, only wet places to sleep in, and ugly food to eat, and bad wicked men shouting and wakening us in the middle of the night; *that* is what we have had here!" The small pink face puckered itself resolutely up, evidently as a preliminary to a vigorous fit of crying.

"*Estha! Estha! Estha!* Hush, *girsha* lady! It is not the poor ladymother you would be disturbing, would you? *Pho! Pho!* The beautiful little *girsha* ladies never cry, never make ugly noises. It is only the wicked men that do that. Some day the *girsha* ladies shall kill all the wicked ugly men in Ireland, yes, every one of them, and throw them over there into the sea, so they shall!"

In spite of this encouraging prospect, the tyrants were not to be satisfied.

"Then if we are not to cry it is a story you are to tell us, and if you do not tell us a story at once, it is beaten you are going to be," the elder one exclaimed indignantly, "yes, beaten hard by both of us, hard, *hard*, Maelcho, honey-man!" they cried simultaneously; whereupon four small fists began pummelling vigorously at his chest, a punishment which, to judge by the expression of his face, gave the most exquisite satisfaction to the victim.

"All the tales are done and told, lady *girshas*, all the good tales are done and told! There are no more left! All over! all over! all over!" and the senachie threw up his hands impressively.

"Then it is a lie you are telling us, a big black lie! Yes, a lie as big as yourself, honey-man! How can the tales be all done when we can say a number of them ourselves—when we know all about the good giant King Finn, who slept with his head on one

bank of the Shannon and his feet on the other, and who caught the big trout and salmon, as they ran past him, in his mouth; only he let the little trout, and the little red and blue pinkeens, escape because they were still so young! Tell us that tale, Maelcho, honey-man."

"Lady *girshas*, the good giants have all gone away from poor old Ireland. There are none left now but wicked giants; giants that yawn in the darkness, and make the caves; giants as big and as black as the bogs; wicked black giants, and *Fear Gortach*, the big white Hunger-man, who comes when the little children have nothing to eat. The lady *girshas* do not want to hear about *Fear Gortach*—no, no, I am sure they do not! It is he that sleeps across the top of the dead fir-trees, and when he dreams his bones rattle, and when he wakes up he reaches down a long white hand like a fork out of the trees, and picks up everything he sees—the poor men and the poor women, and little, little children, and the young rabbits out of their holes, and the small unfledged wood-pigeons from their nests, and eats them all up there on the top of the trees, and drops their bones about the wood, so that it seems as if the sky was raining white sticks. No, no, the *girsha* ladies would never like to hear about such things as those."

In spite of this discouraging assurance, over which the children began to look extremely grave, Maelcho presently embarked upon a long meandering recital about three good young men who went forth to seek their fortunes, and in process of time conquered the whole world, and also the parish of Shannagheloontippen, in the county of Tipperary, which they took from three giants, with only one eye amongst the three of them, whose names were Gom, Gum, and Groggertnabognach. Also all the giants' horses and chariots, and gold crowns, and three large thrones out of three big stone castles reaching up to the sky; and having put all these things together into one curragh, they set out across the sea to Hy Brasil, the land of eternal youth, where nobody ever dies, and where the pigs are prettier and the wolves tamer than robins and chickens in Ireland. And there those three good young men reigned for ever and ever, and all three of them became senachies afterwards.

TELLS HOW MAELCHO THE SENACHIE
FOR THE LAST TIME VISITED THE
HUT UPON THE CLIFF.

(FROM "MAELCHO".)

The further he went in this direction the quicker his pace grew, till it was like the long loping gallop of a wolf. Now and then he threw up his head and gazed around him at the blasted landscape, but without any thought in connection with it beyond the desire to reach the end of his road as soon as possible. There was no one to question or to stop him, for the country was a mere desert; but had there been he would have thrust them aside, would have killed them, if necessary, and passed on, in the eagerness of that wild, fierce gallop.

*Ni marbh acht a dtaibse an bháis!*¹ It was now like some great bell, ringing incessantly close to his head. *Ni marbh acht a dtaibse an bháis!* The whole air tingled and rang with it.

After a couple of hours he reached the shores of Smerwick Bay, coming out nearly opposite to the Fort of Gold, at the spot where the camp of the invaders had been pitched. Sir James's unhappy Irish Calais remained just as he had left it. The ditches half-cut, the bastions half-made, the draw-bridge unfinished. It stood naked now to the sea and sky. The Spaniards who had worked at it were gone, most of them by this time dead, and it stood there, a ruin around a ruin, waiting, with something of an air of conscious suspense, for that more startling and world-renowned tragedy of which it was shortly to be the theatre.

Maelcho passed it at the same long loping gallop, and hastened on till he reached the cliff. Here he got upon the same narrow track along which he had gone the day that Hugh Gaynard first fell in with the Geraldines, and again, as on that day, he paused where a projecting knoll jutted out, and glanced down at what lay below.

It looked just as it had looked then, only that there were a few more traces of recent habitation. The little shanty on its weed-covered bracket stood just as he had left it six months before. The voice of the sea came up in the same hoarse chorus to his ear; the stream trickled over the brink, and slipped, choking and gurgling, through the

shingle to the shore, the gulls shrieked and hovered.

He stood and stared at it all with widely-distended eyes, eyes in which hope and hungry expectation were beginning to burn.

Suddenly he started forward at a run, and did not pause again until he stood upon the ledge itself. Nothing seemed to have been touched here either since he left. Bits of driftwood lay about, mixed up with scattered moss, spars and shells, which he had himself collected for the children. He looked first at one thing and then at another; carefully, enquiringly; his nostrils expanding as a dog's do, when it comes home, and looks for a hand to be put out to welcome it. At last he went up to the door, opened it a little way, and peeped in, peering first to the right hand, and then to the left.

What did he expect to see? Who can tell? Doubtless the very sight of that familiar spot had conjured up those other familiar images; doubtless he still saw them, exactly as he had seen them last—the two little beloved forms, the two little flowerlike faces, just as he had left them. Perhaps they were sleeping, or perhaps they were round the corner, waiting to pounce out upon him, and thump him lovingly with their soft little hands. He had dreamt that they were dead, but, thank Heaven, it was only a dream. He knew better now, he knew that it was only a dream, one of his old, wicked, lying dreams. They were *not* dead, they were alive, and he should see them soon.

He stood still, that look of crazed expectation deepening upon his face as he remained there. At last he began to speak, at first quite low, under his breath, in a tender, entreating whisper—"Girshas! Lady Girshas! Eh, my little lady girshas!" He waited a minute; no answer; then whispered again, and waited; still no answer; then louder and louder, and after that louder and louder still, till the whole cliff rang with his voice; rang and rang with his entreaty to be answered. Then he waited again. Silence! Utter, absolute silence. Suddenly he started and looked behind him. Something was tapping there, tapping against the wall behind the partition. Something which sounded exactly like the touch of small impatient fingers. Of course they were there; they always tapped there when they awoke and wanted him to come to them! With a bound he was across the floor, and had

¹ Not dead, only seeming to be dead.

darted behind the partition. Nothing! absolutely nothing. Still, it went on, that soft sound, so like the sound of tapping fingers. Outside? Yes, outside! Again he rushed across the floor, through the door, round the corner of the hut; his arms open, his big body stumbling against everything it encountered, his lips trembling, his whole face lit up with hope and eager expectation.

This time there really *was* something there, and something *was* tapping, he was not mistaken about that. Something? Ah yes! but what was that something? It was a minute, an almost invisibly minute fragment of driftwood, which had somehow got caught and suspended to the wall by a string of bind-weed, and each time a gust came it lifted it up and sent it lightly tapping against the wall; then it fell back again, and hung there like a tiny pendulum. As Maelcho stood looking at it another puff came, and again the fragment of driftwood rose from the wall; again it tapped lightly twice, and again it fell.

He remained staring at it, doggedly, unbelievably; his eyes wide and bloodshot; his face, a minute before tender and expectant, becoming dangerous, and ferocious looking, as the blood, congealing below the skin, stained it a dull purple. Suddenly a fresh roar broke from his throat, a different one this time, a fierce hollow roar, almost like the bellow of some wounded bull. Hope and expectation seemed suddenly to give way. Raised to their highest possible point, they fled, leaving nothing behind them. Despair overtook him absolutely. It blackened his whole soul. It turned what a moment before had been a kindly harmless man into the semblance of some savage devouring beast. A desire for destruction came over him like a thirst. Flinging himself upon the hut, he tore the door of it away from its hinges with a single effort, and tossed it, with an exultant shout, over amongst the gulls below. He did not pause there. With another shout he flung himself upon the rest. Stone after stone he pulled them down, and hurled them over into the sea; plucking the rafters from their places, and the clumsy jambs and corner-stones out of the earth. His hands were bleeding and gashed; the perspiration poured down his face; the wound on his head had reopened, but he never desisted from his task till of the whole fabric of the shanty nothing was left but a few logs and a shapeless and scattered heap of

stones. Even those he continued to seize, and to fling down one by one; savagely, exultingly, as he might have flung over some living foe; conscious only of a single desire, to destroy; blindly, senselessly, to destroy. At last exhaustion overtook him suddenly, and he fell down upon the ground, on the top of the now nearly naked shelf.

The evening closed in; night came on; the shore grew formless, full of vague shadows; the stars came out in their myriads, the sky overhead was stainless; the spell of night and of silence brooded, as it were consciously, over the face of the Atlantic. In the distance the small red rows of volcanoes smouldered, flared, and sank again into darkness, but Maelcho never stirred. He lay there amongst the scattered stones, only a shadow amongst the other shapeless shadows of the place; only an atom the more amongst the long, and still-increasing, sum-total of that year of agony; agonies which, like his own, found no articulate voice in which to proclaim themselves; agonies which passed away, without a record, and without a poet.

(FROM "MAELCHO", PART IV., CHAP. V.)

Maelcho the *senachie* continued to live on from week to week and from month to month, though why he lived, or how he lived, neither he nor anyone else could have told. When, six or seven hours later, he had come back to himself upon the now naked shelf at Smerwick, he had wandered away into the night, not knowing why or where. Next day, pushed by some unexplained instinct, he had turned his steps towards his own country, towards the big forests of the north-east of the province, those forests in which he and his master had fought so long, and in which that master had, six months before, perished.

Like some friendly animal, grown savage by ill-usage, he wandered along day after day, dangerous to meet with, as such an animal may, and easily does become, when it loses all that it has ever cared for, and has ceased to possess either a master or a home. Day after day he wandered, and night after night he lay down to sleep in some leafy corner, or sat crouched, his chin and his knees together, upon a stone, sleeping heavily, waking at early dawn, and going on again he did not himself know where. Owls hooted at him from the tree-tops, wolves howled, foxes barked, bats squeaked,

the thick darkness of the woods encompassed him like the darkness of a grave. Sometimes, when the night was clear, a sudden ineffable shaft of moonlight would peer down at him from between the dividing branches, touching him with that mild, distracting tenderness which breaks the heart when other and nearer help or tenderness there is none.

For everything, even his old touch with this outside world, had gone now from Maelcho. Nature was no longer his friend; the spell was broken, and he had become a mere waif, lost in an unfamiliar country; lost to a degree which no man whose mind is still his own can ever be said to be lost. An immense fog-filled abyss seemed to yawn eternally around him. He was as lonely as if no other human being had ever existed, as lonely as some elemental object might be if we could suppose a dawn of consciousness to have entered into it, sufficient, but only just sufficient, to make it realize its own isolation.

In this way, turning often back upon his steps, but upon the whole keeping steadily to the north-east, he arrived, about a fortnight after he had left Smerwick, in that dense region of forest land which covered all the lower slopes of the Gaultee mountains. It was full just then of refugees who had flocked to it from the more exposed country round about. The weather was atrociously bad; storms of wind and rain kept sweeping across the forest, scourging these roofless vagrants and saturating them to the very bone. As Maelcho made his way along the narrow paths, he encountered numbers of such homeless wanderers, many of them women with children, either on their backs or following in a little group at their heels. One—a young dark-eyed woman with two children—stopped, and begged persistently of him as he passed; begged of *him*, the vagrant, the madman, the starved wanderer, without a scrap of food or anything else for himself.

Maelcho merely stared vacantly at her for a minute, then passed on, thrusting her aside as something about which he knew and cared nothing. The woman, upon this repulse, fell back, but after a while she followed him stealthily along the forest path.

When the evening came he looked about for some place to sleep in. He had got into a state of almost complete apathy about

food; he had now been starving so long that it seemed to be the natural thing to do, and although, compared to others, his strength held out, it had ebbed to a point at which existence became little more than a mere confused dream. It was perhaps because he was not thinking of it, or because he had no wish upon the subject, that the means for holding out at least one day more fell unexpectedly into his hands. As he was entering a thicket a rabbit bolted past him; then, scared at his nearness, shot into a low bank of stones hard by, entering at random into the first hole it came to.

Mechanically Maelcho thrust his hands into this opening, and feeling there a mass of fur, drew out the creature by its hind-legs. So benumbed had grown his wits, so unreal had become everything that he touched or saw, that he was very near letting it go again. Some instinct of self-preservation came, however, to the rescue, but after having killed it with a quick blow across its neck, he laid it down on the grass beside him, and presently fell afresh into an open-eyed trance, one which lasted this time a long while, he could not have told how long, and in which all thought of the present, all idea of food and everything else, had utterly melted away.

He was brought back to himself by a shrill voice quite close to his ear, a voice that seemed to be growing louder and louder, and which disturbed him with its jarring note. He roused himself, and looked round to see what it was.

It was the same woman he had seen before, the one whom he had passed a few hours earlier in the day, and who had begged of him so persistently. She was standing close beside him, having come noiselessly up over the wet leaves; one of the children was in her arms, the other was clutching at her skirt, and she was staring at him with fierce wild eyes, such as an angry ghost might have set in a scared white face.

"Christ save you, man! Christ save you! Christ save you!" she kept repeating over and over, running the words one on top of another, and glaring at him the while like a creature possessed. "Christ save you, and it is a rabbit you have got? Yes, a rabbit, a rabbit! Oh, my God, a rabbit, and it is a rabbit that might save them yet, might save my little children! Give it me, I say, this minute, give it me that they may eat it. How dare you keep a rabbit when a rabbit

might save them? Give it to me quick, quick! Is it a fire that you think I am wanting? It is no fire, and it is no cooking that it wants! It is the meat, the good red meat that my children want, my little, little children. Look at them, you man! Look at her, look at my Ullach, she is only three; my Dermot, there, he is six. A little while ago he was so strong, he had such round, stout legs, no woman ever had such a boy; it was killing me out of jealousy the other women were. Look at them now, you man; look at them *now*, I say! Oh, my children, my little, little children! Christ save you, Christ save you, dear man, only give me the rabbit!" Her rage changed suddenly to entreaty, and she fell down grovelling at his feet.

Maelcho simply remained sitting where he was, and staring fixedly at her. What did she want with him? he asked himself dully. Through the mist of his brain her words had not as yet penetrated, but that her excitement was somehow or other in connection with the rabbit he did realize, and he turned and looked at it as it lay there at his feet.

Either his silence, an air of acquiescence, gave her courage, or it is possible she may have interpreted them into leave to take what she wanted. In any case, with the pounce of some fierce forest creature the woman suddenly snatched up the rabbit from the ground. In a very few minutes it was skinned, and fragments of it were being hastily crammed into the children's mouths.

Seeing his supper fast disappearing, Maelcho mechanically put out his hand for a piece. She gave it to him, but grudgingly. In an incredibly short time the rabbit had become a heap of red shreds, next it had vanished all but the bones, and even these were picked quite clean. She did not seem to want to eat herself, all her care was for the children. The little girl had to be coaxed, but the boy ate ravenously, falling upon the food and tearing it in pieces with his teeth, exactly as a starved puppy or young wolf cub might have done.

The excessive violence of the woman, but still more the sight of the two children, and the boy's eagerness in eating, had a curiously stimulating effect upon Maelcho's brain, such as no other sight and no other incident would probably have had. It awakened him from that trance of imbecility, of sheer animal mutescence, into which he was rapidly laps-

ing. He looked at the two children now with a deliberate, almost a reasonable, expression in his eyes. The boy was a handsome, large-limbed creature, with something bold and daring in his bearing, which even starvation could not efface. No one would have said that he was the child of a peasant, although his mother plainly was nothing else. The girl was a pretty, fragile little child, waxen-faced and pitiful, with the peculiar pathos of a flower caught in the grip of some cruel and all-blighting frost.

The senachie's starved heart suddenly opened, and went out to these two children. Who he thought they were, or whether he thought that he was in some way responsible for them, it is impossible to say, but he got up deliberately from where he was sitting, stretched his hand out to the little girl—her mother staring hard at him the while—lifted her carefully off her feet, and placed her firmly, and quite as a matter of course, upon his shoulder.

"Come!" he said, turning to the woman and speaking in a tone of authority. "It is not here that they must sleep. Come!"

She took the other child by the hand and followed him obediently without a word.

Thus at the very moment when he was most bereft, when he was naked of everything, including his own poor wits, Maelcho suddenly found himself provided with new objects, and once more for a while with something beside him to love. The heart of the Child-man opened, and took those two little starved wayfarers into it. It was not very much to fill it with, little more indeed than a mere temporary stop-gap, still it was infinitely better than such a terrible aching void. It was a boon of Nature's own providing, and he took it, as her creatures do, without question, or without even as much as realizing that anything had been done for him.

What would probably have struck a saner man—the additional risk, namely, incurred by linking himself to such a helpless little group—this he never so much as thought of. As it happened, it was less of a risk than might have been expected. The belief in danger, not as a joke, but as something very real; the anticipation of death, as an actual and a grimly probable occurrence, had got deep into the very youngest souls that fateful Irish summer. Like the young of any other hard-driven beasts, like newly-dropped

fawns, like young wild water-birds, the very babies had learnt to keep still; to hide themselves in the leaves; to hold even their breath when the pursuer was on foot; had acquired the thousand-and-one protective arts which the impartial mother instils into her worst-used and most hardly reared foundlings. The moment when it had been clutched up into some panic-stricken grasp; the moment when everything about it had burst into red flames; the moment when naked steel had glittered close to its eyes; those moments were all present still, even to the most baby memory, partly because nothing much less terrible had since come to wipe away the recollection.

Such considerations were not within Maelcho's ken. All he knew was that here were two children, and that for some reason or other he had to look after them. From the moment when he put the little girl on his shoulder he took complete charge of them, just as if he had been actually responsible for them, which perhaps he believed he was. Their mother seemed to understand this, for she also accepted the situation quite as a matter of course. She was still young, and even handsome, despite her emaciation, but to Maelcho she was simply the children's mother, just as Lady Fitzmaurice had been his *girsha* ladies' mother and nothing else. He hardly indeed took in the fact of her existence, save when he was absolutely forced to do so. If she spoke to him he generally shook his head, and muttered vaguely, whereas with the children he quickly established a freemasonry, alike of words and signs.

With that memory for places which, once implanted, even mental decay seems unable wholly to obliterate, he led them almost directly from the place where he had killed the rabbit to a spot which he had suddenly recalled as being fitter to sleep in than where they were, and after about half an hour's walking, he stopped abruptly upon the brink of a steep green hollow.

Below them lay one of those circular cups, sculptured by standing water, which abound all over Ireland. The water which once filled it had long gone, and the lower lip of the cup itself had partially melted, leaving a spoon-shaped cavity, grooved in all directions by tiny fugitive streamlets. Upon the steep green sides of this cup tall beech-trees rose sparsely, their polished trunks, whitened by lichen, rising one above the other, with something of the precision and symmetry of

the pillars of a temple, or an amphitheatre. There was, indeed, a vague suggestion of classic art about the whole aspect of the hollow, especially in the purity and severity of those sculptured columns. It seemed to be only awaiting the return of some fastidious leaf-crowned deity, who had selected it as his especial haunt and dwelling-place.

Down one of the steep sides of this cup Maelcho carried the little girl, threading his way in and out of the tree trunks till he reached a spot not far from the bottom. Here, upon a ledge a little way above the floor itself, a sort of human bird's nest, or rough wigwam of close-growing osiers, had at some time or other been fashioned. Into this he carried the child, doubling himself in two in order to do so, and laid her upon the floor, which, though hollow, was at present fairly dry. The woman then followed with the boy. There was just room for her and the two little creatures to squat in it, sitting packed together, as closely as three hares in a single form. Leaving them there, Maelcho crept out backwards, and settled himself outside in his usual attitude, his knees and his chin close together, and his back against the trunk of a tree, and so they passed the night.

About ten o'clock the moon began to creep out, and as it slowly climbed above the cup, the beech-trees—they were nearly all beeches there—seemed to grow taller and larger, till they became perfectly colossal, rising out of the darkness, and towering up into the light, crossed, but not as yet roofed, by their thinly fledged upper branches.

The worst of the place was that it seemed to be a perfect home and rendezvous of wolves. They did not, it is true, come down into the cup itself, but all the night through they howled unceasingly about its lip, sweeping round and round in packs, in and out of the tree trunks; sometimes pausing for a moment on the very brink, where they could be seen standing out—a whole row of them in the moonlight, sharp and clear, like so many toy animals—then sweeping away again; always in a curve, never straight; first one and then another forging ahead, and reappearing. Even when they were beyond the edges, and therefore quite invisible, fancy conjured up their long bristling backs, their red hungry jaws, their cruel devouring eyes, and rough staring coats. It was not a visitation conducive to rest, even in the case of the most hardened of sleepers.

Towards morning the howling began to abate as the evil brutes scented the coming daylight, and began to crawl away to their lairs. Now and then, however, a long blood-curdling howl would still rise, varied by the hooting of owls, or the sharp metallic barking of a fox.

Maelcho had passed the whole night in his favourite attitude; sometimes sleeping, but oftener staring at the trees, or at the wolves, with moon-dilated eyes. Very early in the morning, while there was still only a mere wash of daylight, the woman crept out of her own lair, and came and squatted down beside him, not at first speaking, but looking hard at him; with quick questioning eyes, as if she had been speculating in the night as to who he really was, and what his intentions were with regard to her and her children.

The morning promised well. Birds were beginning to awake, and to dart lightly hither and thither through the branches, with quick cheerful notes, and a flutter of many wings. The evil creatures of the night—the wolves, the badgers, the foxes; possibly also the pookas, the banshees, the cluricans, and such emanations—were all fast disappearing, as the good things of daylight began to come forward and take up the realm. That poor human pair, peering furtively out of the hollow below, belonged rather to the tribes of night—to the tribe of the fugitives, the prowlers, the skulkers—than to the honest creatures of daylight. They were skulkers by no fault of theirs, it is true, yet none the less they bore the brand of the skulker written only too legibly across their brows.

Satisfied apparently at last by what she saw in her companion's face, the woman began to babble. Her talk ran all upon herself, and her own children; she repeated the same things over and over, always coming back to the children. Maelcho listened, and tried to understand, but words had almost ceased to have any consecutive meaning to his mind, and the only effect, therefore, of her talk was that after a while it suggested vaguely to him his own troubles, so that he began to moan, and to rock himself to and fro, like a man in bodily pain.

The woman stopped, and stared at him; then asked abruptly what ailed him, and whether he had understood what she had said.

"I hear you, sister, I hear you," he moaned;

"I hear you, but I hear other things too, and the other things speak louder than you do. I hear . . . voices . . . children's voices. They are . . . they are . . ."

He opened his eyes widely, and looked up at the green roof overhead, as if someone had spoken to him from the tree tops.

"No, not there," he went on, shaking his head. "No, no; only the trees there; only the poor silly green trees." Again he shook his head; his lips quivered, and he locked his hands helplessly one in another.

"Are your children dead? How many of them were there? Were they all killed? And your wife, has she been killed? Who killed her? Did they hurt her much?" his companion asked inquisitively.

"Not mine, no, no, not mine; they were not mine." He paused—recollections were thronging fast, but all so broken, so terribly confused. "Two little girls, sister. One of them had hair that long, all made of light gold, you would have said the sun and the moon had been weaving. The other was . . . was . . . her eyes were—were—"

He looked about him helplessly for a minute, and then he began to sob; the hard labouring sobs of a man who is no longer young.

The woman looked rather sorry for a moment, but it was evident that she took no particular interest in what he had been saying, and presently she began to babble again about herself, and her own children; her words flowing one after the other like the ripples of a stream, and with apparently as little heed as to whether anyone was listening to them or not.

In this way she told her story. She was the wife of a herdsman, but the children were—not her husband's. It seemed that at some time—she did not herself remember when—she had been carried off by some neighbouring chieftain, the son, brother, or nephew of her husband's master—her ideas upon the whole subject were evidently of the vaguest—who had given her a hut of his own to live in, and had visited her from time to time, as the humour took him. Apparently neither she nor her husband had resented the proceeding, perhaps because it would not have mattered whether they did or not. She told it all perfectly simply. She had not wished to go, but had accepted it as natural, the sort of thing that happened to people. What had become of her husband she did not know. The tiny dimpled

girl of three was the master's child, so also was the sturdy, bold-eyed boy of six. One thing she did know: her protector, tyrant, whatever we like to call him, was dead. He had been killed by some of the Earl of Ormond's men, who had set fire to his house and destroyed everyone in it. Upon hearing this, she had fled panic-stricken from the cabin which he had provided for her, and, with her children, had since then been wandering up and down the country, sometimes for a while joining some other little flock of women and children, but oftener going alone, and about a week before, had found herself in this particular corner of the forest, since which time they had been all three starving quietly.

Maelcho made no comment upon her story, little of which had indeed penetrated to his mind. They remained where they were all that day, and would probably have remained there for several consecutive days, but that the following night there came on a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by deluges of rain. The lightning played wild fantasias all around the lip of the green cup; one moment showing the trees up to their smallest twig, the next leaving everything—hollow and upper level alike—wrapped in complete and crushing darkness. The wolves were kept at home by the storm, but that benefit was poorly compensated for by the fact that under the downpour the hollow flooring of the wigwam became gradually metamorphosed into a small lake, and as a consequence grew to be wetter than even the open ground outside. The little girl with her mother lay at the back of the wigwam, where the ground was higher and therefore drier, but the boy, who had been sleeping nearer to the entrance, awoke in a pool, and quickly made the fact known by his stifled howls of alarm and fury.

Maelcho, who, as usual, was outside with his back against a beech-tree, crept a little nearer, and felt in the darkness for the child's head, and having found it, he lifted him up on to a small ledge which rose out of the water. The ledge, however, was both wet and slippery, and the little boy continued to cry and to struggle.

"Lie still, little one," sounded in the deep voice outside. "I am here. You are safe. Lie still."

"I am wet and cold! Boo, boo! Boo, boo! I hate you. I hate everything." A stifled howl followed this announcement, half-swept away by the lash of the rain.

"Wet and cold! Wet and cold!" repeated the voice from the darkness. "The beasts are always wet and cold. When I was little I was always wet and cold, yet I lived, yet I grew; I grew big . . . so big; I walked about like a king. I looked down at everything—at everything except the trees, the trees were always taller. I could leap, though, and fight and kill; the trees could not fight or kill. I was better than the trees, though they were taller. You will be better some day than the trees, little one."

Unconsoled by this assurance, the little boy continued to sob, though not loud enough to have attracted attention. Presently the little girl awoke, and, hearing him sob, she too began to cry, in a weak, wailing fashion, very pitiful and distracting to listen to.

There was nothing to be done at the moment, but as soon as the morning had begun to dawn, and long before the storm was over, Maelcho left the shelter of his beech-tree, mounted one of the sides of the cup, and having selected the largest of the trees which grew near the edge, he climbed up it till he reached the top, and could look out over the rain-beaten forest.

His mind was beginning to work again, in the only fashion in which it ever did work now. He knew that the children must not be left where they were, and that it was his duty to find some other and drier shelter for them. Where that shelter was to be found was the question.

A picture of some sort was hanging before his mind, only he could not get it right; it was all blurred and mixed up with so many other pictures that all were more or less like it. A vague recollection of some place, not far off, kept recurring dimly, but whether that place was a shed, or a hollow tree, or a cave, he could not recall. Climbing to where a great branch stretched out horizontally, he extended himself along it like a sloth, and lay, sweeping his eyes round and round, and backwards and forwards, over as much of the forest as he could see.

Presently they were caught by a very tall fir-tree, standing out a little apart against the sky-line, to the left of which stood a cop-pice of birches, shouldering one another almost as closely as oat-stalks do in an oat-field. That coppice carried a memory of some sort for Maelcho, but what was it? He stared at it; then put his head down against the branch, and thought intently; then looked at it again. Suddenly his eyes lit up, and,

climbing down the tree, he hastened towards the coppice. In another half-hour he was pushing his way through the middle of it.

Here he found what he had recalled, or rather he found the starting-point for it. The coppice seemed at first to be perfectly blind, but presently a couple of minute paths began to appear, stretching to right and left, and created seemingly by chance in the middle of the trees. Stooping down, Maelcho selected the left-hand one. It led him along a track hardly wider than a rabbit's run, and so closely overhung that he had almost to crawl in order to follow it. Other tiny tracks strayed away from it here and there, but the senachie kept the main one. He knew now where it was leading him.

For a time it seemed to be simply bent upon confusing anyone who committed himself to its guidance. It was a true forest tunnel. Now it went up, and now it went down, now it went right, and now it went left, but always it was tortuous and agonizing to follow. Suddenly a sort of mouth appeared in it. Maelcho straightened himself, and walked with rapid steps till he came to what he was in search of.

He was now outside the coppice of birches. The trees were here all firs, most of them very old, and weighted with moss, which in many places hung in great gray wigs right down to the ground. In the centre of these firs rose a small rocky mound, in one of the sides of which a barely perceptible hole appeared.

It was stuffed full of leaves and branches, but upon his pulling these away it grew rapidly wider, until it expanded into a narrow passage, lined upon both sides with solid uprights of stone. So far back did this passage run, that a man might remain in safety there, though all his enemies were on his track. Owing, too, to the slope of the ground, he could remain in very reasonable comfort, nay, might even venture to light a fire, certain that the smoke would disappear long before it had time to attract attention.

With a joyous step, Maelcho hastened back to the now saturated wigwam; fetched away the two children and their mother; led them through the forest, under the still heavily falling rain, and along the path in the middle of the coppice, until he brought them proudly to their new quarters.

He had found some wood-pigeon's eggs the day before, and now he hastened off in search of more, leaving them to settle themselves.

As he pushed his way through the dripping branches, his face might have been observed to break every now and then into a sort of momentary smile or gleam; such a gleam as a dog's face may also be seen sometimes to wear, when it knows that it has done its work well, and feels that it deserves to be patted.

They remained in this new hiding-place of theirs for several months. It was almost perfectly dry, and that, under the circumstances, was a merit not easily to be foregone. Another great advantage was that from its position surprise was almost impossible, since from the top of the mound you could see in every direction through the pine trunks, as through some pillared and windy corridor, right over the lower trees, to the region at the bottom, across which any assailant must pass in order to get to them.

The disadvantage was, that these merits had the effect of soon attracting others to the spot. Maelcho was watched in his goings and comings, and was followed first by a few, afterwards by more, till the spot became a receptacle for all who could crowd into it. There was a good deal of room in the cave, but more came to it than there was room for, and, but for his presence, his own original trio would have fared badly.

That fierce desire for a hiding-place, which was the absorbing passion of the hour, naturally begat an equally fierce jealousy of all who were believed, rightly or wrongly, to have found a better one. The result was, that the young and weak were apt to get hustled away by the stronger, the older, and the fiercer. From this fate the children and their mother were safe as long as Maelcho, or any other sufficiently powerful protector, was there, but only exactly so long. The effort to secure food for them was another continual call upon his energies, and drain upon his strength. The forest abounded, it is true, with wild animals, rabbits especially popping up in all directions out of their burrows, but they were difficult to secure. He was not as expert at snaring or trapping as some of the younger men were, and the only thing therefore to do was to dig them out of their holes, at great expenditure of time and labour.

Towards the end of the summer a new element came to change what had by that time grown to be the settled habit of their lives. Returning one day to the cave with

a couple of rabbits in his hand, Maelcho found a gaunt, haggard-looking man sitting between *his* children and their mother. This man, he gradually came to understand, was the woman's husband, whom she had not seen for nearly eight years. Let no one imagine for a moment that this was a sentimental meeting, or that there was any question on either side of reconciliation or forgiveness; such niceties, if they had ever existed, were all swept into limbo by the grim necessities of the hour. It was a new feature, however, in their lives, and this Maelcho after a while began to realize. Little by little a feeling began to steal over him that his part in the children was over. He was no longer indispensable to them, seeing that there was now someone else who could do for them what he had done. More than this, he began to see that his absence from the cave—his own cave, his particular discovery—would be better on the whole for them than his presence. He brooded over this idea for two or three days. Then came an afternoon when he drifted silently away into the forest and was gone. When they came to look for him, which was not until several hours later, they found a large supply of nuts and berries which he had left as a legacy for the children, but of the *senachie* himself they found no trace at all. The discreet, the impenetrable forest, had simply swallowed him up.

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD.

(FROM "WITH ESSEX IN IRELAND.")

Scarcely had he reached Limerick than word was brought to his Excellency that the Queen's garrison at Askeaton was sore distressed, lying in the midst of the rebels and in great want of victual. Whereupon, despite his own fatigue, and despite the newness of his arrival, nought would do him but he must hasten at once to its aid, the rather that the pretended Earl of Desmond had sworn, it was reported, to impeach his passage.

We set out accordingly on the 4th day of June, being accompanied part of the distance by the Earl of Clanricarde and Sir Conyers Clifford, whom the Lord Lieutenant had given command to repair to their several charges.

For some way out of Limerick our road lay over a wide plain, for the most part

wooded, the cleared places bare and sorry to look at, and the ground scurvily covered with short grass; whereas upon the other side of Limerick the grass is of a richness rarely to be seen, more especially in those portions called of the natives *corcass*.

Three miles out his Excellency halted on the side of a small stream running swiftly between tall banks, and waited till the two gentlemen that were to leave him came up. And having first dismissed the Earl of Clanricarde with good words, he advanced to meet Sir Conyers Clifford, who was following with Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, and reached out his hand to him saying:

"Truly, Sir Conyers, I am most loath to see you go; for I may tell you that there is none in all this army that so strengthens my heart as you do. And, but that the Queen would have it so, you were better, methinks, by my side than in yonder remote Presidency of yours, which is scarce worthy the time and attention of such a man as thou art."

"Nay, nay, my Lord," says Sir Conyers sturdily. "'Twere best I go, seeing that it is her Majesty's pleasure."

"Aye, aye," echoed his Excellency somewhat bitterly. "We must all do her pleasure, be it for our own banning or even for hers also."

With that they looked steadfastly into one another's eyes for the space of some minutes, his Lordship sitting erect on his horse, his head held high as his wont is; Sir Conyers Clifford with his face all wrinkled, as though it had been sat on by his nurse in cradle, but a good face withal, and a soldierly.

"Well, fare you well, my Lord, till we meet again, and God be your guide!" said he. With that he turned and rode away to the westward, and the other knights after him, the sun—which, for a wonder, shone that day—glittering fair upon the morions and breastplates. And little I dreamed that I should never see his gallant face again. Yet so it was, for he and most of those that were with him that day were slain miserably, one little month after, by certain ragged O'Rourkes and O'Donnells in the passage of the Curlews in Mayo, as must in due time be told.

But my Lord rode very silently on towards the south. And twice, as we were going, I heard him sigh, and twice he muttered something, I know not what, only that the name of Sir Conyers Clifford was in it, I can

affirm. And after a while we left the cleared places behind us, and once more came to great woods, and to bogs full of large and white-shining pools of shallow water.

Here—knowing that the pretended Desmond and his following were lying somewhere close at hand—his Excellency gave orders to advance with all care, especially as it grew dusk, lest, gathering their courage in the darkness, they should fall upon us when we were least prepared, and so do harm in the confusion.

That evening the sky was of a wonderful clearness, the western portion of it becoming towards sunset inflamed with a pale reddish hue. Southward lay a large cloud which somewhat stained this clearness, looking like smoke from a cauldron; but below it the sky was again ruddy, of a clear transparent ruddiness, as it were a lamp set behind a screen of alabaster. A sadder region, or one more disposing the mind to dolorous thoughts, I have never seen; the trees being for the most part exceedingly old, and bent as if like to fall; the pools below them of a dull whitish hue, save where the pattern of the branches crossed them in a black entanglement.

Having seen to the disposition of the army, his Excellency again rode on a little ahead of the main body, only the avanguard being about three lengths ahead of him, and the rest about as far behind. Presently, turning to me, who still kept nearest to him:

“Strange stuff we are made of, Master Harmonius,” said he, rather low, and as if not wishful that others besides myself should hear him. “And strange thoughts visit and invade our minds, especially when the body is somewhat distempered, and our thoughts, therefore, being looser, come in and out like wild birds, without leave or license. Know you that often as I ride over this sad earth of Ireland the thought rises to my mind that all these that follow behind me are but a train of the Dead that ride thus, and I their Ghostly King. Dost understand, oh poet! that there are moods when a man's life seems to himself but a phantom, as it were a picture sun shining upon picture men; moods in which the grave with its writhing company seems to be the one reality, and all else falsity; nay, when one were almost glad that the rest were over, and that reality come?”

Then, being surprised at such words from his lips, I was moved to answer strongly.

“Nay, my Lord,” said I, “such talk is surely contrary to reason, if I dare with reverence say so. What evil destiny or danger of death is there for one whom the Queen's Grace loveth to honour as herself, and whose fortune and merit standeth so high as has scarce happened to any subject in our times?”

Then he laughed a little, as his way is, and smote upon his horse's neck with the flat of his hand.

“Faith, Hal,” cried he, “the Queen's Grace has, as you say, been but too gracious, and has doubtless raised me to a higher estate than any other in this her thrice delectable kingdom of Ireland. Still, so gracious as she is, she is a woman, and a sovereign, to boot; and sovereigns are to subjects as we to these lower creatures that do serve us. I love Suleiman here, yet were he to stumble and fall, through no fault of his, but because a spear flung from these traitorous Desmonds had wounded him, should I cherish him, think you, as of yore, and make of him still my chief war-horse? Nay, I should leave him, I fear, to fare as he could, with these savage woods for stables, and wolves for grooms, and would forthwith mount another horse and go on. For a man's life is more than his horse, were it the noblest that ever champ'd bit. But when I spoke of doom I spoke rather of that doom which waits for all of us, were we even crowned kings. Know you that often since we set forth from Dublin, aye, even in the thick of fighting and when the kernes were flying hard before us, and I, being in the front, did with the rest smite them down as a reaper smites corn with his sickle; even then, as my sword descended upon some half-naked fool's head, and his blood spouted hot and fast under the blade, the thought would pass through me—‘Well, knave, there thou goest, and I who sent thee am but the poorer and sorrier knave of the two. For thou, at least, hast suffered thy last pang, and thy last terror; and thy last misery, and all is over with thee; whereas I have I know not what still to endure, and am the sport of those who from on High behold us, knowing what our end shall be, of which end we ourselves know nothing, nor can by any effort of ours discern so much as the least hint or fragment of the same.’”

Then I answered nothing, for the truth

of his words struck like iron to my heart, knowing that none are so high but what ill may come to them, especially one who, like my Lord, hath all his life lived in the thick of moving chances and hot encounters, and whose very nature it is to draw danger upon him as a magnet draws the needles. And so we rode along, more like two monks muttering paternosters than a great lord and chief of an army with his following. And about eight in the evening we came to the castle of Adare, belonging to the Earl of Kildare, and set in the midst of great woods and bogs. Here the army had to encounter certain of the Desmonds, but having forced its way past them and entered across a wooden bridge, it encamped there for the night.

Early next day, being informed of the way by the guides, we again entered the woods. Hardly, however, had the advanced guard got in than the rebels discharged upon them a volley of shot, which so discouraged them that they turned and would have fled, but that his Excellency, reproaching them openly for their cowardice, urged them forward, and with the aid of the Marshal and the Earl of Thomond, who that day led the Forlorn Hope, pushed them through with the loss of about a hundred of the rebels and twenty of ours, and so came to Askeaton; where [the following day being the Sabbath] we rested, and sermons were by his Excellency's orders read by the chaplains in every quarter of the camp, to the great refreshment of all that heard them.

Now what I have at present to relate is of so strange and unnatural a character, that were it in a tale all would cry out upon its improbability. Nay even I, who am witness of the same, would scarce to dare relate it, but that, before leaving Ireland, his Excellency strictly charged me to write down everything that occurred upon this our journey, to the end that he might have a record of it, seeing that such a record, he said smilingly, would be pleasing to read when he came to be an old man. Which age may God grant in his mercy that he attain to, and not first be cut off and overcome on the way by those that, like ravening wolves, thirst after his dear life to destroy it!

That day the army, as aforesaid, rested, his Excellency's own quarters being laid in an old monastery, belonging to the late traitor Earl of Desmond, whose chief lands lay hereabout, lands now forfeited to the crown, but wrongfully and insolently usurped by the

false Earl of Desmond, called in mockery the *Sugane*, or Straw Earl. This monastery of Askeaton stands at a little distance from the castle of the same name, both rising very solitarily in the midst of great champion fields, reaching out for many miles upon one side, while upon the other lies a great forest, stretching down nearly to the banks of the Shannan—not Shenan as Mr. Spenser in his poem improperly calls it—a great and mighty river, fit to convey all the ships of war in the Queen's dominions, but upon which no boats are to be seen save certain small and unstable vessels, called of the natives “cotts”, which are used for the conveyance of fish and other small commodities.

The watch being set, my lord retired to rest, suffering greatly, as hath of late been usual with him, from heavy cramps, brought on by the wetness of the ways, which he endureth with a constancy that in one of his impatient temper is a wonder both to see and to know.

His bed was nothing better than a great heap of straw, covered with clothes, and set at one end of the monastery, in what had formerly been an oratory of the Earl of Desmond, and still retained some semblance of a roof, though much broken by ill usage; while upon the farther side rose a tower attained to by a staircase. Being unable to sleep, my lord desired me to stay awhile beside him, and, leaning upon his elbow, he discoursed of many things; some sorrowful, others of a more cheerful character, as his mood was. Yet ever his talk recurred to this woeful country Ireland, of which in an evil moment he had, so he declared, accepted the charge, saying that it passed the wit of man to devise means which would bring it to subjection, unless it were wholly conquered and destroyed by the sword, and its people rooted out by famine; as had been done in former times by the Lord Grey, Sir John Perrot, and others, in this very province of Munster.

And of many other things discoursed he, of which I in truth remember little, being in sore strait with the desire to sleep, so that, in mine own despite, my head sank upon my breast and his lordship's words sounded hollow and distant, like the voice of one that speaketh afar off.

Now there was a stone doorway immediately in front of where his Excellency was lying, from which doorway a staircase led to the tower, at foot of which tower a sentry

was placed, whose duty it was to walk to and fro the passage between the chapel in which my lord lay, and that larger portion of the building wherein other gentlemen, to wit my Lord of Thomond, Sir John Amory, Colonel Sethcock, and others, were disposed.

The moon that night was nearly at the full, but much obscured with clouds, and shone with a strange steely glitter, now bright and anon dark, so that it seemed to me to dip and dance in the sky, as a boat doth upon stormy waves; nay, to shine now in one place, and now again suddenly in another; though whether it really did so, or, my eyes being heavy, it appeared to do so, I cannot of a truth say.

His Excellency had already lain down, having in part divested himself of his clothes, only his inner coat and hose he still retained, being fearful of the chill of that place; a great cloak lined with miniver being also flung around him to keep him from the roughness of the ground.

Meseems I must have slept awhile, for what happened just before I remember not. Suddenly I felt his Excellency clutch me, and when I looked up he had reared himself erect in his bed, his eyes all wide and staring, and with a loud voice he cried to me to know—"Who was that?"

So I turned, fearing I knew not what, and heavy still by reason of my sleep. And lo! in the middle of the doorway leading to the tower stood a man, having upon him clothes made in the Irish fashion, to wit, a long dark cloak, which the natives call a *bratt*, covering him nearly to the feet, and under it a close-fitting vest of white stuff, and trews upon his legs. And he, neither going nor yet advancing, stood there, as though he were a graven statue, and gazed ever fixedly upon his Excellency. And his age was seemingly that of a man well stricken in years, and his face very hollow and worn of aspect, yet haughty withal, like one that hath endured the last extremity, and now, for very despair, careth not what befalls him. And there was a smile upon his lips, such a smile as I ne'er saw before, and pray to God in his mercy I may never see again; a smile such as a dead man might wear when his murderer drew nigh, as the custom is, and placed his hand upon his breast, and the blood gushed out before all men for a token. Yea, a smile of pleasure too, as of one whose enemy is brought low, and who joys to think that

with his very eyes he shall behold some evil and cruel hap befall him.

So we stood while a man might count ten, he facing us all the time. Then his Excellency, taking up his sword, which lay by the bed, rose suddenly, and with a threatening look, rushed toward the doorway. But when he was about six paces from it he stopped, and began to shiver greatly. So I looked, and lo! there was nothing to be seen, only the stars and the moonlight. Nevertheless a rumbling noise, as of distant thunder, seemed to me to fill the air, coming from a great way off, and dying slowly away toward the river.

His Excellency, coming back, stood silent for a while; then motioned to me to call the sentry who was at the foot of the tower, and when he was come near, he asked him saying: "Didst see anyone pass?"

Whereat the man looked bewildered, like one that had been roused from sleep, though he stood erect before us. And he answered "No; that he had seen no man pass."

"And did you hear nought?" said I; for the noise of that strange sound seemed still to be in our ears, so that methought the very air rang and trembled with it.

To this the man answering nothing, I looked again, and saw that his eyes were closing, like one that had no power to keep them open; his mouth, too, opening and shutting strangely, as if of itself.

Seeing that, his Excellency waxed suddenly angry, and seizing him by the throat, shook him to and fro, so that the pike which he carried rattled and fell to the ground.

"What ails you, sirrah?" cried he. "Art drunk? or dost think the work of guarding the Queen's Viceroy so trifling a task that it can be done in this neglected fashion? Dost not fear for thy life, lest thou be shot for a traitor, and an aider and abetter of traitors?"

While he was yet speaking, suddenly the same sound was in both our ears, and with it a shock as if the ground had opened; and a great and exceeding rumble like thunder, yet not like any thunder that ever I heard.

Then his Excellency, loosing hold of the sentry, motioned to me, saying: "Come up with me, Hal, into yonder tower, for of a surety I will find out whence come yonder man, and for what purpose he presumed to trouble us this night."

When we had got up into the tower, which was of no great height, being approached by

only some thirty steps, we came out on to a flattish space above. And at first we saw nought, save the level country looking all gray in the moonlight, and the forest, stretching darkly away, as it seemed, to the confines of the earth, and that great river the Shannan spreading westward like a broad lake or inland sea. Below us the ground was deep with fog, which lay in an uneven manner over the land, gathered as it were into packs, here a space bare, and there another covered to the depth of many feet; and so thick and solid that it seemed as if one might walk thereon.

Then, as we stood looking out over it, lo! that fog seemed to cleave into two parts, as we read in Holy Writ that the Red Sea was cleft, and a passage appeared down the midst thereof, which passage seemed about two going paces wide, and at first to be utterly void of all life or movement. Nevertheless, after my Lord and I had stood awhile looking at it; behold! a stranger and a more terrible sight was seen. For all along those pathways which, when first we saw them, were, I say, devoid of life, it presently seemed to our eyes that a great multitude of people were beginning to pass and to approach that castle whereon we stood. Though whence they came God alone knoweth, for there was no place for them to come out of, neither village, nor habitation of any sort; all this country round Askeaton (which was in former times, I was told, somewhat thickly peopled) having been utterly destroyed in the last wars, first by Sir Nicholas Malby, the President of Connaught, and afterwards by my Lord of Ormonde and Sir Henry Pelham; who utterly levelled all habitations, both small and great, slaying the people, and destroying the harvest and beasts of the field, so that it remains waste and void unto this day.

Nevertheless I who write these words do hereby solemnly take oath that I did with mine own eyes see that great multitude of people advancing directly towards us. And as they came nearer, I could plainly distinguish one from another, so that it seemed to me that only a small portion of them were full-grown men, the rest being women or children, gathered into companies, each company by itself, some in sixes or sevens, and some in tens, as it served. And in each group the children went first in a little band, and after them a man and woman side by side, or sometimes two or three women, and in the rear followed the aged people, both men

and women, some of these so old and feeble that I was amazed at the sight of their skinny faces, which seemed to be those of skeletons rather than of living men or women. With regard to the fashion of their raiment, I could see little, by reason of the fog and obscurity, but methought they were such as are worn in this country, the more so that many appeared to have scarce on any raiment at all, only sorry weeds hanging around them; but, whenever I tried to distinguish anything clearly, all at once it seemed to melt away into that fog out of which it came.

Now, when I saw that sight, and those long trains of figures—formed as it were out of the mist of the ground, yet moving one after the other, and having limbs and bodies like other men—seeing this, I am fain to avow that I stood like one in a trance, trembling in every limb, and the hair of my head began to rise, so that I felt the bristling thereof, and my heart was as a weaver's shuttle, running to and fro in my breast, so that it scarce allowed me time to breathe.

Then, glancing at his Excellency, I saw that he too was much moved at that strange sight. Nevertheless his cheek kept its usual colour, and he gazed steadfastly at what lay below. Now there were others who had been aroused by the noise; to wit, Sir Thomas Egerton, Sir Henry Danvers, and some more gentlemen, who had recently come up upon another wall which ran immediately below us; and with them it seemed to me that I discerned another figure; which figure was gray and tall, and moved along with a slow, stately pace, rather gliding as it seemed than walking, till it stood right in front of us. Suddenly I heard the voice of Colonel Sethcock, who had just then come out upon the same portion of the tower upon which we stood. And he, crying with an exceedingly loud voice, exclaimed: "Christ Jesus, have mercy upon us! Yonder is the Desmond himself."

"What Desmond?" asked my lord, turning sharply round to him, and speaking quickly. Then, seeing that he made no answer, only that his teeth chattered like one in a palsy, so that no words could come through them—

"What Desmond?" repeated he sharply.

"The old Desmond," replied the other, only rather like a man in a dream than as if he understood rightly what he said; "him that was slain at Castlemain, in the county of Kerry."

"And if that be he," said my lord, "who in God's name are these?" pointing to the crowd which still moved below.

To this Colonel Sethcock answered nothing, and we, gazing at him, saw that his face was ghastly as the faces of those below; and much I misdoubt me but that the memory of some deeds of more than common kind was stirring within him, else had he never looked so wan and terrified, like a man upon whom some ill, committed in his life and thought to have been left behind, had suddenly sprung up again to confront him.

But at last—"Who are they, your Excellency?" said he, with a sort of break in his voice, and upon his face, for all its terror, an evil smile. "Your Excellency asks me who are they, when there were an hundred and thirty thousand—men, women, and children of all degrees—slain or died of famine during that time, and if their spirits wander to this day is that my fault, or shall their deaths be accounted to me as a sin more than to others, who did even as I did, or is their blood more upon *my* head than upon the heads of other men? Is it my fault, I ask? Is it *mine*? Is it *mine*? Is it *mine*?"

These three last words shrieked he louder and louder, waving his hands, and stepping back as if to wave away some that pressed upon him; though there was nothing that we who stood nearest to him could see. And at length, still waving his hand in the air, he fled along the battlement, shrieking and raving like a man distraught; we meanwhile gazing one at another, and wondering greatly within ourselves what all this might mean. But when we turned again to the ground, lo! there was nothing of all that great multitude to be seen; only the moonlight shining upon the stunted bushes—sorry blackthorns, sloeberries, and the like—which rose up here and there out of the flatness; nay, the very

fog itself had melted away, so that we could see to the confines of the ocean, and all so void of life that it seemed certain that what we had seen had been no other than a phantom of the night, created doubtless by the craft of evil spirits such as Scripture saith walk about seeking whom they may devour; of which sort this distracted land has, I dare affirm, a larger number than most.

"Gentlemen," said my Lord, seeing that all stood trembling and astonished, "we have seen a strange sight, and meseems 'twere fitting we retired to meditate thereon, and to compose our minds; so that we be not shaken out of our constancy by aught that may occur; commending ourselves to Almighty God, in whose hands we and all things, whether terrestrial or superterrestrial, live and are contained. And so I dismiss you to such rest as you may obtain, which I for my part purpose also to seek."

With these words, he saluted them very nobly and descended the steps; the other gentlemen retiring also, every man to his own quarters. Nor was there any more disturbance that night, neither sight nor sound; only a moaning of the wind, which seemed to wander sadly round those ruined walls, set in the midst of so great a desolation. But next morning, when I enquired how Colonel Sethcock fared, I learnt that on returning to his quarters he had fallen into a great swoon, with much groaning; and so continued all that day and the next, so that we were forced to leave him behind us in the charge of a few soldiers; nor did he, as I afterwards learned, know anyone for a full fortnight more; and ever since then (now somethreemonths), he moaneth and shivereth, they say, like one that hath something upon his mind, and is so shrunk and wasted as to be scarce recognizable of those that knew him aforetime.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

[Mr. W. B. Yeats, the most remarkable Irish poet of our generation, was born in Dublin, June 13th, 1865, and is the son of Mr. John B. Yeats, an artist, and a true poet in feeling, though he has not made literature his profession. W. B. Yeats was educated at Godolphin School, Hammersmith, and the Dublin High School. He began his career

by being an art student; but gave it up for literature when he had reached the age of twenty-one. He has published *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, 1889; *Wanderings of Oisín*, 1889; *John Sherman*, 1891; *The Countess Kathleen*, 1892; *The Celtic Twilight*, 1893; *Poems*, 1895; *The Secret Rose*, 1896; *The Wind among the Reeds*, 1899. The years

between 1880 and 1900 have brought a good many precious additions to the Anglo-Irish literature; none more precious than Mr. Yeats's poetry, endowed as it is with the finest and most exquisite qualities of imagination and realization. One has no doubt as to Mr. Yeats's place among the immortals. *Mosada* is young work and immature, perhaps, but it has the ardour and glow of the morning in it: and no apology is needed for quoting from it here.]

MOSADA.

SCENE 3.

The dungeon of the Inquisition. The morning of the Auto-da-Fe dawns dimly through a barred window. A few faint stars are shining. Swallows are circling in the dimness without.

Mosada. Oh swallows, swallows, swallows, will ye fly

This eve, to-morrow, or to-morrow night
Above the farmhouse by the little lake
That's rustling in the reeds with patient pushes,
Soft as a long-dead footstep whispering through
The brain? My brothers will be passing down
Quite soon the cornfield, where the poppies grow,
To their farm-work; how silent all will be!
But no, in this warm weather 'mong the hills
Will be the faint far thunder-sound as though
The world were dreaming in its summer sleep;
That will be later, day is scarcely dawning.
And Hassan will be with them—he was so small,
A weak, thin child, when last I saw him there.
He will be taller now—'t was long ago.

The men are busy in the glimmering square.
I hear the murmur as they raise the beams
To build the churchmen's nod above the crowd,
Soon will the churchmen nod above the crowd,
I'm not of that pale company whose feet
Ere long shall falter through the noisy square
And not come thence—for here in this small ring,
Hearken, ye swallows! I have hoarded up
A poison drop. The toy of fancy once,
A fashion with us, Moorish maids, begot
Of dreaming and of watching by the door
The shadows pass; but now I love my ring
For it alone of all the world will do
My bidding. [*Sucks poison from the ring.*]

Now 't is done, and I am glad
And free—'t will thrive away with sleepy mood
My thoughts, and yonder brightening patch of sky
With three bars crossed, and these four walls my
world.

And you few stars, grown dim like eyes of lovers

VOL. IV.

The noisy world divides. How soon a deed
So small makes one grow weak and tottering!
Where shall I lay me down? That question is
A weighty question; for it is the last.
Not there, for there a spider weaves her web.
Nay here, I'll lay me down where I can watch
The burghers of the night fade one by one.

. Yonder a leaf
Of apple blossom circles in the gloom,
Floating from yon barred window. New comer,
Thou'rt welcome. Lie there close against my
fingers.

I wonder which is whitest, they or thou.
'Tis thou, for they've grown blue around the nails.
My blossom, I am dying, and the stars
Are dying too. They were full seven stars;
Two only now they are, two side by side.
Oh! Allah, it was thus they shone that night
When my lost love left these arms. My Gomez,
We meet at last, the ministering stars
Of our nativity hang side by side,
And throb within the circles of green dawn.
Too late, too late, for I am near to death.
I try to lift my arms—they fall again.
This death is heavy in my veins like sleep;
I cannot even crawl along the flags
A little nearer those bright stars. Tell me
Is it your message, stars, that when death comes
My soul shall touch with his, and the two flames
Be one? I think all's finished now and sealed.

[*After a pause enter Ebremar.*]

Ebremar. Young Moorish girl, thy final hour
is here,

Cast off thy heresies and save thy soul
From the undying worm. She sleeps. [*Starting.*]
Mosada!

Oh God!—awake, thou shalt not die. She sleeps
Her head east backward in her unloosed hair.
Look up, look up, thy Gomez is by thee!
A fearful paleness creeps across her breast
And out-spread arms.

[*Casting himself down by her.*]

Be not so pale, dear love.
Oh! can my kisses bring a flush no more
Upon thy face. How heavily thy head
Hangs on my breast. Listen, we shall be safe.
We'll fly from this before the morning star.
Dear heart, there is a secret way that leads
Its paven length towards the river's marge,
Where lies a shallop in the yellow reeds.
Awake, awake, and we will sail afar,
Afar along the fleet white river's face—
Alone with our own whispers and replies—
Alone among the murmurs of the dawn.
Among thy nation none shall know that I
Was Ebremar, whose thoughts were fixed on God,
And heaven, and holiness.

Mosada. Let's talk and grieve,
For that's the sweetest music for sad souls.
Day's dead, all flame-bewildered, and the hills

In list'ning silence gazing on our grief.
I never knew an eve so marvellous still.

Ebremar. Her dreams are talking with old
years. Awake,

Grieve not, for Gomez kneels beside thee—

Mosada. Gomez,
'T is late, wait one more day; below the hills
The foot-worn way is long, and it grows dark.
It is the darkest eve I ever knew.

Ebremar. I kneel by thee—no parting now—
look up.

She smiles—is happy with her wandering griefs.

Mosada. So you must go; kiss me before you
go.

Oh! would the busy minutes might fold up
Their thieving wings that we might never part.
I never knew a night so honey sweet.

Ebremar. There is no leave-taking. I go no
more.

Safe on the breast of Gomez lies thy head,
Unhappy one.

Mosada. Go not. Go not. Go not.
For night comes fast; look down on me, my love,
And see how thick the dew lies on my face.
I never knew a night so dew-bedrowned.

Ebremar. Oh! hush the wandering music of
thy mind.

Look on me once. Why sink your eyelids so?
Why do you hang so heavy in my arms?
Love, will you die when we have met? One look
Give to thy Gomez.

Mosada. Gomez—he has gone
From here, along the shadowy way that winds
Companioning the river's pilgrim torch,
I'll see him longer if I stand out here
Upon the mountain's brow.

[*She tries to stand and totters. Ebremar supports
her, and she stands pointing down as if
into a valley.*]

Yonder he treads
The path o'er-muffled with the leaves—dead
leaves,

Like happy thoughts grown sad in evil days.
He fades among the mists; how fast they come,
And pour upon the world! Ah! well-a-day!
Poor love and sorrow with their arms thrown
round

Each other's necks, and whispering as they go,
Still wander through the world. He's gone, he's
gone.

I'm weary—weary, and 't is very cold.
I'll draw my cloak around me, it is cold.

I never knew a night so bitter cold. [*Dies.*]

[*Enter Monks and Inquisitors.*]

First Inquisitor. My lord, you called.

Ebremar. Not I. This maid is dead.

First Monk. From poison, for you cannot trust
these Moors.

You're pale, my lord.

First Inquisitor [aside.] His lips are quivering.

The flame that shone within his eyes but now
Has flickered and gone out.

Ebremar. I am not well.

'T will pass. I'll see the other prisoners now,
And importune their souls to penitence,
So they escape from hell. But pardon me,
Your hood is threadbare—see that it be changed
Before we take our seats above the crowd.

[*They go out.*]

THE HOST OF THE AIR.

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard, while he sang and dreamed,
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air.
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
And out of his dream awoke.
Old men and young men and young girls
Were gone like a drifting smoke.

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad
And never was piping so gay.

THE WANDERINGS OF USHEEN.

BOOK III.

And I rode by the plains of the sea's-edge where
all is barren and gray,
Gray sands on the green of the grasses and over
the dripping trees,
Dripping and doubling landward, as though they
would hasten away,
Like an army of old men longing for rest from
the moan of the seas.

And the winds made the sands on the sea's-edge
turning and turning go,
As my mind made the names of the Fenians.
Far from the hazel and oak
I rode away on the surges where high as the
saddle bow
Fled foam underneath me, and round me a
wandering and milky smoke.

Long fled the foam-flakes around me, the winds
fled out of the vast,
Snatching the bird in secret, nor knew I, em-
bosomed apart,
When they froze the cloth on my body like ar-
mour riveted fast,
For Remembrance, lifting her leanness, keened in
the gates of my heart.

Till fattening the winds of the morning, an odour
of new-mown hay
Came, and my forehead fell low, and my tears
like berries fell down,
Later a sound came, half lost in the sound of a
shore far away,
From the great grass-barnacle calling, and later
the shore-weeds brown.

If I were as I once was, the strong hoofs crushing
the sands and the shells
Coming out of the sea as the dawn comes, a
chaunt of love on my lips,
Not coughing, my head on my knees, and pray-
ing, and wroth with the bells
I would leave no saint's head on his body from
Rachlin to Bera of ships.

Making way from the kindling surges, I rode on
a bridle-path,
Much wondering to see upon all hands, of
wattles and woodwork made,
Your bell-mounted churches, and guardless the
sacred cairn and the rath,
And a small and a feeble race stooping with
mattock and spade.

Or weeding or ploughing with faces a-shining with
much toil wet,
While in this place and that place, with bodies
unglorious their chieftains stood,

Awaiting in patience the straw-death, croziered
one, caught in your net—
Went the laughter of scorn from my mouth like
the roaring of wind in a wood.

And because I went by them so huge and so
speedy with eyes so bright,
Came after the hard gaze of youth, or an old
man lifted his head :
And I rode, and I rode, and I cried out : "The
Fenians hunt wolves in the night,
So sleep they by daytime." A voice cried :
"The Fenians a long time are dead."

A whitebeard stood hushed on the pathway, the
flesh of his face as dried grass,
And in folds round his eyes and his mouth, he
sad as a child without milk ;
And the dreams of the islands were gone, and I
knew how men sorrow and pass,
And their hounds, and their steeds, and their
loves, and their eyes that glimmer like silk.

And wrapping my face in my hair, I murmured :
"In old age they ceased";
And my tears were larger than berries, and I
murmured : "Where white clouds lie spread
On Crevroe or broad Knockfein, with many of
old they feast
On the floors of the gods." He cried : "No,
the gods a long time are dead."

And lonely and longing for Neave, I shivered and
turned me about,
The heart in me longing to leap like a grass-
hopper into her heart ;
I turned and rode to the westward, and followed
the sea's old shout
Till I saw where Maive lies sleeping till star-
light and midnight part.

And there at the foot of the mountain, two carried
a sack full of sand,
They bore it with staggering and sweating, but
fell with their burden at length ;
Leaning down from the gem-studded saddle, I
flung it five yards with my hand,
With a sob for men waxing so weakly, a sob for
the Fenians' old strength.

The rest you have heard of, O croziered one—how,
when divided the girth,
I fell on the path and the horse went away like
a summer fly ;
And my years three hundred fell on me, and I
rose and walked on the earth.
A creeping old man full of sleep, with the
spittle on his beard never dry.

How the men of the sand sack showed me a
church with its belfry in air—
Sorry place, where for swing of the war-axe in
my dim eyes the crozier gleams ;

What place have Caolte, and Conan, and Bran,
Sgeolan, Lomair?

Speak, you too are old with your memories, an
old man surrounded with dreams.

St. Patrick.

Where the flesh of the footsole clingeth on the
burning stones is their place,

Where the demons whip them with wires on the
burning stones of wide hell;

Watching the blessed ones move far off, and the
smile on God's face,

Between them a gateway of brass, and the howl
of the angels who fell.

Usheen.

Put the staff in my hands, for I go to the Fenians,
O cleric, to chaunt

The war-songs that roused them of old; they
will rise making clouds with their breath,

Innumerable, singing, exultant—the clay under-
neath them shall pant,

And demons be broken in pieces, and trampled
beneath them in death.

And demons afraid in their darkness—deep horror
of eyes and of wings,

Afraid, their cars on the earth laid, shall listen
and rise up and weep;

Hearing the shaking of shields and the quiver of
stretched bow-strings,

Hearing hell loud with a murmur, as shouting
and mocking we sweep.

We will tear the red flaming stones out, and
batter the gateway of brass,

And enter, and none sayeth "No" when there
enters the strongly-armed guest;

Make clean as a broom cleans, and march on as
oxen move over young grass,

Then feast, making converse of Eri, of wars,
and of old wounds, and rest.

St. Patrick.

On the red flaming stones, without refuge, the
limbs of the Fenians are tost,

None war on the masters of Hell, who could
break up the world in their rage;

But weep you, and wear you the flags with your
knees for your soul that is lost,

Through the demon love of its youth and god-
less and passionate age.

Usheen.

Ah, me! to be shaken with coughing, and broken
with old age and pain,

Without laughter, a show unto children, alone
with remembrance and fear,

All emptied of purple hours as a beggar's cloak in
the rain,

As a grass-seed crushed by a pebble, as a wolf
sucked under a weir.

It were sad to gaze on the blessed, and no man I
loved of old there;

I throw down the chain of small stones! when
life in my body has ceased

I will go to Caolte, and Conan, and Bran, Sgeolan,
Lomair,

And dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they
in flames or at feast.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made;

Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey bee,

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to
where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by
the shore,

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-
ments gray,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE OLD PENSIONER.

I had a chair at every hearth,

When no one turned to see,

With "Look at that old fellow there,

And who may he be?"

And therefore do I wander now,

And the fret lies on me.

The roadside trees keep murmuring,

Ah, wherefore murmur ye,

As in the old days long gone by,

Green oak and poplar tree?

The well-known faces are all gone

And the fret lies on me.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

The old priest Peter Gilligan

Was weary night and day;

For half his flock were in their beds,

Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair
 At the moth-hour of eve,
 Another poor man sent for him,
 And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
 For people die and die."
 And after cried he, "God forgive!
 My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
 He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
 And the moth-hour went from the fields,
 And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
 And leaves shook in the wind;
 And God covered the world with shade,
 And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
 When the moths came once more,
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 Stood upright on the floor.

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
 While I slept on the chair."
 He roused his horse out of its sleep,
 And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
 By rocky lane and fen;
 The sick man's wife opened the door:
 "Father, you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
 "He died an hour ago."
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died
 As merry as a bird."
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars
 For souls, who tire and bleed,
 Sent one of His great angels down
 To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
 With planets in His care,
 Had pity on the least of things
 Asleep upon a chair."

THE STOLEN CHILD

Where dips the rocky highland
 Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
 There lies a leafy island
 Where flapping herons wake
 The drowsy water-rats;
 There we've hid our faery vats

Full of berries,
 And of reddest stolen cherries.
*Come away, O human child!
 To the waters and the wild,
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping than
 you can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
 The dim gray sands with light,
 Far off by farthest Rosses
 We foot it all the night,
 Weaving olden dances,
 Mingling hands and mingling glances
 Till the moon has taken flight.

To and fro we leap
 And chase the frothy bubbles,
 While the world is full of troubles
 And is anxious in its sleep.
*Come away, O human child!
 To the waters and the wild,
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping than
 you can understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes
 From the hills above Glen-Car,
 In pools among the rushes
 That scarce could bathe a star,
 We seek for slumbering trout,
 And whispering in their ears
 Give them unquiet dreams;
 Leaning softly out
 From ferns that drop their tears
 Over the young streams.

*Come away, O human child!
 To the waters and the wild,
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping than
 you can understand.*

Away with us he's going,
 The solemn-eyed:
 He'll hear no more the lowing
 Of the calves on the warm hillside;
 Or the kettle on the hob
 Sing peace into his breast,
 Or see the brown mice bob
 Round and round the oatmeal chest.
*For he comes, the human child,
 To the waters and the wild,
 With a faery, hand and hand,
 From a world more full of weeping than
 he can understand.*

THE BALLAD OF THE FOXHUNTER

"Now lay me in a cushioned chair
 And carry me, you four,
 With cushions here and cushions there,
 To see the world once more.

"And someone from the stables bring
My Dermot, dear and brown,
And lead him gently in a ring,
And gently up and down.

"Now leave the chair upon the grass;
Bring hound and huntsman here,
And I on this strange road will pass
Filled full of ancient cheer."

His eyelids droop, his head falls low,
His old eyes cloud with dreams;
The sun upon all things that grow
Pours round in sleepy streams.

Brown Dermot treads upon the lawn,
And to the arm-chair goes,
And now the old man's dreams are gone,
He smooths the long brown nose.

And now moves many a pleasant tongue
Upon his wasted hands,
For leading aged hounds and young
The huntsman near him stands.

"My huntsman Rody, blow the horn,
And make the hills reply."
The huntsman loosens on the morn
A gay and wandering cry.

A fire is in the old man's eyes,
His fingers move and sway,
And when the wandering music dies,
They hear him feebly say:

"My huntsman Rody, blow the horn,
And make the hills reply.
I cannot blow upon my horn,
I can but weep and sigh."

The servants round his cushioned place
Are with new sorrow wrung;
And hounds are gazing on his face,
Both aged hounds and young.

One blind hound only lies apart
On the sun-smitten grass;
He holds deep commune with his heart:
The moments pass and pass.

The blind hound with a mournful din
Lifts slow his wintry head;
The servants bear the body in—
The hounds wail for the dead.

THE MAN WHO DREAMED OF FAERY- LAND

He stood among a crowd at Drumahair;
His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
And he had known at last some tenderness,
Before earth made of him her sleepy care;

But when a man poured fish into a pile,
It seemed they raised their little silver heads,
And sang how day a Druid twilight sheds
Upon a dim, green, well-beloved isle,
Where people love beside star-laden seas;
How Time may never mar their faery vows
Under the woven roofs of quicken boughs:
The singing shook him out of his new ease.

As he went by the sands of Lisadill,
His mind ran all on money cares and fears,
And he had known at last some prudent years
Before they heaped his grave under the hill;
But while he passed before a plashy place,
A lug-worm with its gray and muddy mouth
Sang how somewhere to north or west or south
There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race;
And how beneath those three times blessed skies
A Danaan fruitage makes a shower of moons,
And as it falls awakens leafy tunes:
And at that singing he was no more wise.

He mused beside the well of Scanavin,
He mused upon his mockers: without fail
His sudden vengeance were a country tale,
Now that deep earth has drunk his body in;
But one small knot-grass growing by the pool
Told where—ah, little, all-unneeded voice!—
Old Silence bids a lonely folk rejoice,
And chaplet their calm brows with leafage cool;
And how, when fades the sea-strewn rose of day,
A gentle feeling wraps them like a fleece,
And all their trouble dies into its peace:
The tale drove his fine angry mood away.

He slept under the hill of Lugnagall;
And might have known at last unhaunted sleep
Under that cold and vapour-turbaned steep,
Now that old earth had taken man and all:
Were not the worms that spired about his bones
A-telling with their low and reedy cry,
Of how God leans His hands out of the sky,
To bless that isle with honey in His tones;
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss:
The man has found no comfort in the grave.

THE PITY OF LOVE

A pity beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love;
The folk who are buying and selling,
The clouds on their journey above,
The cold wet winds ever blowing,
And the shadowy hazel grove,
Where mouse-gray waters are flowing,
Threaten the head that I love.

THE RIGHT HON. JUDGE MADDEN.

[The Right Hon. Dodgson Hamilton is the only son of the Rev. Hugh Hamilton Madden, M.A., Chancellor of Cashel. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he has been Vice-Chancellor since 1895; was called to the Irish Bar, 1864; took silk in 1880; became third Sergeant-at-Law, 1887; Solicitor-General, 1888; Attorney-General, 1889; and Judge of the High Court, 1892. He represented Trinity College, 1887-1892, and is a member of the Privy Council. He has contributed to legal literature, but into the domain of pure literature has made but one excursion, in the extraordinarily interesting *Diary of Master William Silence* (Longmans, 1897). This book is marked by great scholarship, and is full of charm as well as of learning. In it Judge Madden recreates for us the outdoor sports and living of the great age, and, to quote the book-sellers' circulars, it is a work no gentleman's library should be without.]

A DAY'S HAWKING.

(FROM THE "DIARY OF MASTER WILLIAM SILENCE"¹.)

And yet no pastime had in his day a stronger hold of the people of England than bear-baiting, and its kindred amusements of bull-baiting and cock-fighting. They had not in Shakespeare's eyes the charm of the honest sports of the field, though he could admire the pluck of the British mastiff. "Foolish curs" (the Duke of Orleans calls them), "that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crunched like rotten apples!" Englishmen, indeed, have little more sense. They never know when they are beaten, or, as the Constable of France put it some centuries before Napoleon: "If the English had any apprehension, they would run away".

Professional feeling may possibly have, to some extent, blinded the eyes of the play-house manager to the attractions of the bear-garden; for there was traditional war between the play-house and the bear-garden at the Bankside, and neither would lose an opportunity of girding at the other.

However this may be, it is certain that

Abraham Slender was not one of the company assembled in the court-yard of Petre Manor on the morn of the hawking party. But William Silence's triumph was short-lived. He had to learn by yet another instance that the course of true love never did run smooth. Old Will Squele was there also. His cold reception of William Silence's greetings, and his manifest intention of keeping his daughter by his side, forbad all hope of a private interview on that day. But his loss is our gain. For if he had not been balked of his expectation, Silence certainly would not have bestowed upon the sports of the day the close attention which we find reflected in the pages of his diary.

A fair scene met the eyes of the company assembled in the court-yard of Petre Manor. It was a glorious day in September, such as might well bring upon the giant in the immortal allegory his worst of fits. Bright colours glancing in the sun, and the merry sounds of hawks, dogs, and men, dispelled the gloom which usually hung around the mouldering courts of the ancient manor-house. The Lady Katherine, like most women of spirit, loved dress. The hardest part of her training was when she had to forego the gown elaborately fashioned by Feeble, the woman's tailor. We may be sure that the gossip of Petre Manor lost nothing in the telling, as he related at the Hill, to Clement Perkes and his visitor, the strange doings of the squire. "I never saw" (said poor Kate) "a better fashioned gown, more quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable." She wears this gown now. If you are curious as to such matters, and look at the illustration in Turbervile's *Booke of Faulconrie* representing a great lady riding out a-hawking, you will find in her gown all the peculiarities against which Petre directed the shafts of his ridicule, and in particular "the sleeves curiously cut".

Pet. What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon; What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?

Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, Like to a censor in a barber's shop:

Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this!

Turning of the Shere, iv. 3. 88.

If you study the curious old print carefully, you may imagine, rather than discern, the place of the tiny velvet cap from which

¹ By very kind permission of the author.

the veil depends. It affords neither shade nor warmth. But what of that? For, as the Lady Katherine explains: "This doth fit the time, and gentlewomen wear such caps as these". Fashion had not then decreed that ladies should ride out hunting or hawking in the austere rigidity of the modern riding-habit and hat, and indeed both sexes displayed in the field much of the bravery of apparel characteristic of the time.

The day was a favourable one for the sport. It was clear without being too hot, and, above all, was calm. "During windy weather it is only at a great risk of loss that hawks can be flown at any quarry." The careful falconer would not let a valuable haggard falcon, manned and reclaimed, like old Joan, go out in a high wind.

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

2 Henry VI. ii. 1. 3.

But if you would get rid of an irreclaimable haggard, you would "whistle her off and let her down the wind, to prey at fortune".

The hawks had not been fed that day, for it is true of beasts and birds of prey, as of mankind, that "hunger will enforce them to be more eager", or "as an empty eagle, sharp by fast".

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares.

Lucrece, 694.

Those that were required for the day's sport were placed, hooded, upon a wooden frame or "cadge", carried by an attendant, called from his occupation a "cadger". His was the humblest task connected with the sport, and his title, like that of knave, became in time a term of reproach.

And so the company, some on horseback and some on foot, sallied from the courtyard, and made their way across the meadows to the great common-field lying between Petre Manor and the brook.

"And first," said Petre to Master Shallow, "I will show you a flight at the partridge. Here, in this corn-field, where the stubble grows high beside the balks, I dare swear a covey lies. The birds are yet young, and we may see some sport, and at the same time furnish the larder for supper. Where's my spaniel, Troilus? Here, Troilus, to it, to it!" Troilus the spaniel beat the stubble,

ranging far and wide over the acres divided by the balks. Full of grass and weeds and standing high, before the days of reaping-machines and careful tillage, it afforded ample cover, especially where it mingled with the rough grass covering the balks or boundaries separating the acres of the extensive common-field.

The falconer, taking a falcon from the cadge and holding her on his fist, followed the dog. It was not long before Troilus acknowledged the presence of the game, by setting, after the manner of well-trained spaniels. The falconer at once unhooded and cast off the falcon, whistling her from his fist. Mounting higher and higher in wide circles, she seemed to the ordinary looker-on as though she would be lost for ever in the clouds, unless something were done to recall her attention to the game before her. Not so to the practised falconer, who held Troilus by the collar to prevent him from rushing in and springing the birds before the falcon had mounted to her full pitch.

It was hard to believe that the ever-lessening spot between the company and the sun was a comrade of man, under his control, and taking an intelligent, if not altogether disinterested part in his pastime. Yet so it was, and if Troilus' point had proved a false one, the falcon would have followed man and dog as they beat the extensive common-field, hawk and dog working together with one common end in view. But Troilus was of the right sort, else his name would not have been handed down to us, and there was no mistake about his point.

At length the falcon, swinging round and round in lessening circles, reached her full pitch, and hung steadily, with her head to the wind, some hundred and fifty yards above the earth. In the language of falconry, she "waited on" "towering in her pride of place". She was "a falcon towering in the skies".

Petre could claim, with Warwick the King-maker, that he had perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch?" And he might have added with truth:

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye.

1 Henry VI., ii. 4. 10.

Of the falcon now waiting on, he would say that she is not one to "fly an ordinary pitch". She was the best of his falcons, except old Joan, and was generally reserved for "flying at the brook". But Petre was impatient to show the company what his hawks could do, and so he now flew her in the field. As for old Joan, not a falcon in Gloucestershire could mount her pitch. But she was a thoroughly trained and made heroner, and was never flown at any less noble quarry.

Meanwhile the covey lay like stones beneath the shadow of the bird of prey and the terror of her bells. The hawk was always furnished with bells attached to her legs. "As the ox hath his bow, sir," says Touchstone, "the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires." They served a twofold purpose. By their sound a falconer could trace an erring hawk, while they struck terror to the heart of the listening fowl.

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.
Lucretia, 510.

In partridge-hawking, while the falcon or tereel-gentle was mounting to its pitch, the sound of its bells secured the close lying of the covey, cowed as were England's barons by the King-maker.

Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells.
3 Henry VI., i. 1. 45.

They were, in hawking language, "enmewed" and dare not show themselves openly any more than could follies and vices in the city of Vienna, under the stern rule of Angelo the deputy, of whom Isabella says:

This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth enmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil.
Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 89.

When Petre was satisfied that the falcon was steadily waiting on, Troilus was allowed to spring the birds. The falcon instantly selected her quarry from the covey, and directing her course by a few strokes, swooped downward with closed wings. This is the stoop, or swoop, of the long-winged hawk, by which it stuns or kills its prey. Of such a deadly stoop thought Macduff, when he exclaimed of Macbeth:

O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Macbeth, iv. 3. 217.

But the fatal blow was not then dealt. The partridge singled out by the falcon happened to be the old cock-bird. Partly by strength of wing and partly by craft, he eluded the first onslaught of the enemy, and fled for shelter to a neighbouring thicket, while the rest of the covey settled down in a more distant part of the great common-field.

When the falcon recovered herself, she again mounted into the air. The falcon does not fly after game in a stern chase, as the greyhound courses the hare, or the short-winged hawk pursues its quarry. She must needs soar aloft, and then swoop down. Circling around, she marked with keen eye the spot where the bird had taken refuge, and making her point accordingly, waited on, high above the thicket, but not rising to her full pitch.

Again the bird was put up by Troilus, and again the falcon stooped from her pride of place, swift and resistless as a thunderbolt. This time her aim was unerring. In the language of falconry she "stoop'd as to foot" her quarry; and when Master Petre and the falconer rode up, she had "soused" the partridge, and holding it firmly in her foot, she had begun to devour, or in hawking language "to tire on the bird", after the manner of birds of prey:

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone.
Venus and Adonis, 55.

Had she been left to herself, 't were long ere she had been "disedged" (or had the edge taken off her keen appetite) by that on which she tired. But as she was needed for further flights, the falconer took the bird from her, rewarding her, however, with the head, so as to stimulate her to further exertion, and then, having hooded her, replaced her on the cadge.

The party then betook themselves to the division of the common-field whither the rest of the covey had flown, discussing as they rode the incidents of the flight—some-what after the following fashion of a certain royal hawking party:

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all His creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master loves to be aloft
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he would be above the
clouds. *2 Henry VI., ii. 1. 5.*

The next flight was not so successful as the former.

"The birds are yet young," said Petre, "and may well be taken by a tassel-gentle. I will now essay a flight with one which I had of Master Edmund Bert in exchange for an Irish goshawk. Here, Master Falconer, let's try what Jack can do."

The falconer took the bird from the cadge, and followed Troilus to the place where they had marked down the scattered covey. The dog forthwith began to set, and the falconer unhooded and cast off the hawk; but, as ill luck would have it, he forebore to hold Troilus back, and the dog, springing forward, flushed the game before the hawk had mounted to its full pitch. Downward swooped the hawk, but with uncertain aim, pursuing his quarry rather than striking it down, and, in the end, missing it altogether.

Petre and Silence rode as hard as they could, but as the direction taken by the partridge was down-wind, the danger of losing the tercel-gentle was imminent.

"Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly," said Silence, "we had had more sport."

"Hist, Jack, hist!" cried Petre. "O! for a falconer's voice, to lure this tassel-gentle back again. . . . Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come!"

Thus shouted Petre, but the hawk heeded him not, and they could hear the sound of his bells as he flew down-wind. The falconer quickly came up, holloing, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and soon succeeded in attracting the attention of the erring tersel-gentle, partly by his voice, but mostly by use of the lure. This was a sham bird, usually constructed of pigeon's wings, to which was attached food for the hawk, known as a train. Attracted by the semblance of a bird, and by the reality of a meal, the hawk soon descended to the lure. So it was in due course removed, rehooded, and restored to the cadge. The flight of the falcon, whether at her quarry or to the lure, is the very type of speed, confidence, and strength. When Henry Bolingbroke would fight with Thomas Duke of Norfolk, his onslaught we are told would be "as confident as is the falcon's flight against

a bird". And of Venus, when, hearing a merry horn, she believes her Adonis to be still alive, we read:

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.
Venus and Adonis, 1027.

Several flights were then tried, with varying fortune, until the bag contained two and a half brace of partridge.

Then said Petre: "By my faith this hath been a deadly day to the birds. Let us now stay our hands, and essay a flight at some other quarry."

"Only two brace and a half of partridge!" exclaims the shooter of driven game, used to slaughter his birds by the hundred; brace, dozen, and score were useful words in the reckoning of our forefathers, but they are out of date in the tale of a modern battue; "Only two brace and a half of partridges; what poor sport!"

In a dialogue, after the fashion of old books of sport, between *Auceps*, as the spokesman of falconry, and *Carnifex*, on behalf of modern shooters, each commending his recreation, *Auceps* would, I think, have held his own. He would have admitted at once that the art of fowling could never, in his time, have attained to the slaughter of several hundred birds by one man in a single day. A few, no doubt, might be killed by bird-bolt, shot from stone-bow, or by birding-piece if you could use it aright, and had skill to stalk on until the fowl should sit, and under presentation of the stalking-horse to shoot your bolt. The creeping fowler might approach the wild goose, or duck, or russet-pated chough, before it could spy him. But for one bird killed by the discharge of his caliver, many "a poor hurt fowl" would "creep into sedges", and if it had the good luck to recover, it would be more wary in future, for what could "fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck", unless it were one of Falstaff's commodity of warm slaves? As for those that were not hit, the fowler is not likely to meet with them again, after that they

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sover themselves and madly sweep the sky.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, iii. 2. 22.

The fowler, it is true, had his "springes to catch woodcocks, and his lime-twigs", familiar to the thoughts of the stranger from Stratford. He would take birds at night by bat-

fowling. He had his nets, his pitfalls, and his gins. But birds will become shy where bushes are constantly limed.

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
3 Henry VI., v. 6. 13.

to say nothing of the disadvantage that the fowler, in order to use his bird-lime, net, or springe aright, must take pains to learn somewhat of the nature and habits of the bird he would take, "from which labour Master *Carnifex*," *Auceps* would readily admit, "the shooter of driven game would seem, from what you say, to be wholly free; although, indeed, the master and deviser of the drive doth stand in need of some such knowledge".

Hunger's prevention, he would add, is the end of fowling, whereas falconry has ever been a gentle and noble art in the eyes of princes and honourable persons. Further, he would point out that ladies took delight in the gentle art of falconry, especially in the flight of the merlin, whereas it is not to be supposed that they would be present at the mere slaughter by the hundred of innocent birds, although he would readily admit that, such slaughter was excusable, and even commendable, for the prevention of hunger.

Whereupon *Carnifex* would, with some indignation, explain that he did not shoot birds for the prevention of hunger; that each bird he shot cost him four or five times its value as an article of food; that his was the sport of princes, and right honourable, as well as honourable persons; that he wondered how it could be compared to taking of birds by bird-lime and springes; the sport (if it could be so called) of the rabble of towns; that, as for ladies, they loved nothing better than walking with the guns; and, finally, that he would like to see *Auceps* try his hand at shooting the driven grouse, or the rocketing pheasant.

"I grant you," *Auceps* would reply, "that to shoot a bird flying is indeed more than I can attain unto. I have heard it said of one that he 'rides at full speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying', but I believe it not. But what if he did? Is it to be said of the shooter with the bow who is 'clapped on the shoulder and called Adam', or of the skilful player at tennis, billiards, or bowls, that he excellet in field sports, because his aim is good? Then should Bankes be the greatest of horsemen, and the dancing-horse

the noblest of steeds, because they have attained to do what Alexander and Bucephalus could not? Unless, indeed, it is to be taken that whatever endeth in the destruction of the greatest number of lives, even though it be to the profit of none, and without exercise of cunning or skill (save the mean handicraftman's skill of aim), is to be considered as the first of sports."

But whatever were the arguments used by the disputants, we may be certain that neither would have yielded one jot to the other. You may more easily induce a man to abandon the political principles and professions of a lifetime (if you go the right way about it) than change his opinions on matter of sport. Nay, it is easier to turn one from the faith of his forefathers. And so grouse and partridge will still be driven, and, in time, salmon and trout may be driven too, while the angler, stroke-all in hand and luncheon-basket by his side, sits beside some narrow channel through which the driven fish must needs pass. And the same reasons will be given. The fish have grown so wild and shy that they will not look at the most craftily constructed fly. Why, even now, an old and wary trout in an over-fished chalk stream has been seen to rush away in terror from a natural fly alighting above his nose. Then it is so much more difficult to strike the salmon as he darts past you in the stream than when he closes his mouth for an instant on your hook. And some may be found old-fashioned enough to regret that yet another ancient sport has been degraded to the level of a mere game of skill.

"And now," said Petre, "for a flight at the brook. I know where we may take a mallard or a duck. But on our way thither we may perchance find a heron at siege. I would love well, Master Silence, that you should see old Joan stoop from her pride of place. Not another falcon in Gloucestershire flies a pitch like hers."

And hereupon the Lady Katherine conceived and promptly executed a scheme which the diarist afterwards noted as determining the whole course of his affairs. "For," he adds, "to the ready witte and spirit of that most admirable ladye do I owe all the happiness of my lyfe."

Turning to Petre, she said: "Thou knowest the country saying: 'The falcon as the tercel for all the ducks i' the river', by which I understand him that useth it to

intend that he would wager as much on the lady as on her lord. Now, my lord, I challenge thee to this contest. Take thou thy falcons and tercel-gentles for flying at the brook, and leave to me the lady's hawks—this cast of merlins. I will keep by me Mistresses Ellen Silence and Anne Squele. Do thou take Master Squele and the rest of the worshipful company, and when we meet at dinner let's see which may show the better sport."

"It's a wager," said Petre, adding in a whisper, as he placed one of the merlins on his wife's hand, "whichever may show the better sport, I know who hath the keener wit."

Anne Squele took the other merlin, and, accompanied by Ellen Silence, rode off in the direction of some fallows, the favourite haunt of larks, while Petre, attended by falconer and cadger, led William Squele and the rest of the company through the woodlands towards the brook.

As the Lady Katherine had anticipated, Master Ferdinand Petre found some excuse for following their party. Attaching himself to Ellen, he left Katherine and Anne free to cloak their meaning by "talking of hawking", like Cardinal Beaufort and the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester.

Not a suspicion crossed the mind of Will Squele. He welcomed the move as relieving him from all trouble in the matter of keeping watch on his daughter. Nor did Silence realize at the moment that the Lady Katherine had brought to the settlement of their affairs that superabundant energy which, thwarted, misdirected, and misunderstood, had brought her into trouble and disrepute in her maiden years. The stream which had fretted and chafed against each opposing pebble became a useful motive-power once its collected waters were turned into a fitting channel—all the more valuable by reason of the volume of force which had been wasted before.

Her quick woman's wit had divined that a crisis was at hand. She had noted the attitude of Squele towards William, and the misery which Anne vainly tried to hide. And so she rightly concluded that if she and her husband were to be of service to their friend, immediate action must be taken.

"Let's have some sport by the way," said Petre, "as we ride through this woodland. 'I have a fine hawk for the bush.' Here, give me that Irish goshawk, and let Master

Squele have on his fist the sparrow-hawk I had of Master Bert."

The way to the brook lay through a thickly-wooded valley, and the hawks were carried with their hoods lightly fastened in anticipation of a flight at rabbit or bird. What degree of success they attained I cannot say. The diarist has failed to note the flights at the bush with the particularity bestowed on the doings of the falcon and tercel-gentle. The flight of the short-winged hawk, though swift and deadly, is not so attractive or suggestive as the lofty tower and resistless stoop of the falcon. They are not (in the language of falconry) hawks of the tower, or of the lure, but of the fist. They fly after their quarry from the hand, whither they return when the flight is over. To them their master's hand takes the place of the branch from which, in their wild state, they watch for their prey.

Most parts of the country are frequented by the kestrel, or wind-hover, and by the sparrow-hawk. The observer, comparing the actions of these common birds, can form some idea of the difference between the practice of the falconer and the astringer. The kestrel, though the most ignoble of long-winged hawks, still possesses the characteristics of its race. It hovers in the air, waiting on until some unhappy field-mouse emerges from its hiding-place, and then it stoops on its victim. The sparrow-hawk, on the other hand, lurches from tree to tree, and having selected its quarry, pursues it in a stern chase, like shot discharged from a fowling-piece, a similitude which was present to the godfathers of the "musket" when they named it after the male sparrow-hawk, the smallest hawk employed in falconry.

And so we see that every long-winged hawk, though base and degraded as the puttock or kite, is a *falco* still, and of the same order as the eagle, that "o'er his aery towers, to souse annoyance that comes near his nest". It is a different creature from the *accipiter*, or short-winged hawk; and though one falcon may fly a higher pitch than another, as one man excels his fellows in thought or action, yet are they alike subject to the conditions of a common nature which makes the whole world kin. "The king is but a man, as I am," said King Henry to the soldier John Bates. "The violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his

ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing."

But though the eye of the diarist found little in it to admire or to record, there were many who took delight in the flight of a well-trained hawk pursuing its quarry with unerring aim through the thickest bush; and in the days of the diarist, as in those of Chaucer, the keenest sportsmen, as well as the noblest in the land, would often ride abroad "with gray goshawk in hand".

The woodland was soon passed, and the hawks were returned to the cage in anticipation of the great event of the day.

Crossing a wide stretch of open country, the company at length reached a long winding valley, where the brook had been dammed up and converted into a pond somewhat after the fashion of the water where the hart was taken. It was stocked with large trout.

With the exception of certain human sciences, there is nothing in nature so marvellous as the elasticity of the organization of the trout, and its power of adapting itself to altered surroundings. It has no fixed principles in the matter of size and weight. Leave it in a rocky mountain stream, and it will live and die among its fellows a two-ounce trout. Transfer it to a pond productive of insect life, and it thinks nothing of reaching the weight of five or six pounds. Having attained to such eminence, it devours its less weighty kith and kin if they should cross its path. And so this pond supplied Petre Manor with fish, especially in the season of Lent. When, however, Petre last returned home, he shrewdly suspected that it had

been sluiced in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour.

Winter's Tale, i. 2. 194.

Petre's disposition was not jealous or suspicious, like that of poor Leontes, in matters great or small. But he never believed in any of the Smile family. They were, he would say, too sweet to be wholesome. And his suspicions were probably well founded.

Now this pond held not only trout fit for the dish, but hosts of smaller fry and eels affected by the heron. About two miles southward there was a well-stocked heronry, separated from the brook by a stretch of open wold. No better country could be

desired for the sport of flying at the heron. Towards the end of February, or early in March, the herons begin to "make their passage". It is then their custom to sally forth in the morning to distant rivers and ponds in search of food. Towards evening they leave their feeding-grounds and return to the heronry. The falconer stations himself in the open country, down-wind of the heronry, and as the bird flies over him on its homeward way, the falcons are cast off and the flight begins.

This is the sport of taking herons on the passage. It was commonly practised in spring, but at other seasons of the year excellent sport might be had if a heron could be found at siege, and in the hope of such good fortune the company made for the pond.

Petre, like Bertram, had a "hawking eye". He quickly discerned a heron, busily engaged in fishing, and half-concealed by willows growing thickly around the pond. He at once made ready for action. Old Joan was a noted heroner. She was never flown at any other quarry, and she had been brought out on the chance of finding a heron at siege.

Taking with him Joan and another well-trained haggard falcon, and loosing their hoods so as to be ready for a flight, Petre (who loved to fly his hawks himself) left the company at a short distance, and dismounting, approached the heron, being careful to keep under the wind, and concealing himself behind his horse.

At last the wary heron spied him, and, slowing rising, left the siege. As soon as he had flown a couple of hundred yards, the falcons were unhooded and cast off. Old Joan sighted him at once, the other falcon joined in, and the flight began.

The heron took in the position at a glance. The heronry lay up-wind, and was distant at least two miles. He could never succeed in making this point, flying in the teeth of the wind and pursued by two swift and eager falcons. The country on every side was bare, and afforded no prospect of shelter. Driven from earth in despair, he sought shelter in the clouds. Lightening himself by throwing overboard the result of the morning's fishing, he ascended to the heavens in spiral curves, making wide circuits as he mounted aloft. The higher the heron mounted, the higher soared the falcons. This is what the old falconers celebrate under the name of the

"mountey". What circles they describe! There goes old Joan. Turning her back on the quarry, she rushes into the wind for full half a mile, and then, sweeping round in a vast circle, is carried high above the heron. The company can see them still, but it takes a sharp eye to know "a hawk from a hand-saw", even though the wind is southerly. If it were north-north-westerly, the birds, carried forward by the wind, would fly between the spectator and the sun, and to tell hawk from heron would be harder still. They can just see old Joan close her wings and precipitate herself with fell swoop on the heron. By a swift movement he narrowly escapes the blow. Meanwhile the second falcon has mounted over both. Stooping downward, she dashes a few feathers from the heron's wing, and drives him nearer to the earth. Old Joan, by ringing into the wind, has more than recovered her advantage, and is preparing for a deadly stoop. The three birds are now nearer to the ground, and in full view of the company, who have followed as best they could, on foot and on horseback, the course of the flight, carried by the wind about a mile from the spot where the heron was found. They are in time to see the finish. Joan's second swoop hit the heron hard. Her mate renews the attack. In a moment Joan is bound to the heron. The second falcon comes in, and the three birds descend steadily to the ground.

The falcons have learned by experience to let go the heron as they approach the ground. They thus avoid concussion, and the danger of being spitted by the heron on his sharp sword-like bill — a formidable weapon of defence. But the contest on the ground, which might have been fraught with danger to the falcons, was soon put an end to by the falconer, who seized the heron, and, rewarding the falcons, hooded them, and restored them to the cage.

Then followed some flights at the brook. This sport, in the opinion of some, ranked higher than heron hawking. For, as Turbervile says, "although it (a flight at ye heron) be the most noblest and stately flight that is, and pleasant to behold, yet is there no suche art or industrie therein as in the other flights. For the hawke fleeth the hearon moved by nature, as against hir proper foe; but to the river she fleeth as taught by the industrie and diligēce of the falconer."

Whatever be the cause, I can find in the diary no record of the sport, and I must console myself with the knowledge that flights at the brook did not differ essentially from those in the field at partridge, although the mallard, being larger and stronger on the wing, afforded better sport, and, indeed, could not be successfully flown except by well-trained haggard falcons.

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

[Dr. Sigerson was born at Holyhill, Strabane, and educated at Galway Queen's College, Cork, and in Paris. He is a very distinguished scientist as well as a man of letters, is a member of many learned societies at home and abroad, and in the forefront of medical thought and progress. He is Professor and Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, and President of the Irish Literary Society. He has written on Land Tenures, on the treatment of political prisoners, and on the work of the Independent Irish Parliament, and is many-sided. He is translating the poems of Sedulius; but his fame will no doubt largely depend on his monumental work, *The Bards of the Gael and Gaul* (T. Fisher Unwin, 1898). The extracts are by kind permission of the author.]

JESUKIN.

Jesukin
Lives my little cell within;
What were wealth of cleric high—
All is lie but Jesukin.

Nursling nurtured, as 'tis right—
Harbours here no servile spright—
Jesu of the skies, who art
Next my heart thro' every night!

Jesukin, my good for aye,
Calling and will not have nay,
King of all things, ever true,
He shall rue who will away.

Jesu, more than angels' aid,
Fosterling not formed to fade;
Nursed by me in desert wild,
Jesu, child of Judah's maid.

Sons of kings, and kingly kin,
To my land may enter in;
Guest of none I hope to be,
Save of Thee, my Jesukin!

Unto heaven's high King confest
Sing a chorus, maidens blest!
He is o'er us, though within,
Jesukin is in my breast!

YOU REMEMBER THAT EVENING.

You remember that evening
At my window still staying,
Bare-headed and gloveless,
For love long delaying:
I stretch'd my hand to you,
You clasp'd it, caressing;
And we kept in soft converse
Till the lark sang his blessing.

You remember that evening
We spent both together
'Neath the red-berried Rowan
In still snowy weather.
Your white throat was singing,
Your head on my shoulder—
Ne'er thought I, that evening,
That love could grow colder.

My heart in you!—darling!
Come soon to me, hither,
When my household are sleeping,
To whisper together:
My two hands shall clasp you
While my story is given,
How your soft and sweet converse
Took my prospect of heaven.

THE RUINED NEST.

Sad is yonder blackbird's song,
Well I know what wrought it wrong;
Whosoe'er the deed has done,
Now its nestlings all are gone.

Such a sorrow I, too, know
For such loss not long ago;
Well, O bird! I read thy state
For a home laid desolate.

How thy heart has burned, nigh broke,
At the rude and reckless stroke!
To lay waste thy little nest
Seems to low boys but a jest.

Thy clear note called together
Flutt'ring young in new feather;
From thy nest comes now not one—
O'er its mouth the nettle's gone.

Sudden come the callous boys,
Their deed all thy young destroys:
Thou and I one fate deplore—
For my children are no more.

By thy side there used to be
Thy sweet mate from o'er the sea;
The herd's net ensnared her head—
She is gone from thee and dead.

O, Ruler of high heaven!
Thou'st laid our loads uneven:
For our friends on ev'ry side
'Mid their mates and children bide.

Hither came hosts of Faery
To waste our home unwary;
Though they left no wound to tell
Brunt of battle were less fell.

Woe for wife; for children, woe!
I in sorrow's shadow go;
Not a trace of them I had,
Hence my heavy heart is sad.

THE DARK GIRL OF THE GLEN.

O have you seen, or have you heard, the darling
of all delight?

In glens of gloom I wander lone, without rest in
the day or night.

Her quiet eyes distress me, they trouble the heart
in me—

My blessing go before her still, wherever on earth
she be!

What songs have sung thy tender shape, the curve
of thy graceful brow!

Thy small sweet mouth that never, I think, could
wound by deceiving vow,

Thy hand more bright and soft than silk, or down
of the birds above—

I'm vexed and fretted whenever I think I'd part
with the girl I love.

So sharp the pang, I faint, I flee, when her pre-
sence I do behold,

Her glowing cheek, her pearly teeth, her flowing
tresses of gold,

More bright that sight than Deirdré's self, who
lowered King Conor's pride;

More fair than blue-eyed Blanaid, for whom
thousands of heroes died.

O, flow'r of maids, forsake me not for glitter of
worldly gain,

Unsung, unpraised, unprized it is, but by flattery's
noisy train—

Whilst I would sing brave Irish songs, when
harvest nights grow cold,

And tell the tale of Fianna chiefs and the
warrior kings of old!

A FAR FAREWELL.

'T is mad to leap the lofty wall and strain a gallant
steed,
When close beside is the flow'ry fence to vault
across at need.
O bitter the bright red berries that high on the
Rowan grow—
But fresh and sweet the fruits we meet on the
fragrant plant below.

Farewell, farewell a thousand times, to the green
town of the trees,

Farewell to every homestead there from o'er the
surging seas;—

Ah, many a wild and watery way, and many a
ridge of foam

Keep far apart my lonely heart and the maid I
love at home.

I move 'mid men, but, always, their voices faint
away,

And my mind awakes and I hear again the words
her dear lips say;

Her sparkling glance, her glowing cheek, her
lovely form I see—

As flowers that grow, like flakes of snow, on the
black and leafless tree.

If you go from me, Vuirneen, safe may you depart!
Within my bosom I feel it, you've killed my very
heart—

No arm can swim, no boat can row, nor bark can
mariner guide

O'er the waves of that woeful ocean that our two
lives divide.

BIRDS ON A BOUGH.

How pleasant for the small birds

To waken in the grove,

And, close upon the same bough,

To whisper to their love.

Not thus, alas, our fortune—

My very heart's delight!

'T is far apart each morning
We waken to the light.

She's fairer than the lily,

Such beauty there is none:

She's sweeter than the violet,

More lightsome than the sun;

But better than all beauty

Her noble heart and free,—

O God, who art in heaven,

Remove this pain from me!

ORO, O DARLING FAIR.

SPINNERS' SONG.

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Who's the young maid to be wed upon Shrove-
tide there?"

Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Maid to be married I hear is sweet Annie Clare,
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Who's the glad youth upon whom fell this happy
air?"

Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Florence O'Driscoll they say has the luck so rare,
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
What is the outfit they give to the wedded pair?
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

"Oro, O darling fair! and ioro O Fairness fair!
Feathers the finest that ever had bird in air,
Linen the whitest that ever the spindle bare,
Quilting of silk that is softest beyond compare,
Candlesticks golden, graceful, and carved with care,
Red and white pieces in pocket to spend and spare,
Plenty on board with gay guests to gladly share,—
Victory I wish them, that joy may be ever there!
Oro, O darling fair! O lamb, and O love!"

MRS. HESTER SIGERSON.

BORN —. DIED 1898.

[Mrs. Sigerson was the daughter of Amos Varian of Cork, and was born in that city. She came of a family ever devoted to literature and music, all thinkers and all thoroughly Irish in feeling. She married Dr. George Sigerson in 1861. From her girlhood she

wrote poems and stories, in various magazines and in the collections of Ralph Varian, *The Harp of Erin*, &c. But most of her writing remains fugitive. She published one novel, *A Ruined Race*, with Messrs. Ward and Downey in 1889.]

A NIGHT IN FORTMANUS VILLAGE.

(FROM "A RUINED RACE".)

It was night when Dan entered Fortmanus, and so intensely dark that, only he knew every stone, he would have found it hard to make his way home. A chill misty wind had arisen, which pierced his wretched clothing, causing him to shiver with cold as he went painfully on. But his heart was so full of love and hope that he hardly felt his physical sufferings. As he approached his door, and lifted the latch softly, the sweet smell of primroses greeted him. But, mechanically closing the door after him, he stood for a moment powerless.

The scene before him almost made his heart stand still. A tin sconce fastened to the wall held the solitary candle, and by its light, standing at the head of the bed, Father Mat, in a low and solemn voice, read the prayers for the dying.

Mary was kneeling at the priest's side. Up to this time she had remained in silent prayer, but on Dan's entrance she burst into a passion of sobs. Dan never uttered a word or groan, but, laying down his bundle, knelt at her side. The prayers were ended, but he never stirred, nor when Mary spoke to him did he seem to hear her. After a bit he began to droop forward, but her arms prevented his fall. He had swooned.

They laid him flat upon the floor, and Mary fell upon him in an agony of grief, fearing he was dead or dying. The priest assured her, however, that he was only in a faint, and ordered her to get water.

"What did he eat to-day?" said he.

"Sure I don't know, Father," answered she.

"And I suppose you ate nothing yourself either," said he, in a rough, angry tone. "What nonsense it is! Couldn't you make out something or other? Weren't any of the neighbours with you?"

"I never took my eyes off her all day," said Mary faintly.

"Sprinkle the water on his face and hands, and I'll be back in a few minutes;" and Father Mat seemed, as he hurried through the darkness, to have been attacked with a sudden catarrh, for his handkerchief was in constant demand till he reached his own door.

As he entered the hall he called out:

VOL. IV.

"Are you there, Nancy?"

"To be sure I am! Where else would I be, sir, at this time o' night?" answered old Nancy Doolan, his housekeeper, cook, and maid-of-all-work, as she popped her white-capped head out of the kitchen door, a well-worn rosary dangling in her hand.

"I thought you might be in bed," said the priest apologetically. He was a little afraid of Nancy, though he had nearly as high an opinion of her as she had of him, and that is saying a great deal, for she did not think the whole earth held one like him, either priest or layman. "Nancy," said he, "have you any boiling water?"

"Musha," answered she in a mournful and disappointed tone, "'tis a quare thing, an' I doin' for you ever since you came among us, for you to think so little of me. Did I ever go to bed or kneel down to say me prayers without lavin' the hot wather an' everything ready for you? There's the glass, an' there's the malt, an' there's the lump sugar, an' the kittle boilin' for your drop o' punch before you go to bed."

"Sure I'm not doubting you, Nancy; but 'tis tea I want now."

"Tea!" said she in surprise.

"Yes, Nancy, I want you to make a good jug of tea, and take a loaf of bread and knife—don't forget the knife—and bring them down to MacManus's cottage."

"Is it to Dan MacManus's, sir?"

"Now, you heard me, Nancy."

"Is it a loaf o' bread an' tay, sir?"

"I won't say it a second time," said the priest, looking angry, for Nancy and he often had little battles over his charity, but, seeing that he was very determined this time, she went grumbling about her task.

"That's the way—why, every one o' them coming over him with their starvation stories. He'll be left without a cup o' tay for himself between 'em; as if the whole village could be draggin' out of him! An' troth! he's tight enough as it is."

Father Mat had gone into his little parlour and supplied himself with a small quantity of brandy out of the little he had, and gone off to the cabin, where he was soon followed by Nancy, bearing the jug of tea in one hand, a small lantern in the other, and the loaf of bread and knife in her apron. She laid them down upon the table, and shook her head compassionately when she saw the state of affairs. Dan was just recovering consciousness and sat with his back against the

wall while the priest was administering some brandy to him.

Nancy stole to the bedside, and, gazing for a while on the little white face, muttered: "Glory be to God! she's gone;" upon which Mary started to her side, and, placing her ear to the white lips, said:

"No, the breath is in her, Nancy."

"I didn't think she was breathing at all. Glory be to God! she'll soon be a bright little angel. God help you, you're the sorrowful woman this night, Mary, acushla. Take a drop o' the warm tay if you can at all."

"I don't think I could swally it; I never thought of bit or sup this day, no more nor if I was a soul unbodied."

"Come now," said the priest, "whether you can or not, the two of you must eat and drink a hearty supper before I leave this. Go on now, Nancy, I'll be down after you;" and his reverence poured out some tea into a tin mug and handed it to Mary, while he gave the jug to Dan, and cut up the loaf and commanded them "as an act of obedience" to eat their suppers.

The night wore on. The priest had left them. Little Eily still breathed, though they thought every breath would be her last. As they watched above her, the wind swept round the house, sobbing and sighing at the door, at the window, through the chinks in the roof, almost like a woman's wail. Mary looked at Dan.

"'Tis only the wind, Mary."

Treacy's dog Bouncer gave vent to a long and piercing howl.

"Oh," muttered Dan, "if she'd give me one look before she goes!"

Eily opened her eyes. They seemed dark and brilliant. A look of strange surprise was in them, and she seemed to gaze intently at the foot of the bed. Gradually a smile of ineffable rapture illumined her face, and she seemed to make an effort to stretch out her hands.

"'Tis the blessed angels is come for her," whispered Mary; and both parents sank upon their knees.

Bouncer gave another howl, and the wind wailed round the house, and Bouncer howled again, and Mrs. Treacy blessed herself and remarked to her spouse:

"Jim! that's the third time Bouncer did that."

"Troth, 'tis well he has someone stopping awake to keep an account for him," responded

Jim in a sleepy voice, for, asleep or awake, Jim was always a wag.

"I'm thinking 'tis poor Eily MacManus is going. I believe she didn't know one yesterday;" and the young mother pressed her lips upon the little downy head that rested on her arm. "Well, in town or counthry I never saw such a purty child as she was when she came here first. I'm tould 'twas in his family to be handsome. They say he's one of the rale ould stock, an' sure the both of them was dazed about her."

"She was," replied Jim, "a very nice little crather; but as 'tis the heart o' the night, I suppose we might as well be going to sleep, Norry."

Mrs. Treacy kissed her baby again, and said no more.

Bouncer gave another howl.

"That's four," said Jim, half-asleep. In another house little Katey Farrell, who lay at the foot of the family bed, turned over in her sleep and muttered, "I gave her the primroses."

"Be quiet with you," said her mother, giving her a push with her foot; "you have me awake the whole night wid your turning and twisting, an' troth! I was jaded enough when I lay down."

Upon which Katey repeated her remark in a louder tone, though still asleep.

"Is there anything ailing you, agra?" said her mother, fearing she might be unwell.

Katey, now wide awake, said:

"I was dram'in' about the primroses I took to poor little Eily yesterday. Weren't they grand ones?"

"Faith, if you don't be quiet this minnit, I'll give you primroses you won't like. I didn't get a wink o' sleep yet with you."

Bouncer gave another prolonged howl.

"God bless us!" said Mrs. Farrell.

"That's Treacy's Bouncer," said Katey.

"I'm afeared poor Eily is gone," said her mother. "Be quiet an' go to sleep, anyhow."

"Sure I often heard him doin' that," said the child.

"You'll have the baby awake on me, so you will!" and Mrs. Farrell gave a low "hush—sh—sh", and then all was silent, and she thought to herself, "Now surely I'll get a sleep," for she wished to rise early on Easter Sunday morning, and she had been up late washing and cleansing in order to have her children as neat as possible in honour of

that glorious festival. But to her utter dismay, a shrill voice from the other side of the apartment chirped out:

"Sure Mat tot a otther."

"Whisht, whisht," said the mother.

"Go asleep, now," muttered a low voice from the same locality, which we recognize as that of old Gran.

But little five-year-old Patsy had been much excited the previous evening by this exploit of his brother, and had fallen asleep quite unintentionally in the midst of it. So when he awoke again he naturally took up the matter where he had left off, and was quite irrepressible. Indeed he was always a wakeful youngster, and so lively that even sleep did not subdue him, for he was in the habit of nightly going through a series of athletic performances, using his old grandmother as a springing-board. Occasionally these exercises brought him out upon the earthen floor with a sudden dash, when he would give vent to a shrieking announcement that "His head was broke!" and wake all the household with the exception of Mat, who, though usually in a highly compressed state between his father and the wall, always slept through everything until his waking hour, half-past five in the summer and half-past six in winter.

"Fos Bouncer tot him be the poll down in de wather."

"For the Lord's sake, Mother, will you make him whisht; he'll have the house awake." By the "house" she meant Pat the elder and the dreaded baby. For they are equally unreasonable and difficult of management when disturbed at night.

"Sure if I sthrike him he'd wake the town, an' what'll I do?" said the old woman. "Go asleep now, avourneen, an' I'll give you 'long sticks' to-morrow."

"You will in my eye!" remarked the cherub.

"I'll bate you in the morning," said the mother.

"Oh, glory! such a great big foxey."

"He's hanging in the yard," said Katey; for which she got a smart kick.

But the mischief was done. An angry bass suddenly exclaimed, from the north-east corner of the family bed.

"Yerra! what the —— has you all pratin' away like magpies in the black o' the night for?"

"Oh, Pat! don't wake the child!" said his wife, in a low, mild tone.

"E gorra! that's not a bad one, either!"

"Oh, Pat, don't wake the child," mocked he in indignant tones; "an' herself afther wakin' the whole of us out of the depth of our sleep wid her talk; troth you're one o' the quarest women I ever heard tell of."

His wife said nothing, for she had still hopes of being able to hush the baby. And as the angry tones of the paterfamilias had effectually silenced the other youngsters, all was soon quiet, and even the poor, tired mother succeeded in falling into a sound and refreshing sleep.

Strange to say, Mat — the adamant sleeper — was the first to awaken, his accustomed hour having come. He calmly opened his eyes, and, craning up his neck, he looked down at his sister, who still slept, which he considered absurd; so, having nothing at hand to throw at her, he slid softly down and tilted up her head with his foot.

"Stop!" said she sleepily, but, remembering herself, she said — in what people call a pig's whisper — "Me Easter's eggs on you, Mat. I wondher what way is the otther this mornin'?"

"The way I left him, I suppose; wid his neck broke an' he hanging be the heels," said her brother, his thin, otherwise healthy, young face, twinkling all over with satisfaction at the memory of his last evening's exploit.

The family were soon all awake, and as neatly attired as possible under the circumstances. In honour of the day, poor old Gran, with much pride, tied a new checked bib upon Patsy, the price of which she had earned by knitting, and looked with love and admiration upon his curly head and shining face, notwithstanding her aching sides. She made him kneel down and say his prayers, and he stumbled through his Pater and Ave pretty well, considering his years; though his thoughts were on the otter, and his eyes kept turning towards the door.

"Mind your prayers, sir," said his grandmother.

"He have awful long whiskers," responded Patsy, upon which she gave him a cuff on the ear, and he finished his prayers in tears; but quickly consoled himself by running out to see the otter. From whence, however, he returned in a few moments crying lustily, and stating in indignant tones, interspersed with sobs, that "Mat bate him 'cause he on'y dust put his finger on his whiskers."

"Begob! thin, if you could put your finger on Mat's whisker you could do more than

I could, anyhow!" said his father from out a thick lather of soap which covered the lower half of his face.

"Aye, troth," laughed old Gran.
 "Tosn't Mat's whishkers, on'y the otther's," grumbled Patsy in an injured tone.

SARAH ATKINSON.

1823 - 1893.

[Mrs. Atkinson was born 13th of October, 1823, in the town of Athlone. When she was about fifteen years of age her parents removed to Dublin because of the greater facilities it afforded for the education of their children. Even at school she began that system of diligent note-taking which remained with her through life, and which helped her to the extraordinary accuracy and completeness of detail which marked her later work. She married Dr. George Atkinson in her twenty-fifth year; and in a life devoted to good works she found time for a good deal of literature. With perfect womanly sweetness, she had a masculine force and clearness of intellect. She would have made an ideal historian, for she had the broadest and most impartial of minds, with the lucent vision, the strong, clear, noble style, the infinite capacity for taking pains. The preface to her *Life of Mary Aikenhead*, dealing with the penal days in Ireland, packed full as it is with out-of-the-way information, most lucidly stated, excited the warm admiration of Mr. Lecky. Indeed, her mind was in many respects like that of the greatest of modern historians. Besides the *Life of Mary Aikenhead*, she wrote a deal of miscellaneous literature, contributed in its serial form solely to Irish magazines. A book of her Essays has been published since her death.]

PENAL DAYS.

(FROM "MARY AIKENHEAD, HER LIFE, HER WORK, AND HER FRIENDS".)

The priests were of necessity constantly on foot, or in less severe times on horseback; they could not gather their flock around them; they were obliged to go to the houses of their parishioners. The friars were often out "questing". All were heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained, whether

at gentlemen's houses few and far between, or in the more frequent farmers' cottages. It was a rule that the priest should give an instruction to the family in whose house he put up for the night, and examine the children in the catechism. To the junior members of the household this part of the evening routine was not always the most agreeable, especially as the lesson in the catachism was likely to be supplemented by a few questions in grammar, an association of sacred and secular studies suggested by the catechisms then in use, which, printed in the Gaelic character on the Continent¹, were provided, not unfrequently in the form of an appendix, with a popular treatise on the vernacular tongue. But it was a rare delight to all when, the labour of the day well over, and the circle widened by the dropping in of neighbours great and small, the priest of the parish, or Father Francis from the abbey, as the case might be, poured out his treasures of historic and legendary lore; went back to his college days in distant lands, described the manners and customs of great nations where the Catholics held their heads high, and the king and queen and all the nobility went to mass; and recounted with kindling eye the exploits of the soldiers of the brigade, and the story of the field where they perished. And as the good priest talked on, the listeners saw in the blazing turf long pilgrim processions arriving within sight of the city of St. James; or in the broken lights and shadows cast upon the rafters, descried the wooded hills of Galicia, St. Isidoro on the Roman height, the spires of Brabant, the gates and towers of Seville. Meanwhile, the pensive-eyed girls heard these words set, as it were, to their favourite airs—"The Blackbird" and "Shule Aroon"; and the martial youths

¹ An interesting account of the books printed for the Irish in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries at Antwerp, Louvain, Paris, and Rome will be found in Anderson's *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish* (1828), section i.

matured their plans for fighting Almanza next day in the stubble-field, and defending Saragossa in the rath upon the hill.

It was thought by Burke and others that this intimate association of the priests with the people was detrimental to the clergy, who lost, as it was supposed, in familiar intercourse with the unlettered, a good deal of the culture which they had acquired in the course of their foreign education. However this may have been, there can be no doubt that the people benefited largely by the close relations into which pastor and flock were brought by the necessity of the times. "The Irish peasant," says Dean Cogan, "shared his frugal fare with the priest, gave him his humble bed, and staked his life and the welfare of his family for his protection. The priest, in return, gave spiritual instruction to the household, offered the Holy Sacrifice for his benefactors, administered the sacraments, blessed the peasant's home, and made his residence the tabernacle in which the Blessed Eucharist and the Holy Oils were sheltered for the salvation of the people."

Other sojourners by the domestic hearth there were who helped to keep the atmosphere fresh and genial. These were the schoolmasters and the itinerant musicians. The former were always considered entitled to free quarters; and when their scholastic avocations in the fields had been brought to a conclusion for the day, they withdrew to one humble household or another to join the evening cheer, and to rest for the night. Of course the harpers of repute were to be met with only in the houses of the gentry; they enjoyed a good position in right of their profession, and generally were gentlemen by birth and education. Among them were descendants of the O'Neills; excellent Greek and Latin scholars; proficient in Irish history and antiquities; and travelled men who had played before the Pretender in Edinburgh or Rome, and charmed with their native music the King of Spain in his court at Madrid. The Protestant gentry were as anxious as their Catholic neighbours to have the musicians tarry with them; but we are told that "the harpers frequented mostly the houses of the old Irish families who had lost their titles, or were reduced more or less in their estates. When these minstrels appeared it was the signal for festivity among the young and old." It is not difficult to imagine the delight of the audience that

gathered in these country houses to hear the harpers perform the lively planxties, the inspiring marches, the pathetic strains of "the mother of sweet singers", as Pope styled Erin.

The power of the instrument when an accomplished hand swept the strings can be inferred from the praises that have been bestowed on it. Dante had an Irish harp, and he admired its construction, and observed that its makers had been unrivalled in its use for ages. "No harp hath a sound so melting and prolonged as the Irish harp", says Lord Bacon. "Such music before or since did I never hear", remarks Evelyn, after listening to the performance of his old friend Clerk, an incomparable player on the Irish harp; and the diarist adds that, in his judgment, the said instrument, which is neglected for its extraordinary difficulty, is "far superior to the lute itself, or whatever speaks with strings". As for the musical compositions of the Irish, it is enough to note that Handel said he would rather have been the composer of "Aileen Aroon" than of the music that had made him famous: that Haydn made a collection of Irish Airs, and was about to reset them when death called him to join the heavenly choir; that Beethoven loved these melodies, and had many of them hung round his room.

Assuredly the attachment of the Irish to their national melodies and their native harpers did not lessen when they remembered that the music and the poetry of the old land had long been under a ban with themselves. By the Statute of Kilkenny it had been made penal for the English settlers to "entertain the bards, who perverted the imagination by romantic tales". Henry VIII., though he commanded the harp, the emblem of Ireland, to be quartered in the arms of England, showed great hostility to the music and poetry of the Gael.¹ Elizabeth, albeit showing a decided preference for the Irish tunes as performed at court galas, ferociously pursued in Ireland the bards and rhymers, placing them in the same category as monks, friars, Jesuits, and such like: "a trayterous kind of people". Cromwell's soldiers boasted that they broke the harp wherever they found it. But the music of Erin could neither be murdered nor trans-

¹ Whilst the harp was honourably hung in the quarters of England, the unhappy harpers were both hung and quartered in Ireland (*Life of Samuel Lover*, vol. ii.).

planted; and in the eighteenth century, especially in Connaught and Munster, its strains were heard in every direction. The daughters, as well as the sons, of the gentry were taught the harp, and we are told that "every old Irish family had harps in plenty". In fact, they carried out the ideas of their remote ancestors, who considered that "from the king down all should be able to sweep the strings in a masterly manner when the harp was sent round at their feasts".

And the people at large, though they could not entertain the distinguished professors of the art in their houses, had a great deal of musical enjoyment in their own way. Harpers of a humbler grade than the O'Carolans and the O'Neills, the Duigenans and the Hempsons, and performers on the Irish bagpipe, "which to my uncultivated ear", says Dr. Campbell, "is not an instrument so unpleasant as the lovers of Italian music represent it", were constantly seen and heard in the cabins of the peasantry. The people knew very well how to turn a tune, they were passionately fond of the old airs, and they seasoned their occupations with songs appropriate to every occasion. They had plough tunes and spinning tunes; boatmen's songs, and miller's and carter's songs; and lullabys or sleep-disposing melodies; they had music specially appropriate to each season of the year. They preserved their treasure of song as they preserved their immemorial traditions and their living faith; and this they did so well that, when, after the penal days had passed away, and the gentry had completely neglected the cultivation of Irish music, it was among the peasantry that Bunting and Joyce, Petrie and O'Curry, found the exquisite airs they desired to preserve for future generations. Dr. Petrie speaks of the music of Ireland as having been the exclusive property of the peasantry—the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country. He observes that it is characteristic of their ardent and impassioned temperament, and expressive of the tone of feeling that has been for ages predominant. It was not to be found, he says, among the upper classes. "They were insensible to its beauty, for it breathed not *their* feelings; and they resigned it to those from whom they took everything else, because it was a jewel of whose worth they were ignorant." "Pray go on collecting", he writes to one of the friends who helped him in his search for the ancient melodies;

"it is a noble work to be employed upon—the building up a glorious monument to the cultivated genius, and the exquisite nature, of a people whose fate, alas! has not been a happy one."

Hardly necessary is it to remark that the home life of the people was their dearest refuge—their impregnable stronghold. Not that iniquitous legislation had overlooked this sanctuary of divine faith and domestic virtue. The penal laws, as we have seen, sought to make the fourth commandment a dead letter by encouraging disobedience to parental authority, and rewarding rebellion with privilege and wealth. The code supplemented this attempt to set children against their parents, by endeavouring to disturb the relations between husband and wife; for if the wife of a Catholic declared herself a Protestant, the law enabled her to compel her husband to give her a separate maintenance, and to transfer to her the custody and guardianship of all their children; and as if to bring injury and insult to a climax, every Catholic was by Act of Parliament deprived of the power of settling a jointure on his Catholic wife, or charging his lands with any provision for his daughters. Disruption of the strong and tender bond that held the Irish household as a Christian family was not to be effected by royal proclamation or parliamentary decree: nevertheless, the legislation that aimed at depriving the naturally dependent members of the family of manly protection and necessary provision was felt as a biting insult and an inhuman tyranny.

In Irish households, high and low, the women throughout those troubled times kept well up to the Christian standard, cherishing the domestic virtues, accepting with patience their own share of suffering, defying the temptations held out by the enemies of the faith, refusing to barter the souls of the young, in the midst of calamity keeping the eternal reward in view, and daily exercising works of charity and zeal. As far as circumstances would allow, the people in their domestic life followed the traditional standard of their ancestors and preserved the customs of immemorial days.

Women, from the earliest times, have ever been held in great respect in Ireland. The Brehon law, by which the inhabitants of the territories outside the Pale were governed from long before St. Patrick's time, to the reign of James I, and accord-

ing to whose provisions the people in many parts of the country continued, up to a comparatively recent period, to arrange their affairs and settle their disputes, secured to women the rights of property, and provided for their rational independence in a far more effectual way than was contemplated by other codes. In social life the spirit of the Brehon law was embodied, and transmitted to succeeding generations, in the customs and manners of the people. One cannot read the Annals of Ireland without observing how important was the position occupied by women in Erin. All, according to their degree, were expected to fill a part, both influential and honourable, in the constitution of the clan. A considerable share of the internal administration of the principality was entrusted to the wife of the chieftain or provincial king. The duties of hospitality—onerous and constant, and precisely defined by the Brehon law—were exercised by her. To her was entrusted the care of the poor and suffering. She was expected to be an encourager of learning, and a friend to the ollamhs or professors, a benefactor to the churches, and a generous helper of the religious orders.

While the chieftain was out fighting or taking preys from his enemies, the chieftain's wife kept everything in order in the little kingdom, and held herself ready, at a moment's notice, to protect her people from robbers or defend her castle from invaders. The mother of Hugh O'Neill is described by the annalists as "a woman who was the pillar of support and maintenance of the indigent, and the mighty, of the poets and exiled, of widows and orphans, of the clergy and men of science, of the poor and the needy; a woman who was the head of council and advice to the gentlemen and chiefs of the province of Conor MacNessa; a demure, womanly, devout, charitable, meek, benignant woman, with pure piety and the love of God and her neighbours". In the obituary notice of a certain great lady, the annalist tells us how she was "a nurse of all guests and strangers, and of all the learned men in Ireland"; of another we read that she was the most distinguished woman in Munster in her time, in fame, hospitality, good sense, and piety". The old writers, in summing up the noble qualities of an Irish chieftain's wife, do not omit to mention that she was distinguished by her checking

of plunder, her hatred of injustice, by her tranquil mind and her serene countenance.

We get the portrait of a woman of this stamp, and a picture of the manners of the fifteenth century in Ireland, in the account of Margaret, the daughter of the king of Ely, and wife of Calvagh O'Carroll. This lady was accustomed to give a great feast twice in the year, bestowing "meate and moneyes, with all other manner of gifts", on all who assembled on these occasions. The guests took their places according as their names were entered in a roll kept for that purpose, while the chieftain and his wife devoted themselves entirely to their guests: Margaret "clad in cloath of gold, her deerest friends about her, her clergy and judges too; Calvagh himself being on horseback, by the church's outward side, to the end that all things might be done orderly, and each one served successively". On one of those days of festivity Margaret gave two chalices of gold as offerings on the altar to God Almighty, and "she also caused to nurse or foster two young orphans". She was distinguished among the women of her time for preparing highways and erecting bridges and churches, and doing "all manner of things profitable to serve God and her soule". Her days were shortened by a fatal cancer; and the annalist concludes his notice with a beautiful prayer and a pathetic malediction. "God's blessing," he exclaims, "the blessing of all saints, and every other blessing from Jerusalem to Inis Gluair, be on her going to heaven, and blessed be he that will reade and heare this, for blessing her soule. Cursed be that sore in her breast that killed Margrett."

And should one of these fair women, who acted well her part in the chieftain's household, renounce "all worldly vanities and terrestrial glorious pomps" and betake herself to "an austere, devoute life" in a monastery, the chronicler fails not to speed thither the blessings of guests and strangers, poor and rich, and poet-philosophers of Ireland, which he prays "may be on her in that life". In recording the erection of churches and the foundation of monasteries, the old historians constantly note that it is a joint work of the chief and his wife. Sometimes, indeed, the wife seems to have been sole founder; and we are led to infer that she had at her disposal certain revenues, whether

the property of the head of the clan or the proceeds of her own dowry.

We read that the wife of Stephen Lynch Fitz-Dominick, while her husband was beyond the seas in Spain, began, in the year 1500, to build a convent on an eminence over the sea at Galway. Church and steeple were finished before his return, and on entering the bay he was much surprised to behold so stately a building on the heights. Having learned on his landing that the edifice had been erected by his own wife in honour of St. Augustine, he knelt down on the sea-shore and returned thanks to Heaven for inspiring her with that pious resolution. Subsequently he took part in the good work, finished the monastery, and endowed it with rents and several lands. Another case in point may be noted in the story of the building of the famous Franciscan monastery of Donegal.

If the women of Erin took their full share of the burdens and responsibilities of life in those bygone stirring times, they were not for that excluded from participation in the pleasures of life, and in the advantages of whatever culture was then attainable. Like their husbands they were fond of travelling abroad, and made pilgrimages to St. James of Compostella; to Rome, "the capital of the Christians"; and even to more distant shrines. But it does not appear to have been customary for the chief and the chieftainess to leave home together: the one or the other should stay to receive strangers, entertain guests, and carry on the government of the principality. In days when certain important professions, such as those of Brehon, poet, and historian, were hereditary in certain families, the women of those families received an education fitting them to take a part in the avocations of their male relatives. Thus, among the Brehons, who were the lawyers of the clans, there were women eminent as judges or expounders of the laws; and in the learned families there were women historians and poets. The learned men of Erin, it is evident, enjoyed the sympathy and appreciation of the daughters of the land, and were not ungrateful for the encouragement and hospitality they received. They inscribed the names of their lady friends on the tracts compiled for their use or at their desire. One of the very ancient Gaelic manuscripts still in existence is a tract entitled *History*

of the Illustrious Women of Erin; another valuable relic of the olden times is inscribed *Lives of the Mothers of the Irish Saints*.

It is interesting to learn what impression the women of Ireland at a later period—the middle of the seventeenth century—made on strangers from the classic land of Italy. The Rev. C. P. Meehan has enriched the fifth edition of his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and Memoirs of the Hierarchy*, with the original account of the journey from Kenmare to Kilkenny of Rinucini, Archbishop of Fermo, who was sent to this country as papal nunzio in 1645. Massari, Dean of Fermo, accompanied the nunzio as secretary, and wrote the narrative which is given in the appendix to the work just cited. The dean speaks more than once with genuine delight of the elegant hospitality with which the distinguished visitors were entertained by the lords and ladies of Munster, and specially dwells on the reception they received from Lady Muskerry, whose husband was then from home, either with the army of the Confederates, or in Dublin discussing Lord Ormonde's peace. "The women", he says, "are exceedingly beautiful, and heighten their attractions by their matchless modesty and piety. They converse freely with everyone, and are devoid of suspicion and jealousy. Their style of dress differs from ours, and rather resembles the French; all wear cloaks with long fringes; they have also a hood sewn to the cloak, and they go abroad without any covering for the head; some wearing a kerchief, as the Greek women do, which, being gracefully arranged, adds, if possible, to their native comeliness."¹

¹ The Dean of Fermo does equal justice to the men of Ireland, who are, he says, "good-looking, incredibly strong, fleet runners, equal to any hardship, and indescribably patient. They are given to arms; and those who apply themselves to learning become highly distinguished in every domain of science." Of the people in general he speaks in high terms. "I have not words", he continues, "to describe to you the kindness and politeness which we experienced at the hands of this Irish people, whose devotion to the Holy See is beyond all praise, and I assure you that I was often moved to tears when I saw them, wholly forgetful of self, kneeling in the very mire in order to kiss the nunzio's robe and hands as if they were holy relics. At almost every stage of our journey, the nunzio was escorted by strong squadrons of horse to protect him from the enemy. We are in Ireland! we are in Ireland! praise to God."

The scenery of the south does not pass unobserved. One part of the road is thus described: "From Ardully our route lay over the mountains of the county of Cork, through that boggy region which the Irish call 'Slabruacha'—blessed solitudes, indeed, where no sybarite chariot is to be seen, and where one is not stunned by that awful uproar which in Paris is incessant, and

There may seem to have been but little relation between the position of a chieftainess in ancient times and that of the mistress of an Irish Catholic household in the eighteenth century; and yet, even during the penal days, the spirit of the earlier time survived, the old ideal was not supplanted by anything less worthy. The houses of the reduced gentry were still the centre of a generous hospitality, and charity was dispensed from the gentleman's door with a liberality wholly incommensurate with the revenues of a fallen estate. The careful mother, who could not grace her home with the presence of the learned, sent forth her sons to encounter the risks of a perilous voyage and the dangers of foreign travel, that so they might escape the dreaded doom of ignorance; she lent her best efforts to the fostering of that magnanimous loyalty so requisite for the preservation of the ancient faith. The mother's lessons proved a stay and conscience to her sons when, in after-life, temptations rudely pressed upon them. The mother's example taught her daughters how to unite a virile courage with womanly modesty and grace.

Nor was it among the higher classes alone that these characteristics remained distinctly marked during the days of the nation's trial; they were noticeable in the farmer's cottage and the peasant's hut. The poor man's wife did not turn the weary and the hungry from her door; she received the poor scholar with a motherly welcome;¹ she accustomed her children to think nothing of a run of two or three miles to the hedge-

school. By precept and by example she taught them fidelity to the faith, love for the old land, reverence for God's ministers, and respect for learning. The high moral tone pervading the social life of the humbler classes in Ireland was at once the cause and consequence of the important position which the women maintained at the domestic hearth, and of the beneficial sway which they exercised among their neighbours of the same degree.

The circumstances of the time were favourable to the growth of this influence. As a rule the women did not work in the fields; their occupations were of an indoor character; and the habits of the people, both men and women, were domestic. The latter half of the eighteenth century being happily free from such famines which had laid waste the country during the previous two hundred years, and were fated to reappear at a later period, there was plenty of food for the people. The staff of life—the potato—was then in its prime, as to quality and quantity. Each little holding produced a crop sufficient for the support of a numerous family, with a large surplus for the poultry that crowded round the door, and the pigs, which even the poorest cottier reared; while a paddock was reserved from tillage as pasture for the high-boned native cow, which formed an important item of the live stock. In the farmers' families linen and woollen stuffs were spun, woven, knitted, bleached and dyed, and made into wearing apparel by the women. A spinning-wheel was as necessary a part of the furniture as a pot for cooking the stirabout. Public-houses were few and far between, facilities for locomotion were not abundant, and the men did not range to any great distance from home. Their amusement was to sit by the fire in the winter evenings, or smoke their pipes at the door in summer, listening to the story-teller or the singer, while their wives and daughters knitted or spun: all, young and old, being ready to break out into a dance the moment a piper or fiddler appeared on the scene. Perhaps the greatest testimony borne to the genuine worth of the poor Irish Catholics was that afforded by the custom which prevailed among the Protestant and respectable classes, of sending their children to be nursed or fostered by the peasantry. Sons and heirs destined to fill prominent and honourable posts, and daughters born to grace luxurious homes, were in all trust committed to the

will not allow one to think of heaven or his soul". In another place the traveller remarks: "The country through which we passed, although mountainous, is picturesque, and everywhere covered with all sorts of cattle browsing in the rich pastures. Then we had very extensive valleys diversified by woods, not very dense indeed, and partaking less of the horrid than of the beautiful. Such was the general aspect of the scenery for several miles of our route. Once down from the mountains, we beheld an immense tract of lowland, terminating in gentle hills and dales of surpassing loveliness, well tilled, abounding in herds, oxen, and sheep, from which fine wool is made."

¹ In Ireland it is a custom, immemorially established, for those petty schoolmasters who teach in chapels, or temporary huts, *freely* to instruct such poor boys as come from *remote places*, and are unable to pay. The poor scholar, while he remains at the school, goes home, night and night about, with his school-fellows, whose parents that can afford it occasionally supply him with a few old clothes, as well as food and lodging. This appears to be a faint emanation of the ancient custom in Ireland, so celebrated by historians, of supplying, at the national expense, all foreign students with meat, drink, clothes, lodging, books, &c.

care of peasant women, and grew from tender infancy to hardy childhood in the mountain cabins, sharing the homely fare and joining in the simple sports of their foster brothers and sisters. One thing was certain: the nurse's fidelity and affection could be implicitly relied on, and the gentleman's child would have no vice to unlearn when transferred from the peasant's guardianship to the protection of the parental roof.

THE AIKENHEAD FAMILY.

(FROM "MARY AIKENHEAD, HER LIFE, HER WORK, AND HER FRIENDS".)

About the middle of the eighteenth century, a Scottish gentleman, David Aikenhead¹ by name, and holding a commission in the 26th Cameronian Regiment, relinquished the military profession, married a Limerick lady, Miss Anne Wight, the daughter of Rice Wight, of the same family as that now represented by Lord Montegale, and settled in Ireland, making the city of Cork his winter quarters, and having a house for summer residence at Kinsale. He did not long enjoy the ease of civil and domestic life, but died early, leaving two children, a daughter, Anne, who afterwards married Dr. Galway of Cork, and a son, David, who, having studied medicine, established himself as a practising physician and chemist in Cork, a city distinguished, at that time, for the number of well-qualified and successful practitioners it had produced.

Young David Aikenhead was not afraid to try his fortune, even on so well-occupied a field. His courage met with its reward, and before long he obtained the first much-coveted success, that of being pointed out as a rising man. He was remarkably handsome, his manner was kindly and agreeable,

without pride or pretension of any kind; he had a thoroughly good heart; and while he secured the esteem of the wealthy and influential classes by his character and his skill, he earned the blessings of the poor by his charitable and humane disposition.

Neither his political nor his religious principles were calculated to stand in the way of his advancement. Born, so to speak, in the Hanoverian ranks, he fell in well with the corporation and constituency of a city which never lost an opportunity of testifying its attachment to the sacred person of whatsoever royal George happened to occupy the throne, and which was never tired of ringing its bells in commemoration of victories won, whether by sea or land, over the French, Spanish, or Dutch enemies of the reigning dynasty. Strictly Protestant in his religious views, he found himself in sympathy with the vast majority of the country gentry, as well as with the magisterial magnates and the military and civil functionaries of the opulent southern city; all of whom held it as an article of faith, which even the evidence of their senses could not disturb, that Romanists were by nature an inferior order of beings, and that to be "Protestant" meant to be "respectable".

However, when it came to the question of choosing a wife, Dr. Aikenhead consulted neither his religious prepossessions nor his professional interests. He had met "a dangerous papist" in the person of gentle Mary Stacpole, the eldest daughter of a Catholic merchant of the city; he asked her to become his wife; she liked the handsome young doctor too well to refuse his suit; her parents were satisfied; and, on the 22nd of October, 1785, the marriage took place in Christ Church, Cork. But, to ease his conscience, the husband made one stipulation. Though his wife should be free to practise her own religion, she must not make Catholics of her children. It was clearly announced, and fully understood, that whatever children heaven blessed them with should be brought up as members of the church by law established.

On the 19th of January, 1787, their first-born—the future foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity—came into the world. In due course, she was carried to the Protestant Church and baptized by the name of Mary.

Soon after, she was removed from the city, to be nursed on Eason's Hill, a healthy suburb on the north side of the river, and

¹ "Aikenhead, of that ilk, Scotland, an ancient northern family, of which was David Aikenhead, Provost of Edinburgh, distinguished for his loyalty and virtue."—Burke's *Encyclopædia of Heraldry*. For copies of a humorous poem, written on Provost Aikenhead, by Leighton, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, see *Notes and Queries*, vol. xi. The poem, or more properly the epigram, was a poor composition, the humour consisting of a play on the provost's name: the Scotch word *aichen* signifying *oaken*. Two families of the name carried arms; oak leaves or acorns figuring in each case. "Adam Nisbitt, son of Sir Alexander Nisbitt, married Janet Aikenhead, grandchild of David Aikenhead, Provost of Edinburgh, and they were father and mother to Mr. Alexander Nisbitt, author of the *System of Heraldry*, and the last male representative of the family of Nisbitt."—Playfair's *Family Antiquity*, vol. viii. (Scotland), Appendix, cccxxv.

was confided to the charge of a very model of an Irish nurse, a certain Mary Rorke, who, with her husband John, occupied a cottage in the above locality at no great distance from Shandon Court.

Eason's Hill was, in those days, a semi-rural site, commanding the Youghal road, and having houses and cottages on one side only of the way. The cottage in which little Mary Aikenhead's cradle was rocked was, like Mary Rorke herself, a model in its way. It was thatched in a style that was the admiration of the hillside; there was a garden in front, and there was a low broad bench beside the door; and there were fine trees standing not too far off to guard and shelter its modest roof.

So well did the foster-parents fulfil their part, and so thoroughly did the hillside agree with their precious charge, that it was thought advisable not to bring her back to the city, after two or three years, but to prolong still further her stay in the healthy cottage home, which, after all, was so easy of access that she could be visited every other day. She was, therefore, left undisturbed, and reared literally among the homely denizens of Eason's Hill. The only thing that troubled her parents was this, that she had completed her third year before she was able to speak. But, then, would she have a better chance of learning that necessary art among the witty, rapid-tongued citizens than among the simpler, and, perhaps, slower suburban residents? In point of fact, little Mary almost suddenly found the use of her tongue, and soon proved herself equal to any conversational demand made on her in the society of John and Mary Rorke and their friends. Simple, good people they all were, such as they themselves would describe as "nice old neighbours": very superior to the townspeople in general, who sometimes drank too much, and were unruly. The doctor's child was quite safe among them; and, indeed, had she been a little Irish queen, they could not have been fonder and prouder than they were of the beautiful, light-limbed, dark-eyed child, so full of life and spirits, and graceful, loving ways.

Nurse Rorke soon noticed with delight how Miss Mary, though a little lady every inch of her, had no pride, but was good and affectionate and humane; and how, dressed in her pretty white frock, she played before the cottage door with the neighbours' children, just as if she was one of themselves.

Still, it sometimes did try Mary Rorke's patience not a little to see her darling run to meet Shawn, the coal-porter, as he wended his way home from the town, seizing his brawny hand, twining her arms round his dusty sleeve, and fatally imperilling the whiteness of the dainty frock. No one knew better than the old man how to keep the exuberant young creature in a state of temporary quiescence, for her great delight was to stand by his knee and listen to his stories and songs. Though Shawn was her special favourite among the old inhabitants, she had in the same ranks a great many other acquaintances of her own choosing, whose place in her esteem was only just not quite so high as his. As she never was ashamed of humble friends, her acknowledgment of her country connections was sometimes rather amusing. "Well, my little girl, what news?" said the doctor to her one day when she had been having her rosy cheeks admired. "What news, I say?" "Oh, father," immediately replied the child in her eagerness to acknowledge and requite obligations, "I got such a fine supper of sprats from Joanie Keating, and now I want you to give me some medicine for her!"

As a matter of course, the child went to Mass on Sundays with the entire population, great and small, of Eason's Hill. Sometimes she toddled on half-hid in the folds of mammy's capacious cloak, and sometimes she was lifted in Daddy John's strong arms high over the heads of the crowd who trudged along, gossiping and bandying jokes on the way to their Sabbath devotions. Her first impressions of public worship were acquired in these visits to the bishop's chapel, as the church of the north parish was usually called. Large as the edifice was, it did not suffice for the wants of the parish; the congregation filled up every corner, covered the outer steps, and overflowed into the yard, where the devout multitude knelt on the bare ground in front of the wide-open door, and listened for the rising of the crowd within at the first words of the Gospel, and for the tinkling of the altar-bell announcing the solemn moment of consecration. There were the men on the one side, with their hats laid beside them, and their hands clasped over their stout blackthorns; and there were the women on the other, with their well-worn beads and well-kissed crosses, bending their hooded heads to the very ground. Whatever might happen to the rest of the devout

assembly, John Rorke, no doubt, took care, by dint of judicious "navigation" and persistent elbowing, to get his own Mary and her charge an inside place, whence they could have a view of the altar and a chance of hearing the sermon. The slow dispersing of the congregation after Mass, the cordial greeting of the neighbours, the walking home in companies, the gathering round the cottage doors or the cottage fires, according to the season, were all a part of the routine of the day, which, at any rate to the dwellers on Eason's Hill, was a day of innocent joy and holy rest.

The principal events in little Mary Aikenhead's life were her occasional visits to the town, when she would make a number of new friends, and see many beautiful and strange sights in the streets and on the river. Sometimes on a Sunday, her father, riding to Shandon, and meeting nurse and his little daughter on their road to Mass, would stop the carriage and call out, "Mary, come with me;" but the child, crying "No, no; me won't go to church with you, me go to Mass with mammy," would cling all the closer to the big cloak; and the doctor, amused with the scene, would only laugh, and say, "Well, then, God bless you, child, go!" A walk on the Parade was one of the pleasures enjoyed in these visits to town, and one that gratified to the utmost nurse Rorke's pride in her foster-child. The ladies and gentlemen on the promenade always stopped to ask whose child she was, and to admire her chestnut hair and her strangely beautiful eyes. The admiration she attracted was so general, and so freely expressed, that the little beauty soon learned to understand the meaning of it. "Take me down the Parade again," she would say; "me know me am a pretty child."

So quick and intelligent was the child, that it was thought well to send her every day to a school not far from the cottage, where she might be placed under early and gentle discipline. The lessons were not felt as a trouble, but the parting from mammy was a grief daily renewed. However, real sorrow touched little Mary but once, and that was when nurse became sick unto death; and doctors came from the town to see her, and talked together, and shook their heads. One day it was feared that all would soon be over with Mary Rorke; and the neighbours remarked that when Dr. Aikenhead came with his friend Dr. Bullen to the cottage, he did not himself go in, but stayed outside

crying. "He is that fond of the old woman, and that good-hearted," said the neighbours, "he cannot bear to see her dying." Happily, Mary Rorke recovered, and great was the joy in the Aikenhead household, and on Eason's Hill.

At length the time came when little Mary's removal to her city home could no longer be postponed. She was six years of age, and the very picture of health and happiness. If the transplanting from the hillside necessitated a separation from the foster-parents, it would have been a scene of anguish and tears. But no; the cottage only was left on the hill. Nurse Rorke was installed in the household to continue her care of Miss Mary, and to take charge of other tiny members who had made their appearance in due course in the family; and honest John was assigned a post in the doctor's service on the understanding that he also was to help to rear the children. Dr. Aikenhead could afford to make this satisfactory arrangement. He was in high repute and full practice, and his desire was to share the blessings he enjoyed and to make all around him happy. His house, a large and commodious residence, in which also the chemist's establishment, trading under the title of Aikenhead and Dupont, was located, stood not far from the quaint old Exchange in that part of the Parade called—for some occult reason—"the Square". The situation was excellent for business, and advantageous in other respects also, being one of the airiest and driest in the city. Many of the citizens, and some of the doctors in large practice too, by all accounts, held it for certain that the best and rarest drugs were to be had only at Aikenhead and Dupont's, which was, therefore, the place, by excellence, for having one's medical prescriptions made up. The house had a high social as well as a good business reputation, and many a kindly eye would glance at its bold front and many windows as the citizens of note passed by on their errands of business and pleasure: for Dr. Aikenhead's genially hospitable entertainments, especially his pleasant Sunday dinners, afforded much enjoyment, and left an agreeable flavour in the memory of the guests.

Cork was at this time, as it had been for some generations, a wealthy, stirring, important port, with a very original air about it, and some original ways. A bird's-eye view would give one the impression of a cluster of

houses huddled together in a picturesque swamp, and holding their ground for the bare life against a river, which, spreading out into wide arms, numerous lesser branches and stealthy canals, seemed to bend its course with no other view than to circumvent the buildings. Through many of the streets water flowed in the style of Rotterdam, draw-bridges crossed the canals, and trees, taking advantage of the never-failing moisture from below, and the hardly less copious moisture from above, sprang up high and green wherever they got leave to root themselves. The river banks were quayed in, and light, tall-masted vessels conveyed to the warehouse doors, and into the heart of the town, the goods which had been carried as far as Passage by the merchantmen of France, Spain, and the Indies.

Out of this gay confusion of trees, bridges, ships, and the abodes of men, a considerable number of houses, and Shandon Church with its party-coloured steeple, appeared to have withdrawn to the high grounds on the north bank in search of a safe position. As if to make assurance doubly sure, these refugees, whenever it was practicable, climbed out of the way even of roads, and carried on communication with other streets by means of a staircase. Citizens dwelling in the low grounds got accustomed to the peculiarities of the situation; and when an unusual flood in the river, or a very high tide in conjunction with a very high wind, sent the water up to the door-steps, their spirits, nowise damped, rose to the level of the occasion: they did their business in boats in the morning, and rowed away to their dancing-parties in the evening. Some of the more prudent merchants had the lower stories of their houses fitted with heavy doors to keep out the waters, or at any rate keep in the wares; but, among the not very pleasant items of the morning's news would frequently be the announcement to the Cork traders that their merchandise, like their capital, was floating.

Travelling through the city was particularly dangerous after nightfall; for there were few lamps in the streets, and no parapets to the quays; and the bridges were kept, some of them, not in the best repair. Adventurous spirits, scorning these dangers, were likely to get a cooling in one or another of the channels of the pleasant waters of the river Lee, which stream, being no respecter of persons, was just as ready to wash away

the Governor of Cork with his coach and horses, as to engulf any top-heavy townsman who might tumble over on his way home from a carouse.

Such being the general state of things, the Grand Parade, which, until shortly before Mary Aikenhead's birth, had gloried in its own particular canal and crazy bridges, was, now that the stream had been arched in and a fine roadway levelled over the rolling flood, looked upon as a model of engineering skill and civic enterprise, and the most desirable, healthy, and substantial site within the city boundaries. It had become the centre of every interesting and important movement. It was the ride, and it was the walk. The city guard exercised on its ample breadth of *terra firma*, and the pillory was set up in the midst. An equestrian statue of George II. stood at the further end. The ships alone were excluded from their place of ancient resort, and could not approach nearer than the Mall, in the middle of which they still displayed their tapering masts and rags of canvas.

Mary Rorke and the little Aikenheads were soon one of the best-known groups on the Parade. Margaret and Anne trotted along, tightly holding on to mammy's skirts; little St. John, the baby, had a nurse-maid devoted to his special service; while Mary, as one more accustomed to general society, took a longer tether, and ran about independently, receiving and returning the smiles and greetings of the passers-by. Possibly, with all its attractions, the promenade on the Parade was not so delightful as the excursions which nurse and her children would sometimes make into the busier parts of the town. What a treat it was to look in at the windows of the fine shops on the South Mall, to watch the boats coming up to the landing-places, and to see the men hauling up the bales and rolling the casks into the stores on the ground-floor of the merchants' fine houses! And what rare sport it was to look out on the river and hear how the "busy idlers", with their legs dangling over the quay wall, amused themselves carrying on a war of wit with the barge-men going down with the tide, and the fishermen landing their creels! On market-days alone the party kept carefully within hail of the paternal mansion: for what with droves of cattle blocking up the streets, and pigs running wildly under the horses' feet, and cars rattling furiously over the rugged

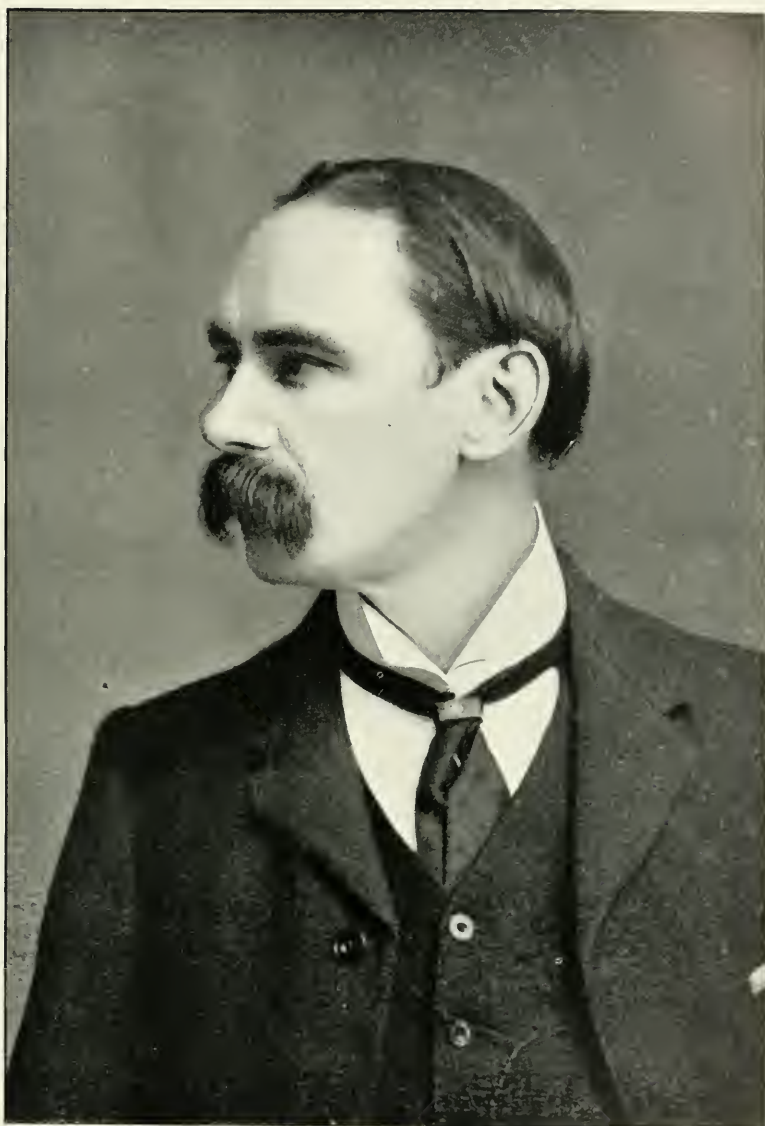
pavement, and an excitable, hilarious crowd fighting and laughing, and clinching bargains at every street corner, it would have been as much as one's life was worth to venture with a troop of children within a mile of Patrick Street. And nurse had another good reason for keeping out of bustling thoroughfares, for Miss Mary, who, God bless her! was as wild as a deer, no sooner caught sight of Tommy the tin-man, or Biddy the hawker, or any of her old acquaintances, than away she flew, and you might just as well try to lay hold of the wind as expect to get sight of her again until she had shaken hands with all her cronies!

But to make up for this withdrawal from the busy haunts of men on market-days, the gay Sunday promenades might with perfect safety be frequented by nurse and the children. In the afternoon, church service over, the flounced and feathered belles, the elderly gentlemen rigidly queued, the ruffled, powdered beaux with all the strut and swagger of so many heirs-apparent, and the young men whose shoe-ties, and locks *à la Brutus*, bespoke their advanced principles, and strong tendencies towards liberty, equality, and fraternity, were all to be seen congregated on the South Mall; while, later in the day, the picturesque Red House walk presented a still more animated scene: for thither resorted the town and country folk of lower degree, to have their holiday gossip, quaff their pints of Cork porter, and group themselves just as Ostade or Teniers would have suggested, at little tables under the spreading trees.

By and by, as Mary grew tall and got sense, she began to be less in the nursery and more with her mother in the parlour. The doctor, too, bethought him that it was high time that some of his family should be seen with him at church on Sunday. It was not now so difficult to persuade the little girl that it would be a nice thing to ride to Shandon with her father. She readily listened to the proposal, and quite enjoyed the idea of being thus promoted from the ranks of babyhood. When, therefore, the bells of Shandon rang over the city and the Lee, and the carriage drew up at the door, little Mary Aikenhead, having undergone a very particular dressing and kissing, would trip downstairs and graciously allow herself

to be lifted into the carriage and deposited on the seat opposite to her father; where she would probably remain in dignified state until, nearing the old familiar district, she found herself in the midst of the dear Catholic crowd wending their way to the bishop's chapel. There were the grannies in their Sunday cloaks, with their faces nearly swallowed up in white borders; and there were the barefooted youngsters as neat and nice as soap and water and clean clothes could make them. And as the heedless crowd in those days invariably walked in the very middle of the road, and the doctor's steady pair of horses were kept at a foot-pace going up the hill, lest their hoofs should come in contact with the heels of the populace, our little lady had full opportunity of recognizing her dear friends, and nodding and kissing hands to them, and calling them by their names from the carriage window. "And who, may I ask, is your friend Shawn?" said her father one day, noticing her delighted exclamations at the sight of the old man. "Oh, father," she replied, seizing the occasion of serving a friend, "Shawn is the man you must buy coals from the next time you want to get any!"

At Shandon, both within and without the church, everything was as different as could well be imagined from the bishop's chapel and its precincts. Around the edifice, and under the shade of the ancient trees which then beautified the burial-ground, a congregation of footmen and chairmen assembled. The former wore their laced hats and said no prayers; and if the latter were seen occasionally enveloped in wreaths of smoke, there certainly was no sacrificial odour about the incense. Military officers and civic dignitaries, the big-wigs of the law and the top men of other professions, the mirrors of fashion of the fair sex, arrived in carriages and sedans, and took their places in comfortable capacious pews, wherein little ladies like Mary Aikenhead could sit secure without having their gay sashes disarranged or their blue shoes endangered by the pressure of a pious crowd. The service was as impressive as the best exertions of the parson and clerk could make it; and the sermon, though sometimes high in tone, was, on the other hand, so plain in terms that even a child could understand it.



DOUGLAS HYDE

From a Photograph by CHANCELLOR

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

[Dr. Hyde was born near Castlereagh. He is the son of the rector of Frenchpark, county Roscommon. The Hydcs came to Connaught from the south, and are of the family of Castle Hyde, in the county Cork. Dr. Hyde had a most distinguished career at Trinity College. He is president of the Gaelic League and of the Irish Texts Society, and vice-president of the Irish Literary Society. He is a most brilliant scholar, and his patience and sympathy have gone for much in unlocking the store of tradition in the peasant mind. Hardly anyone else could have won from the silent peasant the treasures that have been saved for us by Dr. Hyde in *The Love-Songs of Connacht*, *The Religious Songs of Connacht*, and the folk-stories of *By the Fire*. Dr. Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland* is a volume of extraordinary interest and erudition. The specimens of his work given are by kind permission of the author.]

TEIG O'KANE AND THE CORPSE.

There was once a grown-up lad in the county Leitrim, and he was strong and lively, and the son of a rich farmer. His father had plenty of money, and he did not spare it on the son. Accordingly, when the boy grew up he liked sport better than work, and, as his father had no other children, he loved this one so much that he allowed him to do in everything just as it pleased himself. He was very extravagant, and he used to scatter the gold money as another person would scatter the white. He was seldom to be found at home; but if there was a fair, or a race, or a gathering within ten miles of him, you were dead certain to find him there. And he seldom spent a night in his father's house, but he used to be always out rambling, and, like Shawn Bwee long ago, there was

“grádh gach cailín i mbrollach a léine”,

“the love of every girl in the breast of his shirt”; and it's many's the kiss he got and he gave, for he was very handsome, and there wasn't a girl in the country but would fall in love with him, only for him to fasten his two eyes on her, and it was for that someone made this *rann* on him—

“Feuch an rógaire 'g iarraidh póige,
Ní h-iongantás mór é a bheith mar atá
Ag leanamhaint a géomhuidhe d'árán na
gráineóige
Anuas 's aníos 's nna chodladh 'sa' lár”.

i.e.—

“Look at the rogue, it's for kisses he's rambling,
It isn't much wonder, for that was his way;
He's like an old hedgehog, at night he'll be
scrambling
From this place to that, but he'll sleep in the
day”.

At last he became very wild and unruly. He wasn't to be seen day nor night in his father's house, but always rambling or going on his *kailee* (night-visit) from place to place and from house to house, so that the old people used to shake their heads and say to one another, “It's easy seen what will happen to the land when the old man dies; his son will run through it in a year, and it won't stand him that long itself”.

He used to be always gambling and card-playing and drinking, but his father never minded his bad habits, and never punished him. But it happened one day that the old man was told that the son had ruined the character of a girl in the neighbourhood, and he was greatly angry, and he called the son to him, and said to him, quietly and sensibly—“Avic,” says he, “you know I loved you greatly up to this, and I never stopped you from doing your choice thing whatever it was, and I kept plenty of money with you, and I always hoped to leave you the house and land, and all I had after myself would be gone; but I heard a story of you to-day that has disgusted me with you. I cannot tell you the grief that I felt when I heard such a thing of you, and I tell you now plainly that unless you marry that girl I'll leave house and land and everything to my brother's son. I never could leave it to anyone who would make so bad a use of it as you do yourself, deceiving women and coaxing girls. Settle with yourself now whether you'll marry that girl and get my land as a fortune with her, or refuse to marry her and give up all that was coming to you; and tell me in the morning which of the two things you have chosen.”

“Och! *Domnoo Sheery!* father, you wouldn't say that to me, and I such a good son as I am.

Who told you I wouldn't marry the girl?" says he.

But his father was gone, and the lad knew well enough that he would keep his word too; and he was greatly troubled in his mind, for as quiet and as kind as the father was, he never went back of a word that he had once said, and there wasn't another man in the country who was harder to bend than he was.

The boy did not know rightly what to do. He was in love with the girl indeed, and he hoped to marry her some time or other, but he would much sooner have remained another while as he was, and follow on at his old tricks—drinking, sporting, and playing cards; and, along with that, he was angry that his father should order him to marry, and should threaten him if he did not do it.

"Isn't my father a great fool?" says he to himself. "I was ready enough, and only too anxious, to marry Mary; and now, since he threatened me, faith I've a great mind to let it go another while."

His mind was so much excited that he remained between two notions as to what he should do. He walked out into the night at last to cool his heated blood, and went on to the road. He lit a pipe, and as the night was fine he walked and walked on, until the quick pace made him begin to forget his trouble. The night was bright, and the moon half-full. There was not a breath of wind blowing, and the air was calm and mild. He walked on for nearly three hours, when he suddenly remembered that it was late in the night, and time for him to turn. "Musha! I think I forgot myself," says he; "it must be near twelve o'clock now."

The word was hardly out of his mouth, when he heard the sound of many voices, and the trampling of feet on the road before him. "I don't know who can be out so late at night as this, and on such a lonely road," said he to himself.

He stood listening, and he heard the voices of many people talking through other, but he could not understand what they were saying. "Oh, wirra!" says he, "I'm afraid. It's not Irish or English they have; it can't be they're Frenchmen!" He went on a couple of yards further, and he saw well enough by the light of the moon a band of little people coming towards him, and they were carrying something big and heavy with them. "Oh, murder!" says he to himself, "sure it can't be that they're the good

people that's in it!" Every *rib* of hair that was on his head stood up, and there fell a shaking on his bones, for he saw that they were coming to him fast.

He looked at them again, and perceived that there were about twenty little men in it, and there was not a man at all of them higher than about three feet or three feet and a half, and some of them were gray, and seemed very old. He looked again, but he could not make out what was the heavy thing they were carrying until they came up to him, and then they all stood round about him. They threw the heavy thing down on the road, and he saw on the spot that it was a dead body.

He became as cold as the Death, and there was not a drop of blood running in his veins, when an old little gray *maneen* came up to him and said, "Isn't it lucky we met you, Teig O'Kane?"

Poor Teig could not bring out a word at all, nor open his lips, if he were to get the world for it, and so he gave no answer.

"Teig O'Kane," said the little gray man again, "isn't it timely you met us?"

Teig could not answer him.

"Teig O'Kane," says he, the third time, "isn't it lucky and timely that we met you?"

But Teig remained silent, for he was afraid to return an answer, and his tongue was as if it was tied to the roof of his mouth.

The little gray man turned to his companions, and there was joy in his bright little eye. "And now," says he, "Teig O'Kane hasn't a word, we can do with him what we please. Teig, Teig," says he, "you're living a bad life, and we can make a slave of you now, and you cannot withstand us, for there's no use in trying to go against us. Lift that corpse."

Teig was so frightened that he was only able to utter the two words, "I won't"; for as frightened as he was, he was obstinate and stiff, the same as ever.

"Teig O'Kane won't lift the corpse," said the little *maneen*, with a wicked little laugh, for all the world like the breaking of a *lock* of dry *kippeens*, and with a little harsh voice like the striking of a cracked bell. "Teig O'Kane won't lift the corpse—make him lift it;" and before the word was out of his mouth they had all gathered round poor Teig, and they all talking and laughing through other.

Teig turned to run from them, but they

followed him, and a man of them stretched out his foot before him as he ran, so that Teig was thrown on a heap on the road. Then before he could rise up, the fairies caught him, some by the hands and some by the feet, and they held him tight, in a way that he could not stir, with his face against the ground. Six or seven of them raised the body then, and pulled it over to him, and left it down on his back. The breast of the corpse was squeezed against Teig's back and shoulders, and the arms of the corpse were thrown around Teig's neck. Then they stood back from him a couple of yards, and let him get up. He rose, foaming at the mouth and cursing, and he shook himself, thinking to throw the corpse off his back. But his fear and his wonder were great when he found that the two arms had a tight hold round his own neck, and that the two legs were squeezing his hips firmly, and that, however strongly he tried, he could not throw it off, any more than a horse can throw off its saddle. He was terribly frightened then, and he thought he was lost. "Ochone! for ever," said he to himself, "it's the bad life I'm leading that has given the good people this power over me. I promise to God and Mary, Peter and Paul, Patrick and Bridget, that I'll mend my ways for as long as I have to live, if I come clear out of this danger—and I'll marry the girl."

The little gray man came up to him again, and said he to him, "Now, Teigeen," says he, "you didn't lift the body when I told you to lift it, and see how you were made to lift it; perhaps when I tell you to bury it, you won't bury it until you're made to bury it!"

"Anything at all that I can do for your honour," said Teig, "I'll do it;" for he was getting sense already, and if it had not been for the great fear that was on him, he never would have let that civil word slip out of his mouth.

The little man laughed a sort of laugh again. "You're getting quiet now, Teig," says he. "I'll go bail but you'll be quiet enough before I'm done with you. Listen to me now, Teig O'Kane, and if you don't obey me in all I'm telling you to do, you'll repent it. You must carry with you this corpse that is on your back to Teampoll-Démus, and you must bring it into the church with you, and make a grave for it in the very middle of the church, and you

must raise up the flags and put them down again the very same way, and you must carry the clay out of the church and leave the place as it was when you came, so that no one could know that there had been anything changed. But that's not all. Maybe that the body won't be allowed to be buried in that church; perhaps some other man has the bed, and, if so, it's likely he won't share it with this one. If you don't get leave to bury it in Teampoll-Démus, you must carry it to Carrick-fhad-vic-Orus, and bury it in the churchyard there; and if you don't get it into that place, take it with you to Teampoll-Ronan; and if that churchyard is closed on you, take it to Imlogue-Fada; and if you're not able to bury it there, you've no more to do than to take it to Kill-Breedy, and you can bury it there without hindrance. I cannot tell you what one of those churches is the one where you will have leave to bury that corpse under the clay, but I know that it will be allowed you to bury him at some church or other of them. If you do this work rightly, we will be thankful to you, and you will have no cause to grieve; but if you are slow or lazy, believe me we shall take satisfaction of you."

When the gray little man had done speaking, his comrades laughed and clapped their hands together. "Glic! Glic! Hwee! Hwee!" they all cried; "go on, go on, you have eight hours before you till daybreak, and if you haven't this man buried before the sun rises, you're lost." They struck a fist and a foot behind on him, and drove him on in the road. He was obliged to walk, and to walk fast, for they gave him no rest.

He thought himself that there was not a wet path, or a dirty *boreen*, or a crooked contrary road in the whole county, that he had not walked that night. The night was at times very dark, and whenever there would come a cloud across the moon he could see nothing, and then he used often to fall. Sometimes he was hurt, and sometimes he escaped, but he was obliged always to rise on the moment and to hurry on. Sometimes the moon would break out clearly, and then he would look behind him and see the little people following at his back. And he heard them speaking amongst themselves, talking and crying out, and screaming like a flock of sea-gulls; and if he was to save his soul he never understood as much as one word of what they were saying.

He did not know how far he had walked,

when at last one of them cried out to him, "Stop here!" He stood, and they all gathered round him.

"Do you see those withered trees over there?" says the old boy to him again. "Teampoll-Démus is among those trees, and you must go in there by yourself, for we cannot follow you or go with you. We must remain here. Go on boldly."

Teig looked from him, and he saw a high wall that was in places half broken down, and an old gray church on the inside of the wall, and about a dozen withered old trees scattered here and there round it. There was neither leaf nor twig on any of them, but their bare crooked branches were stretched out like the arms of an angry man when he threatens. He had no help for it, but was obliged to go forward. He was a couple of hundred yards from the church, but he walked on, and never looked behind him until he came to the gate of the churchyard. The old gate was thrown down, and he had no difficulty in entering. He turned then to see if any of the little people were following him, but there came a cloud over the moon, and the night became so dark that he could see nothing. He went into the churchyard, and he walked up the old grassy pathway leading to the church. When he reached the door, he found it locked. The door was large and strong, and he did not know what to do. At last he drew out his knife with difficulty, and stuck it in the wood to try if it were not rotten, but it was not.

"Now," said he to himself, "I have no more to do; the door is shut, and I can't open it."

Before the words were rightly shaped in his own mind, a voice in his ear said to him, "Search for the key on the top of the door, or on the wall."

He started. "Who is that speaking to me?" he cried, turning round; but he saw no one. The voice said in his ear again, "Search for the key on the top of the door, or on the wall."

"What's that?" said he, and the sweat running from his forehead; "who spoke to me?"

"It's I, the corpse, that spoke to you!" said the voice.

"Can you talk?" said Teig.

"Now and again," said the corpse.

Teig searched for the key, and he found it on the top of the wall. He was too much

frightened to say any more, but he opened the door wide, and as quickly as he could, and he went in, with the corpse on his back. It was as dark as pitch inside, and poor Teig began to shake and tremble.

"Light the candle," said the corpse.

Teig put his hand in his pocket, as well as he was able, and drew out a flint and steel. He struck a spark out of it, and lit a burnt rag he had in his pocket. He blew it until it made a flame, and he looked round him. The church was very ancient, and part of the wall was broken down. The windows were blown in or cracked, and the timber of the seats was rotten. There were six or seven old iron candlesticks left there still, and in one of these candlesticks Teig found the stump of an old candle, and he lit it. He was still looking round him on the strange and horrid place in which he found himself, when the cold corpse whispered in his ear, "Bury me now, bury me now; there is a spade, and turn the ground." Teig looked from him, and he saw a spade lying beside the altar. He took it up, and he placed the blade under a flag that was in the middle of the aisle, and, leaning all his weight on the handle of the spade, he raised it. When the first flag was raised it was not hard to raise the others near it, and he moved three or four of them out of their places. The clay that was under them was soft and easy to dig, but he had not thrown up more than three or four shovelfuls, when he felt the iron touch something soft like flesh. He threw up three or four more shovelfuls from around it, and then he saw that it was another body that was buried in the same place.

"I am afraid I'll never be allowed to bury the two bodies in the same hole," said Teig in his own mind. "You corpse, there on my back," says he, "will you be satisfied if I bury you down here?" But the corpse never answered him a word.

"That's a good sign," said Teig to himself. "Maybe he's getting quiet;" and he thrust the spade down in the earth again. Perhaps he hurt the flesh of the other body, for the dead man that was buried there stood up in the grave, and shouted an awful shout. "Hoo! hoo!! hoo!!! Go! go!! go!!! or you're a dead, dead, dead man!" And then he fell back in the grave again. Teig said afterwards, that of all the wonderful things he saw that night, that was the most awful to him. His hair stood upright on his head

like the bristles of a pig, the cold sweat ran off his face, and then came a tremor over all his bones, until he thought that he must fall.

But after a while he became bolder, when he saw that the second corpse remained lying quietly there, and he threw in the clay on it again, and he smoothed it overhead, and he laid down the flags carefully as they had been before. "It can't be that he'll rise up any more," said he.

He went down the aisle a little further, and drew near to the door, and began raising the flags again, looking for another bed for the corpse on his back. He took up three or four flags and put them aside, and then he dug the clay. He was not long digging until he laid bare an old woman without a thread upon her but her shirt. She was more lively than the first corpse, for he had scarcely taken any of the clay away from about her, when she sat up and began to cry, "Ho, you *bodach* (clown)! Ha, you *bodach*! Where has he been that he got no bed?"

Poor Teig drew back, and when she found that she was getting no answer, she closed her eyes gently, lost her vigour, and fell back quietly and slowly under the clay. Teig did to her as he had done to the man—he threw the clay back on her, and left the flags down overhead.

He began digging again near the door, but before he had thrown up more than a couple of shovelfuls he noticed a man's hand laid bare by the spade. "By my soul, I'll go no further, then," said he to himself; "what use is it for me?" And he threw the clay in again on it, and settled the flags as they had been before.

He left the church then, and his heart was heavy enough, but he shut the door and locked it, and left the key where he found it. He sat down on a tombstone that was near the door, and began thinking. He was in great doubt what he should do. He laid his face between his two hands, and cried for grief and fatigue, since he was dead certain at this time that he never would come home alive. He made another attempt to loosen the hands of the corpse that were squeezed round his neck, but they were as tight as if they were clamped; and the more he tried to loosen them, the tighter they squeezed him. He was going to sit down once more, when the cold, horrid lips of the dead man said to him, "Carrick-flhad-vic-

Orus"; and he remembered the command of the good people to bring the corpse with him to that place if he should be unable to bury it where he had been.

He rose up and looked about him. "I don't know the way," he said.

As soon as he had uttered the word, the corpse stretched out suddenly its left hand that had been tightened round his neck, and kept it pointing out, showing him the road he ought to follow. Teig went in the direction that the fingers were stretched, and passed out of the churchyard. He found himself on an old rutty, stony road, and he stood still again, not knowing where to turn. The corpse stretched out its bony hand a second time, and pointed out to him another road—not the road by which he had come when approaching the old church. Teig followed that road, and whenever he came to a path or road meeting it, the corpse always stretched out its hand and pointed with its fingers, showing him the way he was to take.

Many was the cross-road he turned down, and many was the crooked *boreen* he walked, until he saw from him an old burying-ground at last, beside the road, but there was neither church nor chapel nor any other building in it. The corpse squeezed him tightly, and he stood. "Bury me, bury me in the burying-ground," said the voice.

Teig drew over towards the old burying-place, and he was not more than about twenty yards from it, when, raising his eyes, he saw hundreds and hundreds of ghosts—men, women, and children—sitting on the top of the wall round about, or standing on the inside of it, or running backwards and forwards, and pointing at him, while he could see their mouths opening and shutting as if they were speaking, though he heard no word, nor any sound amongst them at all.

He was afraid to go forward, so he stood where he was, and the moment he stood, all the ghosts became quiet, and ceased moving. Then Teig understood that it was trying to keep him from going in, that they were. He walked a couple of yards forwards, and immediately the whole crowd rushed together towards the spot to which he was moving, and they stood so thickly together that it seemed to him that he never could break through them, even though he had a mind to try. But he had no mind to try it. He went back broken and dispirited, and when he had gone a couple of hundred yards from

the burying-ground, he stood again, for he did not know what way he was to go. He heard the voice of the corpse in his ear saying "Teampoll-Ronan"; and the skinny hand was stretched out again, pointing him out the road.

As tired as he was, he had to walk, and the road was neither short nor even. The night was darker than ever, and it was difficult to make his way. Many was the toss he got, and many a bruise they left on his body. At last he saw Teampoll-Ronan from him in the distance, standing in the middle of the burying-ground. He moved over towards it, and thought he was all right and safe, when he saw no ghosts nor anything else on the wall, and he thought he would never be hindered now from leaving his load off him at last. He moved over to the gate, but as he was passing in, he tripped on the threshold. Before he could recover himself, something that he could not see seized him by the neck, by the hands, and by the feet, and bruised him, and shook him, and choked him, until he was nearly dead; and at last he was lifted up, and carried more than a hundred yards from that place, and then thrown down in an old dyke, with the corpse still clinging to him.

He rose up, bruised and sore, but feared to go near the place again, for he had seen nothing the time he was thrown down and carried away.

"You corpse, up on my back," said he, "shall I go over again to the churchyard?"—but the corpse never answered him. "That's a sign you don't wish me to try it again," said Teig.

He was now in great doubt as to what he ought to do, when the corpse spoke in his ear, and said "Imlogue-Fada".

"Oh, murder!" said Teig, "must I bring you there? If you keep me long walking like this, I tell you, I'll fall under you."

He went on, however, in the direction the corpse pointed out to him. He could not have told, himself, how long he had been going, when the dead man behind suddenly squeezed him and said, "There!"

Teig looked from him, and he saw a little low wall, that was so broken down in places that it was no wall at all. It was in a great wide field, in from the road; and only for three or four great stones at the corners, that were more like rocks than stones, there was nothing to show that there was either graveyard or burying-ground there.

"Is this Imlogue-Fada? Shall I bury you here?" said Teig.

"Yes," said the voice.

"But I see no grave or gravestone, only this pile of stones," said Teig.

The corpse did not answer, but stretched out its long fleshless hand, to show Teig the direction in which he was to go. Teig went on accordingly, but he was greatly terrified, for he remembered what had happened to him at the last place. He went on, "with his heart in his mouth", as he said himself afterwards; but when he came to within fifteen or twenty yards of the little low square wall, there broke out a flash of lightning, bright yellow and red, with blue streaks in it, and went round about the wall in one course, and it swept by as fast as the swallow in the clouds, and the longer Teig remained looking at it the faster it went, till at last it became like a bright ring of flame round the old graveyard, which no one could pass without being burnt by it. Teig never saw, from the time he was born, and never saw afterwards, so wonderful or so splendid a sight as that was. Round went the flame, white and yellow and blue sparks leaping out from it as it went, and although at first it had been no more than a thin, narrow line, it increased slowly until it was at last a great broad band, and it was continually getting broader and higher, and throwing out more brilliant sparks, till there was never a colour on the ridge of the earth that was not to be seen in that fire; and lightning never shone and flame never flamed that was so shining and so bright as that.

Teig was amazed; he was half dead with fatigue, and he had no courage left to approach the wall. There fell a mist over his eyes, and there came a *soorawn* in his head, and he was obliged to sit down upon a great stone to recover himself. He could see nothing but the light, and he could hear nothing but the whirr of it as it shot round the paddock faster than a flash of lightning.

As he sat there on the stone, the voice whispered once more in his ear, "Kill-Breedya"; and the dead man squeezed him so tightly that he cried out. He rose again, sick, tired, and trembling, and went forwards as he was directed. The wind was cold, and the road was bad, and the load upon his back was heavy, and the night was dark, and he himself was nearly worn out, and if he had had very much farther to go he must have fallen dead under his burden.

At last the corpse stretched out its hand, and said to him, "Bury me there."

"This is the last burying-place," said Teig in his own mind; "and the little gray man said I'd be allowed to bury him in some of them, so it must be this; it can't be but they'll let him in here."

The first faint streak of the *ring of day* was appearing in the east, and the clouds were beginning to catch fire; but it was darker than ever, for the moon was set, and there were no stars.

"Make haste! make haste!" said the corpse; and Teig hurried forward as well as he could to the graveyard, which was a little place on a bare hill, with only a few graves in it. He walked boldly in through the open gate, and nothing touched him, nor did he either hear or see anything. He came to the middle of the ground, and then stood up and looked round him for a spade or shovel to make a grave. As he was turning round and searching, he suddenly perceived what startled him greatly—a newly-dug grave right before him. He moved over to it, and looked down, and there at the bottom he saw a black coffin. He clambered down into the hole and lifted the lid, and found that (as he thought it would be) the coffin was empty. He had hardly mounted up out of the hole, and was standing on the brink, when the corpse, which had clung to him for more than eight hours, suddenly relaxed its hold of his neck, and loosened its shins from round his hips, and sank down with a *plop* into the open coffin.

Teig fell down on his two knees at the brink of the grave, and gave thanks to God. He made no delay then, but pressed down the coffin lid in its place, and threw in the clay over it with his two hands; and when the grave was filled up, he stamped and leaped on it with his feet until it was firm and hard, and then he left the place.

The sun was fast rising as he finished his work, and the first thing he did was to return to the road, and look out for a house to rest himself in. He found an inn at last, and lay down upon a bed there and slept till night. Then he rose up and ate a little, and fell asleep again till morning. When he awoke in the morning he hired a horse and rode home. He was more than twenty-six miles from home where he was, and he had come all that way with the dead body on his back in one night.

All the people at his own home thought

that he must have left the country, and they rejoiced greatly when they saw him come back. Everyone began asking him where he had been, but he would not tell anyone except his father.

He was a changed man from that day. He never drank too much; he never lost his money over cards; and especially he would not take the world and be out late by himself of a dark night.

He was not a fortnight at home until he married Mary, the girl he had been in love with; and it's at their wedding the sport was, and it's he was the happy man from that day forward, and it's all I wish that we may be as happy as he was.

THE DEATH LAMENT OF JOHN O'MAHONY.

In a foreign land, in a lonesome city,
With few to pity or know or care,
I sleep each night while my heart is burning,
And wake each morning to new despair.

Let no one venture to ask my story
Who believes in glory or trusts to fame;
Yes! I have within me such demons in keeping
As are better sleeping without a name.

From many a day of blood and horror,
And night of terror and work of dread,
I have rescued nought but my honour only,
And this agèd, lonely, and whitening head.

Not a single hope have I seen fulfilled
For the blood we spilled when we cast the die;
And the future I painted in brightness and pride
Has the present belied, and shall still belie.

In this far-off country, this city dreary,
I languished weary, and sad, and sore,
Till the flower of youth in glooms o'ershadowed
Grew seared, and faded for evermore.

Oh my land! from thee driven—our old flag
furl'd—
I renounced the world when I went from thee;
My heart lingers still on its native strand,
And American land holds nought for me.

Through a long life contriving, hoping, striving,
Driven and driving, leading and led;
I have rescued nought but my honour only,
And this agèd, lonely, and whitening head.

O WERE YOU ON THE MOUNTAIN?

[FROM THE IRISH.]

O were you on the mountain, and saw you my
Love?
And saw you my own one, my queen and my
dove?
And saw you the maiden with the step firm and
free?
O say, was she pining in sorrow like me?
I was upon the mountain and saw there your
Love,
I saw there your own one, your queen and your
dove;
I saw there the maiden with the step firm and
free,
And she was not pining in sorrow like thee.

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.

My grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll!
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul.

Abandoned, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster
Or county of Clare!

Were I and my darling,—
O heart-bitter wound!—
On board of the ship
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me,
He came from the south,
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

MY LOVE, O, SHE IS MY LOVE!

[FROM THE IRISH.]

She casts a spell, O, casts a spell
Which haunts me more than I can tell;
Dearer because she makes me ill,
Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, O, she my store,
Whose gray eye wounded me so sore;
Who will not place in mine her palm,
Who will not calm me any more.

She is my pet, O, she my pet,
Whom I can never more forget;
Who would not lose by me one moan,
Nor stone upon my cairn set.

She is my roon, O, she my roon,
Who tells me nothing, leaves me soon;
Who would not lose by me one sigh,
Were death and I within one room.

She is my dear, O, she my dear,
Who cares not whether I be here;
Who would not weep when I am dead,
Who makes me shed the silent tear.

Hard my case, O, hard my case,
How have I lived so long a space?
She does not trust me any more,
But I adore her silent face.

She is my choice, O, she my choice,
Who never made me to rejoice;
Who caused my heart to ache so oft,
Who puts no softness in her voice.

Great is my grief, O, great my grief,
Neglected, scorned, beyond belief,
By her who looks at me askance,
By her who grants me no relief.

She's my desire, O, my desire,
More glowing than the bright sun's fire;
Who more than wind-blown ice is cold,
Had I the bold heart to sit by her.

She it is who stole my heart,
But left a void and aching smart.
O, if she soften not her eye,
Then Life and I will surely part.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

For thee I shall not die,
Woman high of name and fame;
Foolish men thou mayest slay,
I and they are not the same.

Why should a man expire
For the fire of any eye?
Slender waist or swan-like limb,
Is it for them that I should die?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,
Crimson cheeks, hair long and rich,
Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,
Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,
 The chaste mien, the gracious ease,
 The rounded heel, the languid tone,
 Fools alone find death in these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
 Thy thin palm-like foam of sea;
 Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
 I shall not die for thee.

Woman graceful as the swan,
 A wise man did nurture me.
 Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
 I shall not die for ye.

NELLY OF THE TOP-KNOTS.

Dear God, were I fisher
 And back in Binédar,
 And Nelly a fish
 Who would swim in the bay there,
 I would privately set there
 My net there to catch her.
 In Erin no maiden
 Is able to match her.

And, Nelly, dear God!
 Why, you should not thus flee me,
 I long to be near thee
 And hear thee and see thee.
 My hand on the Bible
 And I swearing and kneeling,
 And giving thee part
 Of the heart thou art stealing.

I've a fair yellow casket,
 And it fastened with crystal;
 The lock opens not
 To the shot of a pistol.
 To Jesus I pray,
 And to Columkill's master,
 That Mary may guide thee
 Aside from disaster.

We may be, O maiden,
 Whom none may disparage,
 Some morning a-hearing
 The sweet mass of marriage.
 But if fate be against us
 To rend us and push us,
 I shall mourn as the blackbird
 At eve in the bushes.

O God, were she with me
 Where the gull flits and tern,
 Or in Paris the smiling,
 Or an isle in Loch Erne,
 I would coax her so well,
 I would tell her my story,
 And talk till I won her,
 My sunshine of glory.

STAR OF MY SIGHT.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

Star of my sight, you gentle Breedyeen,
 Often at night I am sick and grieving;
 I am ill, I know it, and no deceiving,
 And grief on the wind blows no relieving.

O wind, if passing by that far boreen,
 Blow my blessing unto my storeen;
 Were I on the spot I should hear her calling,
 But I am not, and my tears are falling.

Into the post I put a letter,
 Telling my love that I was no better;
 Small the loss was her answer to me,
 A lover's mind should be always gloomy.

Wind, greet that mountain where she I prize is,
 When the gold moon sets and the white sun
 rises;

A gray fog hangs over curséd Dublin,
 It fills my lungs, and my heart it's troubling.

Ochone for the Death, when the breath is going!
 I thought to bribe it with bumpers flowing;
 I'd give what men see from yonder steeple
 To be in Loughrea and among my people.

Och, the long high-roads I shall never travel!
 Worn my brogues are, with stones and gravel;
 Though I went to mass, there was no devotion
 But to see her pass with her swan-like motion.

Farewell Loughrea, a long farewell to you;
 Many's the pleasant day I spent in you,
 Drinking with friends, and my love beside me,
 I little dreamt then of what should betide me.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me?
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it;
 I have waited so long for a kiss,
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain;
 And I thought after that, you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

THE HON. RODEN NOEL.

1834–1894.

[Roden Berkeley Wriothsley Noel was the third son of the Earl of Gainsborough. His mother was a daughter of the Earl of Roden, an ardent Protestant and an Orange leader of the North. He was born in 1834; educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge. He was a man of ardent convictions and sensitive conscience. These were in evidence when he refused the career in the church which his family had arranged for him, and again when he resigned his office at court because, though loyally attached to the Queen's person, he had become a Radical, even a Socialist. The death of his little son Eric was the great grief of his life. He commemorated him in the exquisite *Little Child's Monument*, from which our extracts are taken by kind permission of Mr. Noel's family.]

LAMENT.

[FROM "A LITTLE CHILD'S MONUMENT".]

I am lying in the tomb, love,
 Lying in the tomb,
 Tho' I move within the gloom, love,
 Breathe within the gloom!
 Men deem my life not fled, dear,
 Deem my life not fled,
 Tho' I with thee am dead, dear,
 I with thee am dead,
 O my little child!

What is the gray world, darling,
 What is the gray world,
 Where the worm is curled, darling,
 The death-worm is curled?
 They tell me of the spring, dear!
 Do I want the spring?
 Will she waft upon her wing, dear,
 The joy-pulse of her wing,
 Thy songs, thy blossoming?
 O my little child!

For the hallowing of thy smile, love,
 The rainbow of thy smile,
 Gleaming for a while, love,
 Gleaming to beguile!
 Replunged me in the cold, dear,
 Leaves me in the cold,
 And I feel so very old, dear,
 Very, very old!

Would they put me out of pain, dear,
 Out of all my pain?
 Since I may not live again, dear,
 Never live again!

I am lying in the grave, love,
 In thy little grave,
 Yet I hear the wind rave, love,
 And the wild wave!
 I would lie asleep, darling,
 With thee lie asleep,
 Unhearing the world weep, darling,
 Little children weep!
 O my little child!

DARK SPRING.

Now the mavis and the merle
 Lavish their full hearts in song;
 Peach and almond boughs unfurl
 White and purple bloom along,
 A blue burning air,
 All is very fair:
 But ah! the silence and the sorrow!
 I may not borrow
 Any anodyne for grief
 From the joy of flower or leaf,
 No healing to allay my pain
 From the cool of air or rain;
 Every sweet sound grew still,
 Every fair colour pale,
 When his life began to wane!
 They may never live again!

A child's voice and visage will
 Evermore about me fail;
 And my weary feet will go
 Labouring as in deep snow:
 Though the year with glowing wine
 Fill the living veins of vine,
 While a faint moon hangs between
 Broidery of a leafy screen;
 Though the glossy fig may swell,
 And Night hear her Philomel,
 While sweet lemon blossom breathes,
 And fair Sun his falchion wreathes
 With rich depending golden fruit,
 Or crimson roses at his foot,
 All is desolate and mute!
 Dark to-day, and dark to-morrow!
 Ah! the silence and the sorrow!

A MILK-WHITE BLOOMED ACACIA-TREE.

A milk-white bloomed acacia-tree,
 A flowery fair lawn,
 Lark-song upsoaring from the lea,
 In a rosy dawn;
 A little child who, while he sings,
 Gives light and joy to all, and song, and sunny
 wings!

The green acacia still blooms,
 And all the fairy flowers,
 Song thrills the chorister's light plumes
 In blue celestial bowers;
 Darkling I wander in the wild,
 Looking for my little child;
 I cannot hear his happy voice,
 Bidding all the world be lovely, and rejoice.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD

A Voice—

Only a little child!
 Stone cold upon his bed!
 Is it for him you wail so wild,
 As though the very world were dead?
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies!
 Do not all things die?
 'Tis but a faded flower!
 Dear lives exhale perpetually
 With every fleeting hour.
 Rachael for ever weeps her little ones;
 For ever Rizpah mourneth her slain sons.
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies!

Only a little child!
 Long generations pass:
 Behold them flash a moment wild
 With stormlight, a pale headlong mass
 Of foam, into unfathomable gloom!
 Worlds and shed leaves have all one doom.
 Arise, arise!

Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Should earth's tremendous shade
 Spare only you and yours?
 Who regardeth empires fade
 Untroubled, who impassive pours
 Human joy, a mere spilt water,
 Revels red with human slaughter!
 Arise, arise!

Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Another Voice—

. . . Only another child!
 He was the world to me.
 Pierced to the heart, insane, defiled,
 All holiest hope! foul mockery,
 Childhood's innocent mirth and rest;
 Man's brief life a brutal jest.
 There is no God;
 Earth is Love's sepulchral sod!

Another Voice—

Only a little child!
 Ah! then who brought him here?
 Who made him loving, fair, and mild,
 And to your soul so dear?
 His lowly spirit seemed divine
 Burning in a heavenly shrine.
 Arise, arise!
 With pardon for the tranquil skies.

Only a little child!
 Who sleeps upon God's heart!
 Jesus blessed our undefiled,
 Whom no power avails to part
 From the life of Him, who died
 And liveth, whatsoe'er betide!
 Whose are eyes
 Tranquiller than starlit skies!

Only a little child!
 For whom all things are:
 Spring and summer, winter wild,
 Sea and earth, and every star;
 Time, the void, pleasure and pain,
 Hell and heaven, loss and gain!
 Life and death are his, and he
 Rests in God's eternity.
 Arise, arise!
 Love is holy, true, and wise,
 Mirrored in the tranquil skies.

JOHN O'LEARY.

[John O'Leary was born in Tipperary, 1830; educated at Carlow College and Trinity College, Dublin. He was editor of *The Irish People*, the organ of Fenianism, in 1865-67; and was sentenced in the latter year to twenty years' penal servitude. He served five years of his sentence, and the remainder was commuted to residence out of Ireland. In 1887 he returned to Ireland, and with his literary tastes and high ideals soon found himself the centre of a circle of friends and admirers. He is of the loftiest personal character, and has impressed men of the most diverse opinions with a common admiration of his chivalric personality. He has published a volume entitled *Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism*.]

DAVIS, "THE NATION", AND THE
CONFEDERATION.

FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF FENIANS AND
FENIANISM".¹

It is with a sad heart and a somewhat doubtful mind that I set myself down, on the borders of old age, to say something of what I felt and thought and did in my early youth and mature manhood. Times have changed in Ireland greatly since then, and, no doubt, I have very greatly changed myself—but scarcely with the times. Whether this be my misfortune or my fault, or simply a necessary and inevitable result of the passage of the years, it is impossible for me to tell. I can only recognize the fact, and I feel that my readers will be but too likely to keep it well before their minds. I do not think that I have much of the *laudator temporis acti* in my nature, but I am certainly very little in love with the present, and but for my strong hope of a future other and better than the present, I should have but little pleasure in looking back upon my past or any past.

But to come to that past. Where shall I begin? There is something of a difficulty here, though perhaps not a great one. Nearly all our thoughts and acts have their roots in a past whose distance it is almost impossible to calculate. But then I am not writing of

my relation to the universe, but merely of my relation to Fenianism. Here I have little difficulty myself as to where to begin, while feeling that the thing may not be at all so clear to my readers, and especially to such English ones as I may chance to find. I commence my story, then, in what my aforesaid English reader may probably consider a somewhat Irish fashion, by telling how I became a Young Irelander—for here was certainly the root of the matter to me. I have said something of this elsewhere more than once, but here I must go more fully into it.

Sometime in the year 1846, while recovering from a fever, I came across the poems and essays of Thomas Davis, then recently dead. What Davis has been to more than a generation of Irishmen since his death is well known in his own country, and may in a measure be understood by Englishmen now, since the publication of his prose writings (edited by T. W. Rolleston, in the *Camelot* series), and of his life, written by his co-labourer and friend, Sir C. G. Duffy. What he was then to me I feel as if I can only faintly shadow forth at this distance of time. Perhaps it may give some notion of the effect produced on me to say that I then went through a process analogous to what certain classes of Christians call "conversion". I can but vaguely remember my unregenerate state. Doubtless (from my surroundings) I was not anti-Irish or West-British; but then I am confident I was not strongly Irish, and I am sure I was strongly ambitious, and can easily conceive that my ambition, stimulated by much reading of English literature, necessarily either directly or indirectly anti-Irish in spirit, might have led me where it has unfortunately led so many of my countrymen before and since. Now, however, everything was changed. The world was an altered world to me. I felt in quite a new sense that I was an Irishman, and that for weal or woe my fate must be linked with that of my country. I do not think that either then or since I ever had much of that spurious Irishism of Moore's song, which associates Ireland with virtue and England with guilt; but Irish in a higher and better sense I think I may claim to have at least struggled to be, and,

¹ By kind permission of the author.

in so far as I have fought the good fight, to Thomas Davis more than to any other, or, indeed, more than to all others, is the credit due. I do not like to exaggerate, and do not think I am doing so. I do not, of course, mean in the least to convey that the largest part of my intellectual and moral training does not necessarily come from other and wider regions; but for all that is Irish in me, and, above all, for the inspiration that made me Irish, the fountain and the origin must always be sought in Davis.

But what came out of all this? Little, perhaps, at once—or at least little in the shape of action. What must have followed very soon was the close study of the leading columns, and, indeed, of many other columns, of the *Nation* newspaper. For what I found there I was, of course, perfectly prepared by the previous reading of Davis; and what was to be found in that paper I must leave the reader to gather from another pen than mine. Something, however, I must say even at this stage as to how the *Nation* affected me; later I shall have more to tell. In leading article, essay, and poem we read, from week to week, the story of Ireland's sufferings under English rule; and now and then we heard of other countries groaning under alien domination, and of their efforts, successful or unsuccessful, to shake it off. At first, perhaps, the teaching of the *Nation* was not directly unconstitutional, though, indirectly, it certainly was so from the beginning. From ceasing to "fear to speak of '98" to wishing to imitate the men of that time, the transition was very easy indeed to the youthful mind. Many, if not most, of the younger amongst us were Mitchelites before Mitchel, or rather before Mitchel had put forth his programme. We were told much about the doings of Hugh O'Neill and Owen Roe and Sarsfield, and led to seek what more we could gather about them elsewhere. But as to the men of '98, there was no difficulty where to search and what to find. We had the fascinating *Memoirs of Wolfe Tone*, and the very laborious and full, if somewhat dull and chaotic, book of Madden, and many a biography and history beside. I may perhaps be mixing up some things in my memory here; but the impression I mean to convey is certainly correct. I may be attributing to the *Nation* other things than I got from it; but that matters little, for Davis was the *Nation* and the *Nation* was Davis; and in saying this I

most surely do not in the least mean to detract from the merit of the many able men who with Davis, and without him, made the *Nation*. Anyway, the feeling and sentiment upon which I acted then, and have mainly acted ever since, came from Davis; and what the *Nation* no doubt gave me, or taught me where to get, were such additional facts and fancies as my opinions sought by way of justification of the faith that was in me.

While all this commotion was going on in the internal man, many external events were occurring which need some notice here, for their bearing upon my future actions if not my future thoughts. In the year '47, when I was about seventeen years of age, I left Carlow School, and towards the close of the same year I entered Trinity College. This was the time when the Irish Confederation—the Young Ireland seceding body—and its associated clubs were in full swing. I at once joined the Grattan Club, presided over by "Meagher of the Sword", and of course was assiduous in my attendance not only upon its meetings, but upon the more important ones of the parent association. At these assemblages I necessarily heard much explosive oratory, notably from the aforesaid Meagher, but also from O'Gorman, Doheny, M'Gee, and many others more or less known to fame at the time, who have mostly slipped out of the memory of the present generation of certainly less eloquent, if possibly more sensible, Irishmen. Neither then nor after, if I know myself, was I very susceptible to the witchery of words. Old or young men eloquent were not to me among the more admirable phenomena of nature or art, and then, as now, I felt that it was something of a misfortune to Irishmen, and in a measure to Ireland, that they found words far too readily, and were too often not sufficiently careful to lay any foundation of facts or ideas at the bottom of the words. Not that I mean to imply any disregard for the great masters of the spoken word. The Demostheneses, Chathams, Grattans, and Mirabeaus were not only potent wielders of the wills of men in their own time, but must remain to all generations a source of delight as well as instruction. But great orators are nearly as rare as great poets, and the lesser speakers, even when their speaking partakes more of the nature of eloquence than rhetoric, are neither very rare nor, to me, very admirable. And it was certainly to the lesser order of

orators, however earnest and accomplished, that the Young Irelanders, even including Meagher, belonged. But if I were not much moved by the oratory of the Confederation, I certainly was by what I may call its atmosphere—what the French would call the

"milieu". That was strong indeed, and charged with all sorts of thunder and lightning elements. At first, indeed, there was a certain balmy air of constitutionalism, imported from the old Repeal Association, but that was disappearing day by day.

ELLEN O'LEARY.

1831–1889.

[Ellen O'Leary was born in Tipperary, 1831. She was the sister of Mr. John O'Leary, to whom she was most tenderly and unselfishly devoted. During the years of his imprisonment and exile she stayed quietly in Tipperary, living for the hour of his return. In 1887, when his period of banishment expired, they resided in Dublin most happily for a little while. She died at Cork in 1889. A little volume of her poems was published after her death. Beautiful and simple poems they are, representing in their varying phases the simple, the heroic, the beautiful nature of her who made them.]

TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE.

I sit beside my darling's grave
Who in the prison died,
And though my tears fall thick and fast
I think of him with pride:
Aye, softly fall my tears like dew
For one to God and Ireland true.

"I love my God o'er all," he said,
And then I love my land,
And next I love my Lily sweet
Who pledged me her white hand.
To each, to all, I'm ever true,
To God, to Ireland, and to you.

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed.
Nor gently raised his head;
He fell asleep, and woke in heaven
Ere I knew he was dead.
Yet why should I my darling rue?
He was to God and Ireland true.

Oh, 'tis a glorious memory!
I'm prouder than a queen,
To sit beside my hero's grave
And think on what has been.
And oh, my darling, I am true
To God, to Ireland, and to you.

MY OLD HOME.

[LADY LODGE.]

A poor old cottage tottering to its fall,
Some faded rose-trees scattered o'er the wall;
Four wooden pillars all aslant one way.
A plot in front, bright green amid decay,
Where my wee pets when'er they came to tea
Laughed, danced, and played, and shouted in
high glee;

A rusty paling, and a broken gate
Shut out the world and bounded my estate.

Dusty and damp within and rather bare,
Chokeful of books, here, there, and everywhere.
Old-fashioned windows, and old doors that
creaked,
Old ceilings cracked and gray, old walls that
leaked.

Old chairs and tables, and an ancient lady
Worked out in tapestry, all rather shady.
Bright pictures in gilt frames, the only colour,
Making the grimy papering look duller.

What was the charm, the glamour that o'erspread
That dingy house and made it dear?—the dead.
The dead, the gentle, loving, kind and sweet,
The truest, tenderest heart that ever beat;
While she was with me 'twas indeed a *home*
Where every friend was welcome, when they'd
come;

Her soft eyes shone with gladness, and her grace
Refined and beautified the poor old place.

But she is gone who made home for me there,
Whose child-like laugh, whose light step on the
stair

Filled me with joy and gladness, hope and cheer.
To heaven she soared, and left me lonely here—
The old house now has got a brand-new face,
The roses are uprooted, there's no trace
Of broken bough, or blossom—no decay—
The past is dead, the world wags on alway.

HOME TO CARRIGLEA.

My Noney, lay your work aside,
 For I have news to tell.
 I've met a friend, a dear old friend,
 We've known him long and well.
 When you were but a toddling babe
 He danced you on his knee;
 But, oh! 'twas in the good old times,
 At home in Carriglea.

Just now amidst the busy crowd,
 As I was toiling on
 With drooping heart and flagging steps,
 His mild glance on me shone;
 His voice seemed like an angel's voice,
 With such sweet sympathy
 He talked of all the good old times,
 At home in Carriglea.

He clasped my hand in his warm grasp,
 His kind eyes filled with tears,
 To see me look so thin and wan
 After those weary years;
 And, gazing in his face, I thought
 I ne'er had crossed the sea,
 But still was playing hide-and-seek,
 At home in Carriglea.

Once more I saw its rose-crowned porch,
 And the little stream close by,
 Where oft we watched the young *breakeens*
 Or paddled on the sly;
 Or in the summer sunny days
 Climbed up the old oak-tree;
 Oh! we were happy children then,
 At home in Carriglea.

How softly on our curly locks
 My mother's hand would rest,
 She'd pat each sunburnt, rosy cheek,
 And press us to her breast:
 You, Noney dear, when tired of play,
 Would nestle lovingly
 Within her tender sheltering arms
 At home in Carriglea.

When you were only six years old
 There came a woeful change,
 Dear mother always sad and pale,
 Poor father wild and strange;
 He'd rave of cruel landlords,
 And curse their tyranny,
 His proud heart broke the day he left
 His home in Carriglea.

And with the "falling of the leaf"
 My mother faded too;
 And as I watched her hour by hour
 More and more weak she grew:
 The night she died, she blessed us both
 So sadly, tenderly,
 That all the kindly neighbours wept,
 At home in Carriglea.

Oh! may God bless the faithful friends
 Who, in the hour of need,
 Thronged round the lonely orphan girls—
 Oh! they were friends indeed:
 And he, the truest, kindest, best,
 Has come across the sea,
 To take a wife and sister home—
 Home, home to Carriglea.

WILLIAM LARMINIE.

1850 - 1900.

[William Larminie was born in Castlebar, county Mayo, and was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. After taking his degree he obtained, by open competition, an appointment in the India Office, London, where he remained for some years. Retiring in 1887, he took up his residence in Ireland. He published *Glanua and other Poems* in 1889, *Fund and Moytura* in 1892, and *West-Irish Folk Tales* in 1894. Among his Review articles on Irish subjects may be mentioned *The Development of English Metres*, advocating the use of Gaelic assonance in English verse, *Irish and Norse Literature*, and *Joannes Scotus Erigena*, all of which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. Mr.

Larminie died at Bray in January, 1900, and in his person passed away the gentlest of scholars and men. Modest and retiring, he was the finest type of student, working for the love of his work, and asking no recognition for doing it. He gave the permission for these extracts very shortly before his death.]

THE POOR BROTHER AND THE RICH.

There were two brothers long ago, and long ago it was. One of them was rich and the other was poor. The rich brother was married to a woman who had three estates,

and property besides. The poor brother was getting along with the help of just one old cow, and now he was forced to sell her. He took the old cow to the fair and sold her for five pounds. On his way home he met a man who was rolling and kicking a barrel along the road. He asked the man what was in the barrel, or for what reason he was kicking it.

"I've got a man in the barrel who is five pounds in my debt, and he has nothing to pay me; and as he has not, I'll get the full value of my five pounds out of the hide of him."

"Stop, stop! Don't do so. Here! I have five pounds, and I'll pay sooner than that you should kill him."

"Do that; hand me over the five pounds and out I'll let him."

The five pounds were given, and the man was let out. The poor brother went home, and his wife asked him if he sold the cow. "I sold," said he, "and I got five pounds for her." "You are a good man," said she. "I'd have been a good man if I had the five pounds with me." "And how did they go from you?" said she. He told her about the man in the barrel. "Ochone—oh! God help us! What have you been doing? And we without a taste of food in the house nor the money to buy it! Ourselves and the child will die of the hunger!"

"I can't help it. God is strong enough to give us plenty if we have only patience."

At nightfall there came to the house a stranger, a respectable man who asked for lodging. They told him they had no lodging fit for a decent man, nor a bit to eat nor a drop to drink for him or themselves. He said he would have the lodging from them anyway. When supper-time came he bade them get something ready. "Sorry we are," said they, "but not a bit have we, more's the pity, to cook."

"Take a creel and a knife," said he, "and go out and kill a sheep; bring it in and prepare it immediately." "The sheep are not mine, they are my brother's," said the poor man, "and I would be afraid to touch them." "Don't be afraid," said the stranger, "there will be no danger as long as I'm in the house." So he went out himself, and the poor brother with him, and they killed a fine sheep and got it ready for supper. The sheep lasted them till the night upon the morrow. Then they went out again and killed another sheep, and so on for a week.

Then the wife of the rich brother began to be in doubt as to how the poor brother and his family were getting on, and she said she would find out. She put her mother into a big chest, and gave her a plate of bread and meat to be eating. She put a lock on the chest, and bored a hole to let the air in, and also that the mother might watch and spy through it. Then they carried the big chest out to the poor brother's house, out of the way, as they said, because they were shearing the sheep and wanted room. The next day they would take it back, they said.

All went well till the stranger came home to the poor brother's house at evening, and saw the chest in the corner. "What's in that chest, and how did you come by it?" said he. The poor brother said he didn't know at all what was in it. "I must find out," said the stranger. The poor brother was afraid he would break the lock, and forbade him to touch it. "I will not break," said the stranger. He turned the chest upside down and broke in a board, and began searching to find out what was in it. He was not long searching before he found the old woman, with her heels over her head, and the plate of bread and meat. He put his hand on her windpipe and choked her. Then he took a bone of the meat and thrust it down her throat, and then he put the board of the chest right again.

The next morning the chest was carried back, and the old woman's daughter was opening it, and she found her mother dead, choked with a bone of the meat she had put in with her. "Ochone, mother! Oh, what can have come to you to have choked yourself! Little did I think it's home like this you'd come instead of bringing me the news I sent you search for."

She cried to her husband then to tell him her mother was dead in the chest. He came then, and he sent for his brother to make ready for the wake, and he gave him a power of money to buy everything that was wanted. He went and bought everything he thought fit, and plenty of it. The next day the old woman was buried, and there was a good bit of the money he got remaining over for himself, to buy food for himself and his family and the stranger.

That same night the stranger went to the grave, and he dug up the old woman and left her lying above-ground. In the morning, when this was found out, word was sent to the poor brother to inquire if the stranger

could tell them what they should do with the corpse. The stranger told them she was displeased because they put no money in the coffin with her, and that that was why she rose from her grave. Then they put a purse of money into the coffin, and she was buried again that day.

The same night the stranger rooted her up again and placed her in the pig-stye. He killed himself the four big pigs, and he put the old woman standing against the wall with a long sharp knife in her hand as if it were she that killed them. The rich brother came early on the morning of the morrow to look after the pigs, and found the whole four of them dead, and nothing to show who had killed them, except that he saw his wife's mother, who had been twice buried, standing against the wall and a long sharp knife in her hand. Then he sent word to his brother and the stranger to tell them of the wonder and the mischief that had happened. They came, and they saw the destruction and the wonder. The rich brother asked the stranger what he had best do with the old woman. What he said was, to give the pigs to the poor brother. He took the stranger's advice, and he had the old woman buried again the third time. The stranger went again into the churchyard, and he took the old woman up and put her riding on a white horse, and strapped her up, and put a whip in her hand, and left herself and the horse at the door of the great house.

In the morning, when the rich brother and his wife got up, they saw the white horse and the woman riding on it and a whip in her hand. "Ochone, mother! Oh, what is it at all is the matter with you to be getting up out of your grave and always coming to us! Tell us what is wanting to you. And, oh, mother, great is the destruction you are to us!" But she made no answer. Then they sent word to the poor brother and the stranger, to get advice as to what it was right to do now. They both came, and the stranger said she would never stop coming until they gave that estate and the house and the horse she was riding on—and they would still have two estates besides—and then she would get up no more, and put no more trouble on them for ever. They said they would be contented with anything that would keep the old woman from coming to terrify and impoverish them.

So then she was buried, and she never arose again. The poor brother got the estate

and the house and the white horse. The stranger asked him if he had the value of the five pounds that he paid for the man in the barrel. He had, he said. Then the stranger told him that he was that man. They ate and drank their fill of everything that they liked best, and then they shook hands and parted.

THE FAIRY OF DUNGANNON.

He was born in the morning, he was baptized at mid-day, and in the evening he went to ask the king's daughter in marriage.

The king would not give him his daughter unless he could find out for him how it was that the Laughing Gruagach had lost his melodious voice, his cry, and his laughter. Sheegi went to look for service. The Gruagach met him, and asked him if he would serve him as cow-boy. He answered that he would serve him. So the Gruagach hired him to herd his cattle. On the morning of the morrow he let out the cattle, and went with him to show him the place where he should herd them. There was a large field, and he forbade him to let them into it. When the Gruagach went away he knocked down the fence and drove the cattle into that very field. There was a great wood in it, and he began to shake down the apples for the cattle. He-knocked down the sweet apples and ate them, and then climbed to the top of a tree. He set to whistling now and singing then. He heard the gray tree breaking and the green tree bending. A great giant came towards him.

"You are too big for one bite and too small for two, and it's down over the tip of my tongue that I'll slip you."

"Wait for the fight there. But which do you like best—the knife between your ribs, or the keen close clutches of wrestling?"

"That do I like the best that in the house of my father and mother I was wont to practise ever."

The two caught hold of one another, and began to wrestle. When they were wrestling, Sheegi bethought him that there was not one coming to weep for him or bewail him, and he rose with a bound high and agile, and thrust the giant into the earth to the waist; the second grip, and he thrust him down to his arm-pits.

"A green sod over your head, churl."

"Stay," said the giant, "and I will give you the black steed, swift and strong, that overtakes the wind before him, and the wind behind does not overtake him."

"That steed is mine from this day," said Sheegi.

"Do not kill me," said the giant, "and I will give you the four pots of gold that are in the four corners of my dwelling."

"They are mine from this day out," said Sheegi.

"Stay," said the giant, "and I will give you the bunch of keys that will open the doors of the palace without and within."

But Sheegi drew his sword and struck him at the meeting-place of head and shoulders, and cut the head from the body. Spoke the tongue to him: "Had you been less quick in doing that, it is what I would have done to you."

He cut the tongue out with his sword and put it into his pocket, and left the head in a corner of the field. It was time to take the cattle home. He was on his way when the Gruagach met him. "Of all the cow-boys," said he, "that ever I met, you are the best." When they got home he called to the maids to milk the cows. They came and filled every vessel in the house with milk on that day. Sheegi had his dinner, and went to bed. When he rose in the morning, he ate his breakfast and let out the cattle. The Gruagach showed him where he was to herd them that day, and he told him not to allow them near the field. But he threw down the fence and let them in, and did as he did the day before. And a second giant came, and he fought with him as with the first, and cut his head off, and cut the tongue out of the head and put it in his pocket, and went home. And the milk of the cows was far more than it had been the first day. It overflowed the cans and made pools on the road. The third morning he went out as before. And there came a third giant, who knew that he had killed his two brothers. But when Sheegi was getting the better of him, he offered him the great pot of gold that was buried under the door-step.

"It is my own already," said Sheegi.

"Stay," said the giant, "and I will give you the swift, strong, black steed, on whose ear-tip, if you aim a sword-blow, it is at its tail the sword will strike; and he overtakes the wind before him, and the wind behind overtakes not him."

But Sheegi drew his sword and struck him at the meeting-place of head and shoulders, and smote the head from off the body.

"It was well for you," said the tongue, "that you were so quick in doing that to me, or it's to yourself I would have done it."

"I knew, lump of mud, that you would have done it if I had not been too quick for you."

He went then and collected the cows, and was taking them home. The Gruagach met him.

"You are the best cow-boy ever I had," said he.

"I hope, master, that you will not abate my wages on the day when they are due to me."

"Oh, you calf, your wages you must have on the day that you have earned them."

They drove the cattle home with them. The Gruagach called to the maids to come and milk the cows. And they had to milk them on the road. Not worth a pin was the flood of milk on the day before, or the day before that, in comparison with the flood there was that day. For when it was all milked it rolled down the hill in a torrent, and tore the road into ruts and channels. Then dinner was got ready for the cow-boy, and a bed was prepared for him, and he went to sleep. And next morning after breakfast he let out the cattle, and drove them towards the field. The Gruagach told him not to let them in, but he levelled the fence when he was alone, and turned them in. And he shook from the trees the sweet apples for the cattle, and he gathered plenty for himself. And when he had eaten them he went to the top of a tree and set to, singing now and whistling then, till he heard the green tree bending and the gray tree breaking. Then came an old hag, moaning and lamenting that he killed her three sons.

"Too big are you for one bite and too small for two, and it's down over the tip of my tongue that I'll slip you."

"Wait for the battle here," said Sheegi. "Which is it you like best—the knife in the spaces of your ribs, or the keen close grips of wrestling?"

"I like best the keen close grips of wrestling. I like best what I practised in the house of my father and mother ever."

And they caught hold of each other then, and twice as great was the danger he had from the hag as from the three sons. Sheegi

bethought him that there was not one coming to weep him or bewail him; and he rose with one spring over her, and thrust her down to her waist in the ground, and with a second he thrust her down to her arm-pits.

"A green sod over your head, hag."

"Stop! Do not kill me, and I will give you my bunch of keys that are under the green sod over the door, and you will open every door that is in the four palaces."

"They are mine from this day out, old hag."

"Stop, and I will give you the black steed swift and strong; you may aim the sword-sweep at her ear-tip, and it is at her tail you will strike. She is the mother of the other three, and is the best that has been in the land ever."

"She is mine from this day," said Sheegi. And the old woman perceived not till he struck her where head and shoulders meet, and smote the head from the body. And the tongue spoke and said to him: "It would not have been long till I did the like to yourself."

"And how would you have done it to me?"

"There is a rib of my hair twisted round your neck, and at my telling it would have wrenched your head from your body."

"I knew it would do that," said Sheegi, "as well as yourself."

He took a blow at the head and cut the tongue out. He put the tongue in his pocket, and took the head and left it with the other three heads of the giants. He then went and made a knot, and he fastened the three heads to it, and hung them on a tree and left them. He gathered the cattle together and was going home, and was singing in his joy that they were all going safe home. Then he met the Gruagach.

"It's you that are the best cow-boy that ever I set eyes on."

"I am glad that you're satisfied; you won't, I think, be abating my wages on the day that I have earned them."

Then the Gruagach knew that the three giants and their mother were dead. "Away with you," said he to the boy, "I have no more business with you."

"Oh, you calf, you must pay me my wages on the day that I have earned them."

"I will not pay you one single halfpenny. Off with you, or I'll have your head off."

"Well," said Sheegi, "just wait for the fight here first. Which do you like best—the knife between your ribs, or the keen, close grips of wrestling?"

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"The keen, close grips of wrestling. I like that best that I practised in the house of my father and mother ever."

Then the two seized hold of one another and struggled: and Sheegi, knowing there was not one coming to weep him or bewail him, rose with a spring and thrust down the Gruagach first to his waist, and then to his arm-holes.

"A green sod over your head, O Gruagach!"

"Stay and do not kill me, and I will pay your wages and twice over."

"I will not let you out of this till you tell me how it was you lost your melodious voice, your cry, and your laughter."

"That is what I have told to no one from the day that I lost them till now."

"Here was I, and there was not a hill in the seven kingdoms that did not hear my laugh. I was one day at my dinner, and there came in through the window a hare with a horn of gold on the front of his head, and another at the back. He came on and made three spits at the dish on the table and the food in it. There were with me twelve young men, and twelve hounds and twelve hawks. I ordered the young men out, each one of them to take a beast with him for the hunting of that hare. Off with themselves they went, and I followed it to the Eastern world. When they came to the door of the house where the hare went in, they found nothing within but a long and broad kitchen, with four bundles of rushes, one in each of the four corners. They sat down round the kitchen, and a red man came down from another room. He gave them welcome to the East. 'Great is the journey you have come,' said he. He went and brought a boar, and he bade them make it ready for eating. They had nothing to clean the boar with. After a time the red man came back and asked why they did not get the boar ready. They said they had not the wherewithal. He got up and went out. He pulled three stalks of rushes from over the door. He came in and stuck one in the hole of the nostril, and another under the tail. He took the third and cleared away all the bristles from the one flank, and then those that were on the other. Then he opened the boar and cleaned it out. He went and threw it into a cauldron on the fire. When he thought that the boar was cooked, he came down from a room with twelve iron spits and a blunt wooden spit. He asked them which they would have—the twelve iron spits or the blunt wooden spit.

They took the twelve iron spits. The red man had the blunt wooden spit. They then went at the boar to lift it from the cauldron. The red man went at the boar with the blunt wooden spit, and it went with him. He took it up into a room and began to cut it up and eat it, throwing the bones down to them in the kitchen. He then came down with twelve iron rings and an odd ring. He asked them which they liked best. They took the twelve rings, he took the odd one. They put their heads into the rings. Then they began to pull one another about the house till he had them half-dead. Then he came to myself and bade me blow into his mouth. I did so. Next he told me to hold my foot till he placed his foot over it; and he blew a blast into my mouth, and I lost my melodious voice, my cry, and my laughter. And he struck with a rod of druidism the twelve young men and the twelve horses and the twelve hounds, and turned every one to stone."

"Now," said Sheegi, "at what time of year is it that he comes to trouble you?" "Now," said the Gruagach, "he will come within two days." "You must come with me to the East," said Sheegi, "in the track of that hare, and we'll get back everything that they took from you."

The next day, when they were at dinner, in came the hare with the golden horns, and leaped upon the table and spat thrice on the food. Off with him then; and Sheegi and the Gruagach alone set out in the chase of him. They came at last to the Eastern world, and to the house with the long, broad kitchen. And at first everything fell out as the Gruagach said. But when the boar was cooked, and the red man asked Sheegi whether he would have the twelve iron spits or the blunt wooden one, Sheegi took the wooden one; and the boar went with him out of the cauldron, and he and the Gruagach were eating it and flinging the bones to the red man. Then the red man brought the rings and asked which they would have—the odd one, or the twelve. And Sheegi chose the odd; and they put their heads into them, and were dragging each other about, till Sheegi had the red man half-killed. And the red man cried to him not to kill him. But Sheegi said he would kill unless he gave back to the Gruagach everything that he took from him, and promise never to put trouble on him again. "Everything you ask for," said the red man,

"you shall have." "You must give back his sweet voice, his cry, and his laughter, and the young men, and the horses and the hounds." "I will give," said the red man. And he bade the Gruagach hold out his foot, and he put his own foot over it, and he sent a blast of his breath into the Gruagach's mouth, and his voice and his laugh came back to him. And then the red man took his rod of druidism, and went out and struck the stones, and the twelve young men and the twelve horses and the twelve hounds rose up alive again.

Then Sheegi and they all turned their faces homewards. And when they drew near home Sheegi heard that the king's daughter was going to be married the next day. He left the Gruagach behind him, and hurried on himself to the king's house. He came to the door and struck a blow on the combat-pole and then went back three steps. The king saw who it was; but he wished now that his daughter should be married to the butler rather than to Sheegi. "He killed the three giants," said the king. "Has he got the three heads?" asked Sheegi. "He has," said the king. "Are the tongues in the heads?" "I don't know," said the king. "See if they are." The king looked, and they were wanting. Sheegi asked to see the heads, and he took the tongues from his pocket and showed that they fitted. Still the young woman said she would rather marry the butler. But Sheegi drew his sword and said he would cut his head off; and he put fear on the king so that he banished the butler.

Then the couple prepared for the marriage. And as they were going out the next morning to be married, the Gruagach came and a great company with him. Sheegi and he shook hands. "Let the king know," said Sheegi, "that you have got back your voice." And then the Gruagach turned and laughed till the seven kingdoms heard him.

The wedding lasted a year and a day, with eating and drinking. But they let me go home without offering a bit to eat or a drop to drink.

THE NAMELESS STORY.

There was a king in Erin and a queen, and they had one daughter, and death came on the queen and she died, and the king did not marry then till his daughter was a young girl, and then he married another wife.

Then one day, when the queen was walking in the garden, the corner of her apron got under her foot and she fell.

"May neither God nor Mary be with you!" said the henwife.

"Why so?" said the queen; "what is it I have done to you?"

"It is because you have done evil to me. The woman who was here before was better than you."

"Was there a woman here before me?"

"There was. That is her daughter, the young girl who is in the house; and it is she will get everything her father has."

She brought the henwife into the house, and she gave her as much as she could eat and drink, and they made up a friendship.

Then at night, when the king and the queen went to sleep, the queen got up and she killed the little dog, the hound's pup; and she went to bed again, and she screamed and she cried, and the king asked her what was the matter, and she said she dreamt the girl had killed the hound's little pup. And she got out to see if it was killed; and the king bade her sleep till morning, and she said she could not, and she got up and found the pup dead. And the king came, and she told him the pup was dead. And they went to sleep till morning, and then, when the king got up, he beat his daughter, and she did not know why.

The next night the king and his wife went into deep sleep, and she got up from him, and went out to the stable and killed a stallion he had; and she went to bed after that, and she cried and she screamed, and she roused the king, and he asked her, "What is the matter with you?"

"I dreamt the girl killed the stallion in the stable." And she got up to make sure of the knowledge she had, and she found the stallion dead; and she came and told the king the stallion was dead. And in the morning, when the king rose, he beat his daughter greatly, and she did not know why he was beating her. But that did not satisfy the queen, when he was not killing her; and on the third night she killed her own child, and she put some of the child's blood on the girl's hand, and she went to bed and cried "A thousand murders!" and the king asked her what was the matter with her, and she said she dreamt the girl killed the child. And she rose out and she found the child dead; and she came and told the king the child was dead.

The king rose in the morning, and when he ate his breakfast he took his daughter with him to the wood, and a handsaw and a rope. He tied her to a tree, and he cut off her two arms from her shoulders, and her two paps from her breast, and left her there and went home. And when he was going home he got a thorn in his foot.

There was a herd with his dog, and the dog got the scent of the blood and came to her, and the herd followed the dog: and he found the beautiful girl, as was God's will. He stopped the blood and he put his greatcoat on her, and took her home to his father's house, and she was there till she healed. He kept her there as his wife, and she had a child. Then one day there came a boy of the king's to the house, and he saw the woman, and the fine child she had; and when he went home, he told the queen he saw a woman in the herd's house without arms or breasts, and a fine child with her. The queen knew who it was, and she sent word to the herd to send her away or she would send him away. And the girl understood that there was grief on them, and she said it was on her account they were grieved. "I will go," said she, "and take my child with me; and in every house in which I spend the night they will put the child on my back in the morning."

She got herself ready, and the child, and he gave her plenty of money when she was going; and they fastened the child up on her back, and fixed a pin in her breast. She went, and she was not far from the house when she met a man asking alms; and he asked alms of her for the honour of God and Mary. And she said, "I have no hand to give you alms, but put your hand in my pocket and take the alms out."

He put his hand in and took out alms. And she went not far when she met a second man, who asked alms for the honour of God and Mary. And to him she said as she did to the first; and she went on and met a third man who asked alms, and she said the same to him. And he asked her, "Do you know who I am?"

She said she did not know. "I am a messenger from God," said he, "who am come to you because you were so good. You are on the way to your father's house. On the day when he did that to you a thorn went into his foot, and is in it since, and the doctors have failed to cure him, and he has spent much money getting cured; but he

will never be cured till you do it with the milk of your breast."

"That is hard for me when I have no breast."

"When you come to a place where there is a clump of rushes, lay down the child and loose the cloth, and the child will go pulling the rushes; and when he pulls up three of them there will come a well of water up. Bend your shoulders down into the well, and your two arms will come to you as they were ever. Then take up the water with your hands and put it on your breast, and the paps will come as they were before. Take the child and knock at your father's door and say you are a doctor, and ask the doorkeeper to let you in. And the doorkeeper will say that there are plenty of doctors there as good as you, and that they are not curing him. Tell the man you will ask no money for curing him, and the doorkeeper will say there is a person there will cure him without money. Go in then, and bid him stretch out his foot, and milk three streams of the milk of your breast on his foot, and the thorn will come out; and then

he will cry to the child to come and tell his grandfather a story, and the child will, and begin to tell him everything the old woman did to his mother.

She went then, and did all the beggar told her. She got her arms and her paps again. Then she went to her father's house, and she cured his foot with the milk of her breast. And he stood out on the floor and began dancing with great delight. Then he sat on a chair and called to the child to come to him, and he put him on his knee and said, "Tell your grandfather your story." And the child began and told him how the woman killed the pup, and told him she dreamt that it was his mother killed it, and how he got up in the morning and beat his mother. Said the old woman, "Stop the child. He is tired talking." "Don't stop him," said his mother, "till he tells the story to his grandfather." The child told him all the rest, and when he heard the story he hung the woman for what she did; and he brought the son of the herd into the house, and gave his daughter to him in marriage.

WILLIAM CANTON.

[William Canton, the son of a North of Ireland man, was born in the Isle of Chusan, 27th of October, 1845. He is editor of *The Sunday Magazine*. For many years he was sub-editor and leader-writer on *The Glasgow Herald*. He published some years ago *A Lost Epic*, a volume of poems; but recognition only came to him with the publication of *The Invisible Playmate* in 1894. In this little book readers of judgment were not slow to discern a masterpiece—something not for a day, but, so far as we can realize it, for Time. This most poignant story was followed by the gay, tender, and alluring *W. V. Her Book*, with the exquisite poems included in it. *The Child's Book of Saints* is another contribution of Mr. Canton to literature. Here once again, in dealing with children and the love of children, a man has met women on their own ground and surpassed them. No one can doubt Mr. Canton's possession of genius, not in the loose and easy application of the word, but using it with all reverence and all due sense of what it involves. *Her Friend Littlejohn* and the

poems we are enabled to give by the kindness of the author.]

HER FRIEND LITTLEJOHN.

(FROM "W. V. HER BOOK".)

The first time Littlejohn saw W. V.—a year ago—she was sitting on the edge of a big red flower-pot, into which she had managed to pack herself. A brilliant Japanese sunshade was tilted over her shoulder, and close by stood a large green watering-can. This was her way of "playing at botany"; but as the old gardener could not be prevailed upon to water her, there was not as much fun in the game as there ought to have been.

W. V. was accordingly consoling herself with telling "Mr. Sandy"—the recalcitrant gardener—the authentic and incredible story of the little girl who was "just sereniatingly good".

Later, on an idyllic afternoon among the

heather, Littlejohn heard all about that excellent and too precipitate child, who was so eager to oblige or obey that she rushed off before she could be told what to do; and as this was the only story W. V. knew which had obviously a moral, W. V. made it a great point to explain that "little girls ought not to be too good; *if—they—only—did—what—they—were—told*, they would be good enough."

W. V.'s mother had been taken seriously ill a few weeks before, and as a house of sickness is not the best place for a small child, nor a small child the most soothing presence in a patient's room, W. V. has undertaken a marvellous and what seemed an interminable journey into the West Highlands. Her host and hostess were delighted with her odd sayings, and quaint, fanciful ways; and she, in the plenitude of her good nature, extended a cheerful patronage to the grown-up people. Littlejohn had no children of his own, and it was a novel delight, full of charming surprises, to have a sturdy, imperious, sunny-hearted little body of four and a half as his constant companion. The child was pretty enough, but it was the alert, excitable little soul of her which peered and laughed out of her blue eyes that took him captive.

Like most healthy children, W. V. did not understand what sorrow, sickness, or death meant. Indeed, it is told of her that she once exclaimed gleefully, "Oh, see, here's a funeral? Which is the bride?" The absence of her mother did not weigh upon her. Once she awoke at night and cried for her; and on one or two occasions, in a sentimental mood, she sighed, "I should *like* to see my father! Don't you think we could run over?" The immediate present, its fun and nonsense and grave responsibilities, absorbed all her energies and attention; and what a divine dispensation it is that we who never forget can be forgotten so easily.

I fancy, from what I have heard, that she must have regarded Littlejohn's ignorance of the ways of children as one of her responsibilities. It was really very deplorable to find a great-statured, ruddy-bearded fellow of two-and-thirty so absolutely wanting in tact, so incapable of "pretending", so destitute of the capacity of rhyming or telling a story. The way she took him in hand was kindly yet resolute. It began with her banging her head against something and howling. "Don't cry, dear," Littlejohn had

entreated, with the crude pathos of an amateur; "come, don't cry."

When W. V. had heard enough of this she looked at him disapprovingly, and said, "You shouldn't say that. You should just laugh and say, 'Come, let me kiss that crystal tear away!' Say it!" she added after a pause. This was Littlejohn's first lesson in the airy art of consolation.

Littlejohn as a lyric poet was a melancholy spectacle.

"Now, *you* say, 'Come, let us go,'" W. V. would command.

"I don't know it, dear."

"I'll say half for you—

"Come, let us go where the people sell—"

But Littlejohn hadn't the slightest notion of what they sold.

"Bananas," W. V. prompted; "say it."

"Bananas."

"And what?"

"Oranges?" Littlejohn hazarded.

"Pears!" cried W. V. reproachfully; "say it!"

"Pears."

"And—" with pauses to give her host chances of retrieving his honour, "pine-appèl!—

"—Bananas and pears and pine-appèl',

of course, I don't think you *can* publish a poem."

"I don't think I can, dear," Littlejohn confessed after a roar of laughter.

"Papa and I published that poem. Pine-appèl made me laugh at first. And after that you say—

"—Away to the market! and let us buy
A sparrow to make asparagus pie'.

Say it!"

So in time Littlejohn found his memory becoming rapidly stocked with all sorts of nonsensical rhymes and ridiculous pronunciations.

Inability to rhyme, like inability to reason, is a gift of nature, and one can overlook it; but Littlejohn's sheer imbecility in face of the demand for a story was a sore trial to W. V. After an impatient lesson or two, the way in which he picked up a substitute for imagination was really exceedingly creditable. Having spent a day in the "Forest"—W. V. could pack some of her forests in a nutshell and feel herself a woodlander of infinite verdure—Littlejohn learned which trees were "pappa-trees"; how to knock

and ask if anyone was in; how to make the dog inside bark if there was no one; how to get an answer in the affirmative if he asked whether they could give his little girl a biscuit or a pear or a plum; how to discover the fork in the branches where the gift would be found, and how to present it to W. V. with an air of inexhaustible surprise and delight. Every forest is full of "pappa-trees", as every verderer knows; the *crux* of the situation presents itself when the tenant of the tree is cross, or the barking dog intimates that he has gone "to the city".

Now, about a mile from Cloan Den, Littlejohn's house, there was a bit of the real "old-ancient" Caledonian Forest. There was not much timber, it is true, but still enough; and occasionally one came across a shattered shell of oak, which might have been a pillar of cloudy foliage in the days when wood was the fashionable dress material. I have reason to believe that W. V. invested all that wild region with a rosy atmosphere of romance for Littlejohn. Every blade of grass and fringe of larch was alive with wood-magic. She trotted about with him, holding his hand or swinging on before him, with her broad boyish shoulders thrown well back and an air of unconscious proprietorship of man and nature.

It was curious to note how her father's stories had taken hold of her, and Littlejohn, with some surprise at himself and at the nature of things at large, began to fancy he saw motive and purpose in some of these fantastic narratives. The legend of the girl that was "just scruciatingly good", had evidently been intended to correct a possible tendency towards priggishness. The boy whose abnormal badness expressed itself in "I don't care" could not have been so irredeemably wicked, or he would never have succeeded in locking the bear and tiger up in the tree and leaving them there to dine off each other. And all the stories about little girls who got lost—there were several of these—were evidently lessons against fright and incentives to courage and self-confidence.

W. V. quite believed that if a little girl got bewildered in the underwood, the grass would whisper "This way, this way!" or some little furry creature would look up at her with its sharp beady eyes and tell her to follow. Even though one were hungry and thirsty as well as lost, there was nothing to be afraid of, if there were only oaks

in the Forest. For when once on a time a little girl—whose name, strangely enough, was W. V.—got lost and began to cry, did not the door of an oak-tree open, and a little, little, wee man all dressed in green, with green boots and a green feather in his cap, come out and ask her to "Step inside" and have some fruit and milk? And didn't he say, "When you get lost, don't keep going this way and going that way and going the other way, but *keep straight on and you are sure to come out at the other side?* Only poor wild things in cages at the Zoo keep going round and round."

And that is "truly and really," W. V. would add, "because I saw them doing it at the Zoo."

Even at the risk of being tedious, I must finish the story, for it was one that greatly delighted Littlejohn and haunted him in a pleasant fashion. Well, when this little girl who was lost had eaten the fruit and drunk the milk, she asked the wee green oak-man to go with her a little way as it was growing dusk. And he said he would. Then he whistled, and close to, and then farther away, and still farther and farther, other little oak-men whistled in answer, till all the Forest was full of the sound of whistling. And the oak-man shouted, "Will you help this little girl out?" And you could hear "Yes, yes, yes, yes" far away right and left to the very end of the Forest. And the oak-man walked a few yards with her and pointed; and she saw another oak and another oak-man, and so she went from one to another right through the Forest, and she said, "Thank you, Mr. Oak-man", to each of them, and bent down and gave each of them a kiss, and they all laughed because they were pleased, and when she got out she could still hear them laughing quietly together.

Another story that pleased Littlejohn hugely, and he liked W. V. to tell it as he lay in a hollow among the heather with his bonnet pulled down to the tip of his nose, was about the lost little girl who walked among the high grass—it was quite up to her eyes—till she was "tired to death". So she lay down, and just as she was beginning to doze off she heard a very soft voice humming her to sleep, and she felt warm, soft arms smuggling her close to a warm breast. And as she was wondering who it could be that was so kind to her, the soft voice whispered: "It is only mother,

dearie; sleep-a-sleep, dearie; only mother cuddling her little girl". And when she woke there was no one there, and she had been lying in quite a little grassy nest in the hollow of the ground.

Littlejohn himself could hardly credit the change which this voluble, piquant, imperious young person had made, not only in the ways of the house, but in his very being and in the material landscape itself. One of the oddest and most incongruous things he ever did in his life was to measure W. V. against a tree and inscribe her initials (her father always called her by her initials, and she liked that form of her name best) and his own and the date above the score which marked her height.

The late summer and the early autumn passed delightfully in this fashion. There was some talk at intervals of W. V. being packed, labelled, and despatched "with care" to her own woods and oak-men in the most pleasant suburb of the great metropolis, but it never came to anything. Her father was persuaded to spare her just a little longer. The patter of the little feet, the chatter of the voluble, cheery voice had grown well-nigh indispensable to Littlejohn and his wife; for though I have confined myself to Littlejohn's side of the story, I would not have it supposed that W. V.'s charm did not radiate into other lives.

So the cold rain and the drifted leaf, the first frost and the first snow came, and in their train came Christmas and the Christmas-tree and the joyful vision of Santa Claus.

Now to make a long story short, a polite note had arrived at Cloan Den, asking for the pleasure of Miss W. V.'s company at Bargeddie Mains—about a mile and a half beyond the "old-ancient" Caledonian Forest—where a Christmas-tree was to be despoiled of its fairy fruitage. The Bargeddie boys would drive over for Miss W. V. in the afternoon, and "Uncle Big-John" would perhaps come for the young lady in the evening, unless, indeed, he would change his mind and allow her to stay all night.

Uncle Big-John, of course, did not change his mind, and about nine o'clock he reached the Mains. It was a sharp moonlight night, and the wide snowy strath sweeping away up to the vast snow-muffled Bens looked like a silvery expanse of fairyland. So far as I can gather it must have been well on the early side of ten when Littlejohn and W. V. (rejoicing in the spoils of the Christmas-

tree) bade the Bargeddie people good-night and started homeward, the child warmly muffled, and chattering and laughing hilariously as she trotted along with her hand in his.

It has often since been a subject of wonder that Littlejohn did not notice the change of the weather, or that, having noticed it, he did not return for shelter to the Mains. But we are all too easily wise after the event, and it is to be remembered that the distance from home was little over three miles, and that Littlejohn was a perfect giant of a man.

They could hardly have been more than half a mile from Bargeddie when the snow-storm began. The sparse big flakes thickened, the wind rose bitterly cold, and then, in a fierce smother of darkness, the moonlight was blotted out. For what follows, the story depends principally on the recollections of W. V., and in a great measure on our knowledge of Littlejohn's nature.

The biting cold and the violence of the wind soon exhausted the small traveller.

Littlejohn took her in his arms and wrapped her in his plaid. For some time they kept to the highroad, but the bitter weather suggested the advisability of taking a crow-line across the Forest.

"You're a jolly lumpumpibus, Infanta," Littlejohn said with a laugh; "I think we had better try a short cut for once through the old oaks."

When they got into some slight cover among the younger trees, Littlejohn paused to recover breath. It was still blowing and snowing heavily.

"Now, W. V., I think it would be as well if you knocked up some of your little green-oak-men, for the Lord be good to me if I know where we are."

"You must knock," said W. V., "but I don't think you will get any bananas."

W. V. says that Littlejohn did knock, and that the bark of the dog showed that the oak-man was not at home!

"I rather thought he would not be, W. V.," said Littlejohn; "they never are at home except only to the little people. We big ones have to take care of ourselves."

"The oak-man said: 'Keep straight on, and you're sure to come out at the other side,'" W. V. reminded him.

"The oak-man spoke words of wisdom, Infanta," said Littlejohn. "Come along, W. V." And he lifted the child again in his arms. "Are you cold, my dearie-girl?"

"No, only my face; but I am so sleepy."

"And so heavy, W. V. I didn't think a little girl *could* be so heavy. Come along, and let us try keeping straight on. The other side must be somewhere."

How long he trudged on with the child in his arms, and the bewildering snow beating and clotting on them both, will never be known. W. V., with a spread of his plaid over her face, fell into a fitful slumber, from which she was awakened by a fall and a scramble.

"You poor helpless bairn!" he groaned, "have I hurt you?"

W. V. was not hurt; the snow-wreath had been too deep for that.

"Well, you see, W. V., we came a lamentable cropper that time," said Littlejohn. "I think we must rest a little, for I am fagged out. You see, W. V., there is no grass to whisper, 'This way, this way'; and there are no furry things to say, 'Follow me'; and the oak-men are all asleep—and, God forgive me, I don't know what to do!"

"Are you crying, Uncle Big-John?" asked W. V., "for his voice sounded just like as if he was crying," she explained afterwards.

"Crying! no, my dear; there's no need to kiss the crystal tear away! But, you see, I am tired, and it's jolly cold and dark; and, as Mother Earth is good to little children—" He paused to see how he should be best able to make her understand. "You remember how that little girl that was lost went to sleep in a hollow of the grass, and heard the Mother talking to her? Well, you must just lie snug like that, you see."

"But I'm not lost."

"Of course, you're not lost. Only you must lie snug and sleep till it stops snowing, and I'll sit beside you."

Littlejohn took off his plaid and his thick tweed jacket. He wrapped the child in the latter, and half-covered her with snow. With the plaid, propped up with his stick, he made a sort of tent to shelter her from the driving flakes. He then lay down beside her till she fell asleep.

"It's only Mother, dearie, Mother cuddling her little girl. Sleep-a-sleep!"

Then he must have arisen shuddering in his shirt-sleeves, and have lashed his arms again and again about his body for warmth.

In the hollow in which they were found, the snow-wreath, with the exception of a narrow passage a few feet in width where they had blundered in, was impassably deep

on all sides. All round and round the hollow snow was very much trampled.

Worn out with fatigue and exposure, the strong man had at last lain down beside the child. His hand was under his head.

In that desperate circular race against cold and death he must have been struck by his own resemblance to the wild creatures padding round and round in their cages in the Zoo, and what irony he must have felt in the counsel of the evergreen-oak-man! Well, he had followed the advice, had he not? And, when he awoke, would he not find that he *had come out at the other side*?

Hours afterwards, when at last Littlejohn slowly drifted back to consciousness, he lay staring for a moment or two with a dazed, bewildered brain. Then into his eyes there flashed a look of horror, and he struggled to pull himself together. "My God! my God! where is the Infant?" he groaned.

W. V. was hurried into the room, obliviously radiant. With a huge sigh Littlejohn sank back smiling, and held out his hand to her. Whereupon W. V., moving it gently aside, went up close to him and spoke, half in enquiry, half in remonstrance, "You're *not* going to be died, are you?"

THE INQUISITION.

(FROM "W. V. HER BOOK", AND VARIOUS VERSES.)

I woke at dead of night;
The room was still as death;
All in the dark I saw a sight
Which made me catch my breath.

Although she slumbered near,
The silence hung so deep,
I leaned above her crib to hear
If it were death or sleep.

As low—all quick—I leant,
Two large eyes thrust me back;
Dark eyes—too wise—which gazed intent;
Blue eyes transformed to black.

Heavens! how those steadfast eyes
Their eerie vigil kept!
Was this some angel in disguise
Who searched us while we slept?

Who winnow'd every sin,
Who tracked each slip and fall,
One of God's spies—not Babbykin,
Not Babbykin at all?

Day came with golden air;
 She caught the beams and smiled;
 No masked inquisitor was there,
 Only a babbling child!

WINGS AND HANDS.

God's angels, dear, have six great wings
 Of silver and of gold;
 Two round their heads, two round their hearts,
 Two round their feet they fold.

The angel of a man I know
 Has just two hands—so small!
 But they're more strong than six gold wings
 To keep him from a fall.

THE COMRADES.

In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
 I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
 Beyond the impenetrable forests,—
 I hear the voice of my comrades calling
 "Home! home! home!"

Strange ghostly voices, when the dusk is falling,
 Come from the ancient years; and I remember
 The schoolboy shout, from plain and wood and river,
 The signal-cry of scattered comrades, calling
 "Home! home! home!"

And home we wended when the dusk was falling,
 The pledged companions, talking, laughing,
 singing;
 Home through the gray French country, no
 one missing,
 And now I hear the old-time voices calling
 "Home! home! home!"

I pause and listen while the dusk is falling;
 My heart leaps back through all the long
 estrangement
 Of changing faith, lost hopes, paths disen-
 charmed;
 And tears drop as I hear the voices calling
 "Home! home! home!"

I hear you while the dolorous dusk is falling;
 I sigh your names—the living—the departed!
 O vanished comrades, is it *yours* the poignant
 Pathetic note among the voices calling
 "Home, home, home?"

Call, and still call me, for the dusk is falling.
 Call, for I fain, I fain would come, but cannot.
 Call, as the shepherd calls upon the moorland;
 Though mute, with beating heart I hear you calling
 "Home! home! home!"

THE SHEPHERD BEAUTIFUL.

Oft as I muse on Rome—and at her name
 Out of the darkness, flushed with blood and
 gold,
 Smoulders and flashes on her seven-fold height
 The imperial, murderous, harlot Rome of old,
 Rome of the lions, Rome of the awful light
 Where "living torches" flame—
 I thread in thought the Catacombs' blind maze,
 Marvelling how men could then draw happy
 breath,

And cheer these sunless labyrinths of death
 With one sweet dream of Christ told many ways.

The Shepherd Beautiful! O good and sweet,
 O Shepherd ever lovely, ever young,
 Was it because they gathered at Thy feet,
 Because upon Thy pastoral pipe they hung,
 That they were happy in those evil days,
 That these grim crypts were arched with
 heavenly blue,
 And spaced in verdurous vistas lit with streams?
 Ah, let me count the ways,
 Fair Shepherd of the world, in which they
 drew
 Thee in that most divine of human dreams.

They limned Thee standing near the wattled shed,
 The strayed sheep on Thy shoulders, and the
 flock

Bleating fond welcome. Seasons of the year—
 Spring gathering roses swung athwart the rock,
 Summer and Autumn, one with golden ear
 And one with apple red,
 And shrivel'd Winter burning in a heap
 Dead leaves—they pictured round Thee; for
 they said,
 "All the year round"—and joyous tears were
 shed—
 "All the year round, Thou, Shepherd, lov'st Thy
 sheep."

Sometimes they showed Thee piping in the shade
 Music so sweet each month was raised from
 grass

And ceased to hunger. In some dewy glade
 Where the cool waters ran as clear as glass,
 To this or that one Thou would'st seem to say,
 "Thou'st made me glad, be happy thou in
 turn!"

And sometimes Thon would'st sit in weariness—
 My Shepherd! "*quærens me*
Sedisti lassus"—while thy dog would yearn,
 Eyes fixed on Thee, aware of Thy distress.

So limned they Christ; and bold, yet none too
 bold,
 Smiled at the tyrant's torch, the lion's cry;
 So nursed the child-like heart, the angelic mind,
 Goodwill to live, and fortitude to die,

And love for men, and hope for all mankind.

One Shepherd and one fold!

Such was their craving; none should be forbid;
All, all were Christ's! And so they drew once
more

The Shepherd Beautiful. But now He bore
No lamb upon His shoulders—just a kid.

KENACH'S LITTLE WOMAN.¹

(FROM "THE CHILD'S BOOK OF SAINTS".)

Within an hour of daybreak, when the moon was setting, they were awakened by the wonderful singing of a bird, and they rose for matins and strove not to listen, but so strangely sweet was the sound in the sweet moonlight morning that they could not forbear. The moon set, and still in the dark sang the bird, and the gray light came, and the bird ceased; and when it was white day, they saw that all the ground and every stalk of bracken was hoar with frost, and every ivy-leaf was crusted white round the edge, but within the edge it was all glossy green.

"What bird is this that sings so sweet before day in the bitter cold?" said the abbot. "Surely no bird at all, but an angel from heaven waking us from the death of sleep."

"It is the blackbird, Domine Abbas," said the young monk; "often they sing thus in February, however cold it may be."

"Oh Soul, Oh Diarmait, is it not wonderful that the senseless small creatures should praise God so sweetly in the dark, and in the light before the dark, while we are fain to lie warm and forget His praise?" And afterwards he said: "Gladly could I have listened to that singing, even till to-morrow was a day; and yet it was but the singing of a little earth wrapped in a handful of feathers. O Soul, tell me what it must be to listen to the singing of an angel, a portion of heaven wrapped in the glory of God's love!"

Of the forty days thirty went by, and oftentimes now, when no wind blew, it was bright and delightsome among the rocks, for the sun was gaining strength, and the days were growing longer, and the brown trees were being speckled with numberless tiny buds of white and pale-green, and wild

flowers were springing between the boulders and through the mountain turf. Hard by the cave there was a low wall of rock covered with ivy, and as Diarmait chanced to walk near it, a brown bird darted out from among the leaves. The young monk looked at the place from which it had flown, and behold! among the leaves and the hairy sinews of the ivy, there was a nest lined with grass, and in the nest there were three eggs—pale-green with reddish spots.

And Diarmait knew the bird and knew the eggs, and he told the abbot, who came noiselessly, and looked with a great love at the open house and the three eggs of the mother blackbird.

"Let us not walk too near, my son," he said, "lest we scare the mother from her brood, and so silence beforehand some of the music of the cold hours before the day."

And he lifted his hand and blessed the nest and the bird, saying: "And He shall bless thy bread and thy water." After that it was very seldom they went near the ivy.

Now, after days of clear and benign weather, a shrill wind broke out from beneath the North Star, and brought with it snow and sleet and piercing cold. And the wood howled for distress of the storm, and the gray stones of the mountain chattered with discomfort. Harsh cold and sleeplessness were their lot in the cave, and as he shivered the abbot bethought him of the blackbird in her nest, and of the wet flakes driving in between the leaves of the ivy and stinging her brown wings and patient bosom. And lifting his head from his pillow of stone he prayed the Lord of the elements to have the bird in His gentle care, saying: "How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." Then after a little while he said: "Look out into the night, O son, and tell me if yet the storm be abated," and Diarmait, shuddering, went to the mouth of the cavern and stood there gazing and calling in a low voice: "Domine Abbas! My Lord Abbot! My Lord Abbot!"

Kenach rose quickly and went to him, and as they looked out the sleet beat on their faces, but in the midst of the storm there was a space of light, as though it were moonshine, and the light streamed from an angel, who stood near the wall of rock with outspread wings, and sheltered the blackbird's nest from the wintry blast.

And the monks gazed at the shining love-

¹ By kind permission of Messrs. Dent.



KENACH'S LITTLE WOMAN

liness of the angel till the wind fell and the snow ceased, and the light faded away and the sharp stars came out, and the night was still.

Now at sundown of the day that followed, when the abbot was in the cave, the young monk, standing among the rocks, saw approaching a woman who carried a child in her arms; and crossing himself he cried aloud to her: "Come not any nearer; turn thy face to the forest, and go down."

"Nay," replied the woman, "for we seek shelter for the night, and food, and the solace of fire for the little one."

"Go down, go down!" cried Diarmait; "no woman may come to this hermitage."

"How canst thou say that, O monk?" said the woman; "was the Lord Christ any worse than thou? Christ came to redeem woman no less than to redeem man. Not less did He suffer for the sake of woman than for the sake of man. Woman gave service and tendance to Him and His Apostles. A woman it was who bore Him. Else had men been left forlorn. It was a man who betrayed Him with a kiss; a woman it was who washed His feet with tears. It was a man who smote Him with a reed, but a woman who broke the alabaster box of precious ointment. It was a man who thrice denied Him; a woman stood by His Cross. It was a woman to whom He first spoke on Easter morn, but a man thrust His hand into His side, and put his fingers in the prints of the nails before he would believe. And not less than men do women enter the heavenly kingdom. Why then shouldst thou drive my little child and me from thy hermitage?"

Then Kenach, who had heard all that was said, came forth from the cave, and blessed the woman. "Well hast thou spoken, O daughter; come and bring the small child with thee." And turning to the young monk he said: "O Soul, O son, O Diarmait, did not God send His angel out of high heaven to shelter the mother bird? And was not that too a little woman in feathers? But now hasten, and gather wood and leaves, and strike fire from the flint, and make a hearth before the cave that the woman may rest and the boy have the comfort of the bright flame."

This was soon done, and by the fire sat the woman eating a little barley bread; but the child, who had no will to eat, came round to the old man and held out two soft hands to

him. And the abbot caught him up from the ground to his breast and kissed his golden head, saying: "God bless thee, sweet little son, and give thee a good life and a happy, and strength of thy small body, and, if it be His holy will, length of glad days; and ever mayest thou be a gladness and deep joy to thy mother."

Then, seeing that the woman was strangely clad in an outward garb of red and blue, and that she was tall with a golden-hued skin and olive eyes, arched eyebrows very black, aquiline nose, and a rosy mouth, he said: "Surely, O daughter, thou art not of this land of Erin in the sea, but art come out of the great world beyond?"

"Indeed, then, we have travelled far," replied the woman, "as thou sayest, out of the great world beyond, and now the twilight deepens upon us."

"Thou shalt sleep safe in the cave, O daughter; but we will rest here by the embers. My cloak of goat's hair shalt thou have, and such dry bracken and soft bushes as may be found."

"There is no need," said the woman, "mere shelter is enough;" and she added, in a low voice: "Often has my little son had no bed wherein he might lie."

Then she stretched out her arms to the boy, and once more the little one kissed the abbot, and as he passed by Diarmait he put the palms of his hands against the face of the young monk and said laughingly: "I do not think thou hadst any ill-will to us, though thou wert rough and didst threaten to drive us away into the woods."

And the woman lifted the boy on her arm, and rose and went toward the cavern, and when she was in the shadow of the rocks she turned towards the monks beside the fire and said: "My son bids me thank you."

They looked up, and what was their astonishment to see a heavenly glory shining about the woman and her child, in the gloom of the cave. And in his left hand the child carried a little golden image of the world, and round his head was a starry radiance, and his right hand was raised in blessing.

For such a while as it takes the shadow of a cloud to run across a rippling field of corn, for so long the vision remained; and then it melted into the darkness, even as a rainbow melts away into the rain.

On his face fell the abbot, weeping for joy beyond words; but Diarmait was seized with fear and trembling, till he remembered

the way in which the child had pressed warm palms against his face and forgiven him.

The story of these things was whispered abroad, and ever since, in that part of Erin in the Sea, the mother blackbird is called Kenach's Little Woman.

And as for the stone in which the fire was lighted in front of the cave, rain rises quietly from it in mist and leaves it dry, and snow may not lie upon it, and even in the dead of winter it is warm to the touch. And to this day it is called the Stone of Holy Companionship.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, LL.D.

[The Rev. Stopford Brooke was born at Letterkenny, County Donegal, in 1832. He was educated at Kidderminster; Kingstown; and Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained in 1857, and held various preferments up to his secession from the Church of England, which took place in 1880. He has published a considerable number of books, among the more purely literary of which may be mentioned the *Life of the Late Frederick D. Robertson*, *Riquet of the Tuft*, *Poems*, and the various studies of literature which have made him so widely known as a literary teacher of light and leading. His *Primer of English Literature* is the standard book of its kind. He has edited *A Treasury of Irish Poetry*, published by Messrs. Smith & Elder, which may be taken as a final judgment of its subject. He is a famous preacher, and has attracted persons of many shades of opinion to sit under him at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury.]

RIQUET WINS HIS BRIDE.¹

(FROM "RIQUET OF THE TUFT".)

Riquet. There is none shall have you, none but I. You know
Nothing of Love's great power, nor how he sits
Like a young orator upon my lips.
And flames a magic fire in my eyes,
And if you willed it, soon would flow a stream
Of beauty through me, shaping the shapeless,
Making the ugly fair.

Callista. Would that were true!
Then I would keep my word.

Riquet. Then make it true.
Do you disdain my ways, my voice, my eyes;
Or is it only this deformed shape,
The streaming tuft of hair, my stature bent

Into a bow? My self, my love, my soul,
Are they detested? Were I tall, and shaped
As clean as he to whom you gave your sister,
And young with beauty as Apollo's eyes,
When first he struck the shell—then could you
love me?

Callista. A maiden may not hastily say yes.

Riquet. To wait a tedious year is not to haste.

Callista. I have not waited, Prince. I have forgotten

My promise, you, all things, but that I lived
And loved my life.

Riquet. You could not quite forget
Unbidden memories of my love that day,
The scene itself, my pleading, and your word,
Fled o'er your heart like swallows on the wing,
And dipped into its lake and ruffled it,
Hour after hour. You scorned them, but they lived,
And midst the crowd of soft and shallow men,
Whose wooing had not heat, you thought at times
Of the dim grove of ilex where you heard
Words woven through with fire—O could you love
The soul by which I speak, awhile forget
My shapeless form, one tender word of yours
Would change my body as I changed your mind.
This is the secret that Gentilla told me
In that far faery world where I have been.

Callista. Is it truly so?—I like your company:
And I might love you well, perhaps, if I
Could see you changed a little.

Riquet. Wish it then.
Let the air hear it, and the spell will work.

Callista. Then I should pledge myself.

Riquet. Not more than I
Think you were pledged before. Yet stay, take
back

Your promise; take it, be as free as air
On mountain-tops; and when you have changed
me, choose,

Or leave my love, but wait no longer now:
When Love is at the door, O let him in.

Callista. Then with my heart I wish you half
as fair

As I have found your soul—

[A mist rises from the stream and
shrouds Riquet.]

¹This and the following extracts are given by kind permission of the author.

Where is he gone?
 Prince, Prince, come back to me. What! is my
 voice
 Dull in your ears? Riquet! come ere I die.
 O I have lost the truest heart in the world.

[*The mist gradually lifts, and Riquet
 appears a young and noble knight.*]

Riquet. Do not start back, nor press your
 heavenly hand
 Over your eyes. It is I, Riquet, your love.
Callista. My sight dazzles.

Riquet. And mine, my eyes are blind
 With love, speak to me, lest I die of hope.

Callista (*drawing near*). I cannot speak.

Riquet. But your eyes speak.

Callista. Do they?

Then answer them.

Riquet. O here, here in my arms;—
 Close, close to my heart; look at me, smile on me.

Callista. All my life long!—And are you truly
 Riquet?

I think that I have loved you from the first.

Riquet. What! when you banished me?

Callista. Ask me no more;
 What matters that dull time, or what I was
 So long ago. I love you now, and since
 My head was on your breast, eternity
 Has come and gone.

Riquet. And I forget the pain
 Of the fretted years, when from your eyes' deep
 wells

I see Love rise, and in his hand the rose
 Of perfect joy.

Callista. Do you see only love?
 This little pool, where underneath the rock
 The water sleeps, holds not more faithfully
 Your living beauty than my eyes and heart.
 Look, eling to me and look.

Riquet. O happy change
 That makes me worthier you! How fair your
 face

Smiles in the azure vault of heaven that shines
 Deep in this water-world.

Callista. Look, look no more
 Upon the unanswering water—look at me,
 Into the depths of my dark eyes where love
 Quickens the colour into speech, until
 The image of your beauty mirrored there,
 At home within me and for ever mine,
 Leap into ardent life. Youth on your lips
 Sings like a god, and Love's sweet-flowered
 thoughts

Inspire your face, and make your kiss a world
 Of unimagined joy: and your bright head,
 Set on its mighty shoulders like a city
 In sunlight on a hill, is worthy lord
 Of limbs so wrought and stature so divine.
 You seem a king of men, all armed to conquer
 The willing world, as you have conquered me.
 These you might see—but not the enchanting light

In which you stand, the light of my first love,
 The glory and the rapture and the hope,
 That make your presence passion and life and
 peace.—

Why do you change, why grow so ghostly pale?

Riquet. It is the passionate rush of joy; all life
 Streams like a sea to my heart, and fills its wells
 O'erfraught at last: kiss me, and it will stream
 Back to my lips, seeking its home. O think,
 How lonely and how poor my life, and now
 How richly lodged; think, I have never known
 Till now what love might be. I cried for it
 In the night of life: its light was never mine,
 I dreamed its joy, but all my dreams are dull
 To the impassioned truth. Do I grow pale?
 It is no wonder; I have never seen
 A woman look on me with love, and now,—
 You love me.

Callista. I am glad you never loved,
 Glad that no woman loved you. You are mine,
 Mine wholly. There is no past in your thoughts,
 No image shadowing mine, no room in your heart
 Where memories are stored, locked up from me,
 No hateful touches of a bygone world,
 To mingle with my love. Alone I fill
 Your life, and I will keep it mine alone—
 Nay, I will clasp you in the very grave.

Riquet. Your words glow, and your eyes. O how
 I love you!

How beautiful you are within my heart!—
 Were I to die, the very flowers above
 My dust would breathe of you. But I shall live—
 Live folded in imperishable joy.

Callista. Well spoke my sister I should not be
 wise

Until I loved. There is more wisdom shrined
 In one deep longing of my heart for you,
 Than in the wit of the whole world.

Riquet. And I,
 By love made wise before, am wiser now
 By the joy of love. Hark, hear you not the
 rushing

Of Love's immortal spirit through the world?

Callista. I hear, I hear—

As the earth at sunrise, so my life is changed.
 Why is the whole world new?

Riquet. The passionate heart
 Makes all things new; Love sees a thousand things
 Knowledge is blind to; look upon this glade;
 Your eyes have only seen it, not your heart,
 Look now and tell me what you see.

Callista. I see
 The beauty of the trees and streams.

Riquet. No more?
 Look through the spirit of your love.

Callista. O stay;—
 I see the living Beauty of the world
 Moving, a forming Spirit, through earth and air.
 And kindling love; and all the quick-winged fays
 That do the Spirit's bidding; some attend

On the thin blades of grass, and lift the heads
Of flowers o'ercharged with dew; and others flit
Round the huge pillars of the high-branched pines
And keep their armour gleaming—beautiful Love
Tending on knightly strength—and soft the
murmur

Of multitudinous delight that fills
The fragrant palaces above. O music
Ripples through wood and wave—I hear the
laughter,

Sweet as joybells, of the fine spirits that live
Sphered in the sailing bubbles of the stream!
And every cloud that the strong driver, Wind,
Urges athwart the sky, glows with the wings
Of an elfin host: the sunlight is their food,
Which as they fly they drink. The world I thought
Dead in its beauty, trembles like a woman
With the deep life of joy and thought and love.—
But tell me Riquet, for men say you know,
Why in the sunshine I can see the elves—
I thought the night was theirs.

Riquet. The greater spirits
Are children of the moonlight. These are not
Titania's fairies, but the living things
Which are the thoughts and loves of Nature.

Callista. Then,
We are of their joyful company; they seem
To live by one another's love, and so do we.
It is a wondrous world, but all its wonder
Is nothing to the marvel of warm love
Filling my heart. Oh, I am happy now
That I am beautiful! Tell me I am fair.

Riquet. Fair as immortal Beauty when she
sprang

Out of sea-foam and fire.

Callista. Hush! what is that?

Riquet. Nothing. The forest is as still as death.
[*They listen.*]

Callista. I hear the tumult of the hunt draw
near,

Men shouting, clamouring dogs, and sounding
horns,—

The stag is driven to bay. They will come here;
I would we were alone.

Riquet. And so do I;
But it is happier to meet me thus,
In the sweet air and open heaven, than housed
In the Palace hall. Nor need we hope in vain
For quiet hours, since in the golden land
Where we and Love are wandering now, we are
Always alone; none sit beside its streams,
Nor tread its forest paths, but you and I;
And its wild sanctuary where our passion meets
And marries, is not of this world at all.

Callista. How well you speak, but still I want
my will.

Shall we like lapwings fly and nest ourselves
In mossy quietude? I know a dell
Sunk in the wood's heart like my heart in yours,
All starred with lonely violet and primrose,

Where we can talk till evening.

Riquet. No, our fate
Holds to this glade. It is our bridal day,
And in the fairy palace underground,
Gentilla waits us soon.

The music hushed—
While we were speaking now breaks out again:—
Listen, it is the marriage march of Oberon;
Music triumphant as the sun when night
Flies dizzy down the western steep: tramp, tramp,
How gloriously it goes; from every side
It brings us friends. That shout to the north
proclaims
The stag is dead, and from the south I hear
Footsteps and singing.

LOST FOR EVER.

O black and bitter was the hour
When my love died in me;
Curst and forgotten be that day,
And scorn its kingdom be.

Long, long the nights, the homeless hours,
Silent my life's eclipse,
Since I have lain upon her breast,
And kissed her on the lips.

Cold, cold and empty are my arms,
Once warm around her heart;
Lonely I live and voiceless work,
She sleeps so far apart.

Deep in love's grave she, fortunate, rests,
But over sea and land
I wander crying out for her
Who cannot understand.

Where'er I am, she seems to be
In the next street or town,
And I am weary to the death
With roving up and down.

O stay for me, or find me; break
Thy changeless silence deep;
And give me endless love with thee
Or else the infinite sleep.

ASSOCIATION.

I rested near the ruined shrine,
And watched the peasants dance,
And the streamlet from the olive-grove
Flash like a lover's glance.

The nightingale was singing loud
Her joy at close of day;
And England, thou, and all thy love,
And fears, were far away;

When from the ruddied crag I heard
 Athena's bird repine,
 And the nightingale, the dance grew still,
 The fountain ceased to shine.

And lo! I saw the Northern hills,
 And my forgotten love:
 The dark lake lapped the mountain stones,
 And the cliff was black above.

That night the moon was full, and I
 Held Mary to my heart;
 "Nor life, nor death," I said, "shall set
 Thy kiss and mine apart."

Then the owl hooted from the crag!
 "Be not too sure," she said,
 "That is Death's bird"—and in a year
 My singing-bird was dead.

Since then, though I have lived and loved,
 And roamed o'er land and sea;
 What, if I think of her, is life
 Or other love to me?

A MOMENT.

To-day chance drove me to the wood,
 Where I have walked and talked with her
 Who lies in the earth's solitude.
 The soft west wind, the minister
 Of Love and Spring, blew as of old
 Across the grass and marigold,
 And moved the waters of the pool,
 And moved my heart a moment—Fool!
 Do I not know her lips are cold.

DESERT IS LIFE.

"Desert is Life, its fates are flame,
 Far off the fœes we seek to quell,
 Lord, let us pause awhile—the march
 In evening's dew were just as well."
 "Prophet of God," the Arabs cried,
 "The sun darts death on heart and head;
 Here rest till starlit night be cool"—
 "Hell is hotter"—Mohammed said.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL.

[Dr. Tyrrell was born at Ballingarry, County Tipperary, 21st January, 1844, the youngest son of the Rev. Henry Tyrrell. A brilliant scholarship marked him almost from the beginning of his career, and tradition says that he was boyishly young when his great triumphs began. He is Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and was Regius Professor of Greek from 1880 to nearly the end of the century. He has been a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review*, *Quarterly*, and *Fortnightly*. He has published the *Bacchæ* of Euripides; the *Correspondence of Cicero*, in the latter volumes of which he had the assistance of Dr. Purser; the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus; the *Troades* of Euripides; *Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse*; the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes in English verse, &c., &c. Dr. Tyrrell's excursions into English poetry are so happy that one cannot but regret that they are so few.]

ON THE DEATH OF COL. BURNABY
 IN THE SOUDAN.¹

Yes; slain like Hector, smitten in the throat,
 Where lights the speediest death from foeman's
 hand,

Low lies brave Burnaby. On that burnt strand
 Haply some swarthy warrior well did note
 With fell intent, even as the fierce Phthiote,
 Where best to plant in him the dreadful brand,
 Madden'd with blood upsteaming from the sand
 Of kinsmen whom the giant guardsman smote,
 And still was smiting. Sped the savage shaft,
 And his sword dropp'd; and from his towering
 height,
 Reeling, he fell. Beneath the unquiet sun
 A huge dead man lay quiet. And the fight
 Went on around him: gone his knightly craft
 Clean out of mind, and all his riding done.

"TO BE WROTH WITH ONE WE LOVE"

(CATULLUS TO HIMSELF).

Ah, poor Catullus, learn to put away
 Thy childish things!
 The lost is lost, be sure: the task essay
 That manhood brings.
 Fair shone the skies on thee when thou to fare
 Wast ever fain
 Where the girl beckon'd, loved as girl shall ne'er
 Be loved again.
 Yes, fain thou wast for merry mirth and she—
 She ne'er said nay.
 Ah, gaily then the morning smiled on thee
 Each happy day!

¹ This and the following poems are given by the author's kind permission.

Now she saith nay : but thou be strong to bear,
 Harden thy heart :
 Nor nurse thy grief, nor cling to her so fair,
 So fixt to part.

Farewell ! I've learn'd my lesson : I'll endure,
 Nor try to find
 Words that might wake thy ruth, or even cure
 Thy poison'd mind.

Yet will the time come when thy heart shall bleed,
 Accurs'd one,
 When thou shalt come to eld with none to heed,
 Unwoo'd, unwon.

Who then will seek thee ? Who will call thee fair ?
 Call thee his own ?
 Whose kisses and whose dalliance wilt thou share ?
 Be stone, my heart, be stone !

LUCRETIIUS ON DEATH.

No more shall look upon thy face,
 Sweet spouse, no more, with emulous race,
 Sweet children court their sire's embrace.

To their soft touch right soon no more
 Thy pulse shall thrill ; e'en now is o'er
 Thy stewardship ; Death is at the door.

One dark day wresteth every prize
 From hapless man in hapless wise ;
 Yea, e'en the pleasures of his eyes.

Thus men bewail their piteous lot ;
 Yet should they add, " 'Tis all forgot,
 These things the dead man reckoneth not."

Yea, could they knit for them this chain
 Of words and reasons, men might gain
 Some dull narcotic for their pain,

Saying, "The dead are dead indeed :
 The dead, from all heart-sickness freed,
 Sleep and shall sleep and take no heed."

Lo, if dumb Nature found a voice,
 Would she bemoan, and not make choice
 To bid poor mortals to rejoice ;

Saying, "Why weep thy wane, O man ?
 Wert joyous e'en when life began,
 When thy youth's sprightly freshets ran ?

"Nay, all the joys that life e'er knew
 As poured into a sieve fell thro',
 And left thee but to rail and rue."

Go, fool, as doth a well-filled guest,
 Sated of life : with tranquil breast
 Take thine inheritance of rest.

Why seekest joys that soon must pale
 Their feeble fires, and swell the tale
 Of things of nought and no avail ?

Die, sleep ! For all things are the same ;
 Tho' spring now stir thy crescent frame,
 'Twill wither : all things are the same.

E. C. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS.

[The members of this literary partnership are second cousins, of whom only the second, Miss Violet Martin, writes under a pseudonym. Both Miss Somerville and Miss Martin are great granddaughters of Chief Justice Charles Kendal Bushe. Miss Martin is daughter of the late James Martin of Ross, Co. Galway. Miss Somerville is daughter of the late Colonel Somerville of Drishane, Co. Cork. Both writers know their Cork and their Galway thoroughly, and are on the happiest terms with the gentry and peasantry of their immediate surroundings. But what is more noteworthy, they know their Dublin thoroughly, as their remarkable novel, *The Real Charlotte*, goes to prove. The collaboration of these ladies has produced some very happy books: *An Irish Cousin*; *Naboth's Vineyard*; *Through Connemara in a Governess Cart*; *In the Vine Country*; and last, but not least,

Some Experiences of an Irish R.M., a delightful book which has placed its authors among the choicest of the humorists. But none of these has touched the tragic and bitter power of *The Real Charlotte*. As a picture of the *bourgeoisie* and the little folk of the country the book excels. It is bitten in with acid, and if it falls short of mere pleasantness, there is in it a strength that tempts one to name the author of *The Real Charlotte*, whichever of the cousins it may be, for one must be the creating spirit, with some very great writers. Perhaps Balzac need not have disdained Charlotte—and the poor, pretty, intolerable Francie is scarcely less remarkable. These are not pleasant folk, but one is very unwilling to part company with them all the same. Our extracts from *The Real Charlotte* are made by permission of the representatives of Messrs. Ward & Downey, the

original publishers of the book. A new and accessible edition has been published by Longmans.]

WE MAKE CHARLOTTE'S ACQUAINTANCE.

(FROM "THE REAL CHARLOTTE".)

The east wind was crying round a small house in the outskirts of an Irish country town. At nightfall it had stolen across the gray expanse of Lough Moyle, and given its first shudder among the hollies and laurestinias that hid the lower windows of Tally Ho Lodge from the too curious passer-by, and about two o'clock of the November night it was howling so inconsolably in the great tunnel of the kitchen chimney that Norry the Boat, sitting on a heap of turf by the kitchen fire, drew her shawl closer about her shoulders, and thought gruesomely of the Banshee.

The long trails of the monthly roses tapped and scratched against the window panes, so loudly sometimes that two cats dozing on the rusty slab of a disused hearth, opened their eyes and stared, with the expressionless yet wholly alert scrutiny of their race. The objects in the kitchen were scarcely more than visible in the dirty light of a hanging lamp, and the smell of paraffin filled the air. High presses and a dresser lined the walls, and on the top of the dresser, close under the blackened ceiling, it was just possible to make out the ghostly sleeping form of a cockatoo. A door at the end of the kitchen into a scullery of the usual prosaic, not to say odorous kind, which was now a cavern of darkness, traversed by twin green stars that moved to and fro as the lights move on a river at night, and looked like anything but what they were, the eyes of cats prowling round a scullery sink.

The tall, yellow-faced clock gave the gurgle with which it was accustomed to mark the half-hour, and the old woman, as if reminded of her weariness, stretched out her arms and yawned loudly and dismally.

She put back the locks of grayish-red hair that hung over her forehead, and crouching over the fireplace, she took out of the embers a broken-nosed tea-pot, and proceeded to pour from it a mug of tea, black with long stewing. She had taken a few sips of it when a bell rang startlingly in the passage

outside, jarring the silence of the house with its sharp outcry. Norry the Boat hastily put down her mug, and scrambled to her feet to answer its summons. She groped her way up two cramped flights of stairs that creaked under her as she went, and advanced noiselessly in her stockinged feet across a landing to where a chink of light came from under a door.

The door was opened as she came to it, and a woman's short, thick figure appeared in the doorway.

"The mistress wants to see Susan," this person said in a rough whisper; "is he in the house?"

"I think he's below in the scullery," returned Norry; "but, my Law! Miss Charlotte, what does she want of him? Is it light in her head she is?"

"What's that to you? Go fetch him at once," replied Miss Charlotte with a sudden fierceness. She shut the door, and Norry crept downstairs again, making a kind of groaning and lamenting as she went.

Miss Charlotte walked with a heavy step to the fireplace. A lamp was burning dully on a table at the foot of an old-fashioned bed, and the high foot-board threw a shadow that made it difficult to see the occupant of the bed. It was an ordinary little shabby bedroom; the ceiling, seamed with cracks, bulged down till it nearly touched the canopy of the bed. The wall-paper had a pattern of blue flowers on a yellowish background; over the chimney-shelf a filmy antique mirror looked strangely refined in the company of the Christmas cards and discoloured photographs that leaned against it. There was no sign of poverty, but everything was dingy, everything was tasteless, from the worn Kidderminster carpet to the illuminated text that was pinned to the wall facing the bed.

Miss Charlotte gave the fire a frugal poke, and lit a candle in the flame provoked from the sulky coals. In doing so some ashes became embedded in the grease, and taking a hair-pin from the ponderous mass of brown hair that was piled on the back of her head, she began to scrape the candle clean. Probably at no moment of her forty years of life had Miss Charlotte Mullen looked more startlingly plain than now, as she stood, her squat figure draped in a magenta flannel dressing-gown, and the candle-light shining upon her face. The night of watching had left its traces upon even her opaque skin. The lines about her prominent mouth and chin were deeper

than usual; her broad cheeks had a flabby pallor; only her eyes were bright and untired, and the thick yellow-white hand that manipulated the hair-pin was as deft as it was wont to be.

When the flame burned clearly she took the candle to the bedside, and, bending down, held it close to the face of the old woman who was lying there. The eyes opened and turned towards the overhanging face: small, dim, blue eyes full of the stupor of illness, looking out of the pathetically commonplace little old face with a far-away perplexity.

"Was that Francie that was at the door?" she said in a drowsy voice that had in it the lagging drawl of intense weakness.

Charlotte took the tiny wrist in her hand and felt the pulse with professional attention. Her broad, perceptive finger-tips gauged the forces of the little thread that was jerking in the thin network of tendons, and as she laid down the hand she said to herself: "She'll not last out the turn of the night."

"Why doesn't Francie come in?" murmured the old woman again in the fragmentary, uninflected voice that seems hardly spared from the unseen battle with death.

"It wasn't her you asked me for at all," answered Charlotte. "You said you wanted to bid good-bye to Susan. Here, you'd better have a sip of this."

The old woman swallowed some brandy and water, and the stimulant presently revived unexpected strength in her.

"Charlotte," she said, "it isn't cats we should be thinking of now. God knows, the cats are safe with you. But little Francie, Charlotte; we ought to have done more for her. You promised me that if you got the money you'd look after her. Didn't you, now, Charlotte? I wish I'd done more for her. She's a good little thing—a good little thing—" she repeated dreamily.

Few people would think it worth their while to dispute the wandering futilities of an old dying woman, but even at this eleventh hour Charlotte could not brook the revolt of a slave.

"Good little thing!" she exclaimed, pushing the brandy bottle noisily in among a crowd of glasses and medicine bottles, "a strapping big woman of nineteen! You didn't think her so good the time you had her here, and she put Susan's father and mother in the well!"

The old lady did not seem to understand what she had said.

"Susan, Susan!" she called quaveringly, and feebly patted the crochet quilt.

As if in answer, a hand tumbled at the door and opened it softly. Norry was standing there, tall and gaunt, holding in her apron, with both hands, something that looked like an enormous football.

"Miss Charlotte," she whispered hoarsely, "here's Susan for ye. He was out in the ashpit, an' I was hard set to get him, he was that wild."

Even as she spoke there was a furious struggle in the blue apron.

"God in heaven! ye fool!" ejaculated Charlotte. "Don't let him go!" She shut the door behind Norry. "Now, give him to me."

Norry opened her apron cautiously, and Miss Charlotte lifted out of it a large gray tom-cat.

"Be quiet, my heart's love," she said, "be quiet."

The cat stopped kicking and writhing, and, sprawling up on to the shoulder of the magenta dressing-gown, turned a fierce gray face upon his late captor. Norry crept over to the bed, and put back the dirty chintz curtain that had been drawn forward to keep out the draught of the door. Mrs. Mullen was lying very still; she had drawn her knees up in front of her, and the bed-clothes hung sharply from the small point that they made. The big living old woman took the hand of the other old woman who was so nearly dead, and pressed her lips to it.

"Ma'am, d'ye know me?"

Her mistress opened her eyes.

"Norry," she whispered, "give Miss Francie some jam for her tea to-night, but don't tell Miss Charlotte."

"What's that she's saying?" said Charlotte, going to the other side of the bed. "Is she asking for me?"

"No, but for Miss Francie," Norry answered.

"She knows as well as I do that Miss Francie's in Dublin," said Charlotte roughly. "'Twas Susan she was asking for last. Here, a'n't, here's Susan for you."

She pulled the cat down from her shoulder, and put him on the bed, where he crouched with twitching tail, prepared for flight at a moment's notice.

He was within reach of the old lady's hand, but she did not seem to know that he was there. She opened her eyes and looked vacantly round.

"Where's little Francie. You mustn't send her away, Charlotte; you promised you'd take care of her; didn't you, Charlotte?"

"Yes, yes," said Charlotte quickly, pushing the cat towards the old lady; "never fear, I'll see after her."

Old Mrs. Mullen's eyes, that had rested with a filmy stare on her niece's face, closed again, and her head began to move a little from one side to the other, a low, monotonous moan coming from her lips with each turn. Charlotte took her right hand and laid it on the cat's brindled back. It rested there, unconscious, for some seconds, while the two women looked on in silence, and then the fingers drooped and contracted like a bird's claw, and the moaning ceased. There was at the same time a spasmodic movement of the gathered-up knees, and a sudden rigidity fell upon the small, insignificant face.

Norry the Boat threw herself upon her knees with a howl, and began to pray loudly. At the sound the cat leaped to the floor, and the hand that had been placed upon him, in the only farewell his mistress was to take, dropped stiffly on the bed. Miss Charlotte snatched up the candle, and held it close to her aunt's face. There was no mistaking what she saw there, and, putting down the candle again, she plucked a large silk handkerchief from her pocket, and, with some hideous preliminary heavings of her shoulders, burst into transports of noisy grief.

AN IRISH TENANT FARMER.

(FROM "THE REAL CHARLOTTE".)

Miss Julia Duffy, the tenant of Gurthnamuckla, was a woman of few friends. The cart-track that led to her house was covered with grass, except for two brown ruts and a narrow footpath in the centre, and the boughs of the sycamores that grew on either side of it drooped low, as if ignoring the possibility of a visitor. The house door remained shut from year's-end to year's-end, contrary to the usual kindly Irish custom; in fact, its rotten timbers were at once supported and barricaded by a diagonal beam that held them together, and was itself beginning to rot under its shroud of cobwebs. The footpath skirted the duck-pond in front of the door, and led round the corner of the house to what had been, in the palmy days of Garthna-

muckla, the stable-yard, and wound through its weedy heaps of dirt to the kitchen door.

Julia Duffy, looking back through the squalors of some sixty years, could remember the days when the hall door used to stand open from morning till night, and her father's guests were many and thirsty—almost as thirsty as he, though perhaps less persistently so. He had been a hard-drinking Protestant farmer, who had married his own dairy-woman, a Roman Catholic, dirty, thriftless, and a cousin of Norry the Boat; and he had so disintegrated himself with whisky that his body and soul fell asunder at what was considered by his friends to be the premature age of seventy-two. Julia had always been wont to go to Lismoyle church with her father, not so much as a matter of religious as of social conviction. All the best bonnets in the town went to the parish church, and to a woman of Julia's stamp, whose poor relations wear hoods and shawls over their heads and go to chapel, there is no salvation out of a bonnet. After John Duffy's death, however, bonnets and the aristocratic way of salvation seemed together to rise out of his daughter's scope. Chapel she despised with all the fervour of an Irish Protestant; but if the farm was to be kept, and the rent paid, there was no money to spare for bonnets. Therefore Julia, in defiance of the entreaties of her mother's priest and her own parson, would have nothing of either chapel or church, and stayed sombrely at home. Marriage had never come near her; in her father's time the necessary dowry had not been forthcoming, and even her ownership of the farm was not enough to counterbalance her ill-looks and her pagan habits.

As in a higher grade of society science sometimes steps in when religion fails, so, in her moral isolation, Julia Duffy turned her attention to the mysteries of medicine and the culture of herbs. By the time her mother died she had established a position as doctor and wise woman, which was immensely abetted by her independence of the ministrations of any church. She was believed in by the people, but there was no liking in the belief; when they spoke of her they called her Miss Duffy, in deference to a now impalpable difference in rank, as well as in recognition of her occult powers, and they kept as clear of her as they conveniently could. The payment of her professional services was a matter entirely in the hands of

the people themselves, and ranged, according to the circumstances of the case, from a score of eggs or a can of buttermilk to a crib of turf or the "makings" of a homespun flannel petticoat. Where there was the possibility of a fee it never failed; where there was not, Julia Duffy gave her "yerreb tay" (*i.e.* herb tea) and Holloway's pills without question or hesitation.

No one except herself knew how vital these offerings were to her. The farm was still hers, and, perhaps, in all her jealous, unsummed nature the only note of passion was her feeling for the twenty acres that, with the house, remained to her of her father's possessions. She had owned the farm for twenty years now, and had been the abhorrence and the despair of each successive Bruff agent. The land went from bad to worse; ignorance, neglect, and poverty are a formidable conjunction even without the moral support that the Land League for a few years had afforded her, and Miss Duffy tranquilly defied Mr. Lambert, offering him at intervals such rent as she thought fitting, while she sub-let her mossy, deteriorated fields to a Lismoye grazier. Perhaps her nearest approach to pleasure was the time at the beginning of each year when she received and dealt with the offerings for the grazing; then she tasted the sweets of ownership, and then she condescended to dole out to Mr. Lambert such payment "on account" as she deemed advisable, confronting his remonstrances with her indisputable poverty, and baffling his threats with the recital of a promise that she should never be disturbed in her father's farm, made to her, she alleged, by Benjamin Dysart when she entered upon her inheritance.

There had been a time when a barefooted serving-girl had suffered under Miss Duffy's rule; but for the last few years the times had been bad, the price of grazing had fallen, and the mistress's temper and the diet having fallen in a corresponding ratio, the bondswoman had returned to her own people and her father's house, and no successor had been found to take her place. That is to say, no recognized successor. But as fate would have it, on the very day that "Moireen Rhu" had wrapped her shawl about her head and stumped, with cursings, out of the house of bondage, the vague stirrings that regulate the perambulations of beggars had caused Billy Grainy to resolve upon Gurthnamuckla as the place where he would, after the manner

of his kind, ask for a walletful of potatoes and a night's shelter. A week afterwards he was still there, drawing water, bringing in turf, feeding the cow, and receiving, in return for these offices, his board and lodging and the daily dressing of a sore shin which had often coerced the most uncharitable to hasty and nauseated almsgiving. The arrangement glided into permanency, and Billy fell into a life of lazy routine that was preserved from stagnation by a daily expedition to Lismoye to sell milk for Miss Duffy, and to do a little begging on his own account.

Gurthnamuckla had still about it some air of the older days when Julia Duffy's grandfather was all but a gentleman, and her drunken father and dairymaid mother were in their cradles. The tall sycamores that bordered the cart-track were witnesses to the time when it had been an avenue, and the lawn-like field was yellow in spring with the daffodils of a former civilization. The tops of the trees were thick with nests, and the grave cawing of rooks made a background of mellow, serious respectability that had its effect even upon Francie. She said something to this intent as she and Lambert jogged along the grass by the track.

"Nice!" returned her companion with enthusiasm; "I should think it was! I'd make that one of the sweetest little places in the country if I had it. There's no better grass for young horses anywhere, and there's first-class stabling. I can tell you you're not the only one that thinks it's a nice place," he continued; "but this old devil that has it won't give it up; she'd rather let the house rot to pieces over her head than go out of it."

They rode past the barricaded hall door and round the corner of the house into the yard, and Lambert called for Miss Duffy for some time in vain. Nothing responded except the turkey cock, who answered each call with an infuriated gobble, and a donkey, who, in the dark recesses of a cow-house, lifted up his voice in heart-rending rejoinder. At last a window fell down with a bang in the upper story, and the mistress of the house put out her head. Francie had only time to catch a glimpse of a thin, dirty face, a hooked nose, and unkempt black hair, before the vision was withdrawn, and a slipshod step was heard coming downstairs.

THE PURSUIT OF THE SILVER FOX.

(FROM "THE SILVER FOX".¹)

Next morning, while the last of three white frosts was vanishing from the grass, Hugh stood in the hall at French's Court, pinning a bunch of violets into his red coat. Tops and waistcoat, tie and pin, obeyed to a hairbreadth the minute rigour of male fashion in the hunting-field, the violets made their bold yet not exasperating contrast with the scarlet, and Hugh's pale face was almost picturesque in its gay and vivid setting. Taking up his flask, he went to the dining-room and filled it at the side-board with old liqueur brandy; he poured out a glass from the same bottle, and was going to raise it to his lips, when he heard voices outside the open door. One of the voices was his wife's, and he heard it with that sense of severance from her affairs that had been his since he and his gun-cases had reappeared at French's Court the evening before. He was not usually sensitive to social temperatures, but it seemed to him that there was something flat and ungenial about the whole party. Bunbury was spasmodically agreeable, Slaney was silent, his wife was heavy-eyed and listless; he encouraged and nurtured the bitter conviction that no one wanted him. "I suppose you're riding Gambler to-day?" Major Bunbury was saying to someone in the hall.

"No," replied Lady Susan, speaking rather quickly and indistinctly, "I'm riding Mr. Glasgow's old horse, Solomon, you know. He came over last night. I've always wanted to try him."

Bunbury whistled a few bars of a tune, and knocked down things in the whip-rack.

"Hugh's riding that gray," she went on; "it's quite absurd. He can't do anything with him, and he only makes an exhibition of himself."

"Oh, the horse is all right now!" replied Bunbury, lowering his voice; "he was very green that first day that Hugh rode him."

"Very well," she said, "you'll see. He won't take that horse across two fences to-day."

Bunbury passed on out of the hall-door, and left Lady Susan standing on the doorstep. She looked up at the cold blue and uncertain gray of the sky, and out at the ruffled and hazy sea, the strong light show-

ing lines of sleeplessness about her eyes; then turning back into the house, she met her husband. She did not suppose that he had overheard her, yet she was aware of something in his lonely face that she did not care to look at. She went to the table and took up her gloves without speaking.

"Hullo!" she exclaimed, "there's a letter here that came for you. I found it on the floor one night, and didn't think it worth sending on. Someone has shoved it behind the card-tray."

Hugh looked at the vulgar and rambling handwriting and mechanically tore open the envelope. It was a letter clearly written in close and crooked lines, and its purport appeared to be a confused complaint of "persecution" received from the hounds in connection with the covert of Cahirdreen. Hugh read on with a frowning brow. In other days he would have asked his wife to come and read it over his shoulder, but that time seemed now very far away.

Glasgow's name appeared in the letter, with more complaints of persecution; he hardly tried to understand what it was all about. All at once his wife's name seemed to leap out from the paper, and to sink back, indelible, irrevocable, linked to Glasgow's by two or three gross and barbarous phrases, by a warning not less crude, by a cunning treatment of the matter as one of common knowledge. There was no signature, nothing to suggest its connection with the dead hand that still clutched the broken reed when Tom Quin's body was taken from the pond. Hugh raised his eyes and looked at his wife, tasting in that moment the transcendent anguish of the mind that once or twice in a lifetime teaches the body what suffering can be. She was buttoning her glove, standing tall and straight in the light from the open door, in all the spotless austerity of her black habit and white tie. She seemed far out of the reach of accusation, yet, as he took in every well-known line, forgotten things rose up against her in an evil swarm. His belief in her was falling with the fall of a strong and shading tree; he clung to it even as it fell; and all the while she stood and buttoned the glove across her white wrist.

At half-past eleven a misty fog was drifting loosely up from the south-west on the shoulders of the thaw, and the group of riders outside the cover of Cahirdreen began to turn up their collars. It was a small group, and an eye accustomed to the usual

¹ By kind permission of Messrs. Laurence & Bullen.

muster would have noticed at once the absence of Mr. Glasgow; he was one of the people whose presence makes itself felt in all the varied fortunes of a day's hunting. As the minutes passed, and the horses nibbled idly at the gorse in the fence, the dispensary doctor closed the top of his flask with a snap, and remarked facetiously that he supposed business must sometimes come before pleasure, even with railway contractors.

Lady Susan was at a little distance, apparently absorbed, as was her wont, in attentiveness to what was going on in covert. At the laugh that followed Dr. Hallahane's remark, she moved away, and rode slowly along the edge of the wood. She was on Solomon, who had already taken full note of a lighter hand, a lighter weight, and the absence of spurs: he had had ideas about bucking on the roads to testify his appreciation of these things, but on finding that Lady Susan had also ideas of her own on the subject, he had made up his mind to treat her with respect. She rode on round the top of the covert, and stationed herself on its farther side; Solomon stood like a rock, with his brown roach back humped against the cold mist.

The hounds had been put in at the lower end of the wood, and were working through it, so far without result. As before, when Cahirdreen had been drawn, Danny-O was not to be found when the time came for him to take the hounds through the covert, and the master, on his gray horse, was riding up a track in the heart of the wood, where the mist had as yet scarcely made its way, and the silence dwelt like a spirit. The horse went ever more slowly among the slender stems of the fir-trees, sharing in the lethargy conveyed by the slack rein and the loose leg of his rider, while the hounds were pushing well ahead through the briars and the bracken, leaving Hugh behind. A straggler or two passed him by, with a wary eye on the whip, not realizing, as the house dog so readily does, that human beings have pre-occupations in which dogs can be ignored.

It was some time before Hugh noticed the fact that there was somebody near him in the wood—a figure moving among the trees at a little distance. The Scotch firs and larch had been thinned out here for sale to the contractor of the new railway line, and the wood was more open. The figure was that of an old man, who seemed to be advancing in a direction parallel with Hugh.

Sometimes the misty fog blotted him out, sometimes the grouping of the tree-stems conspired to hide him; he went onward as if fitfully; the moments when he was lost to sight scarcely accounted for his reappearances further on. He shuffled like an infirm man, yet his progress through the undergrowth was so steady that it seemed as if he were walking on a path. Irritated at length by the persistent espionage, Hugh called to him to ask what he was doing in the covert. He received no reply, and the mist fell in between them. When it cleared again the old man was crossing an open space fifty yards away. Hugh noticed the profound melancholy of his bent head, the yellow paleness of his cheek. Even while something familiar about him vexed Hugh's memory, like an evil dream half-forgotten, he appeared to stumble, and fell with outspread arms and without a sound into some unseen hollow or ditch. Hugh pressed the gray horse through the briars and under the branches till he reached the spot; he pulled up abruptly as he found himself at the edge of a disused sand-pit. There were a few rocks flung about at the bottom of it, with the briars growing among them; a rabbit came up out of them, and scuttled to its burrow in the sand at the sound of the horse's tread; nothing else whatever was there.

Hugh put his hand to his head and wondered if he were going mad. Then quite unexpectedly his knees began to tremble, and the breath of the unknown entered into him, cowing the conventions and disbeliefs of ordinary life. At the same instant a hound began to throw his tongue in the covert, two or three more joined, and the gray horse turned of himself to get back to the path. As if through a dark atmosphere of foreboding and doom, Hugh heard the whimpers strengthen to yells in all the wild and animal and mundane delight of hunting; he moved mechanically on while the borders of existence became immeasurable about him, and his unhappiness stretched out into all futurity. There was a rustle in the undergrowth near him, and a fox slipped across the path and away among the trees towards the fence that bounded the wood. It was silver-gray, with black ears and paws, its eyes as it glanced at Hugh were like topazes, and seemed full of the cold lore of unearthly things. The thrill went again from Hugh's heart to his throat, and died away in a sickly chill.

"Damn it all!" he broke out suddenly, "what am I afraid of? I'm going to break my neck—that's what it is—and the sooner the better."

An old hound came working and yelping up through the dead bracken; she flung up her head with a long shriek of excitement as she crossed the path; half a dozen others rushed to her well-known cry, and went streaming past on the line. The gray horse was quivering and hopping from leg to leg with excitement. Hugh could feel his heart beating up through the saddle.

"All right, you devil," he said, turning him through the trees at a trot; "you'll get a skinful of it now."

The bank was blind and high, and the last hounds were struggling over it with difficulty; Hugh rode along it for a hundred yards or so at a canter, with brushes hitting him in the face, till he found a place that seemed possible, and sent the horse at it with a cruel dig of the spurs. In three big bounds the gray was at the fence, the fourth landed him on top among briars and furze, and a drop of seven or eight feet into a marshy hollow was revealed. Lady Susan's handling had not been lost on the gray; he kept his head up, and jumped out like a stag, landing clear of the rotten ground, and collecting himself in a moment with his eye on the hounds. Hugh sat him loosely and recklessly; what he felt was not pleasure, yet it was not wholly removed from it. He had, at all events, the fierce and bitter satisfaction of taking his weaker nature by the throat, and keeping it down, even to the death that every fibre was expectant of.

One other rider had seen the hounds going away. As Hugh turned down the hill, with the pack already three fields ahead, he saw through the mist that a lady on a brown horse had got away on good terms with them from the first. It was his wife on Glasgow's horse. The rest of the field were left at the wrong side of the covert, ignorant of the fact that the fox had gone away, and, from the line that he had taken, not likely to know for some time. Certainly Hugh was not in the mood to remember their existence. He took the gray horse by the head and galloped him at a loose stone wall. They were over with a send and a swoop, and Hugh began to lose the cold trembling in his knees, and to feel again the forgotten grip and swing. Somewhere in the back of his heart he was afraid, but sinister clouds of fatalism and

heats of jealousy were between him and that latent and irresponsible treachery of the nerves.

The hounds were running hard down towards the railway, and Lady Susan was going at her ease with them on Solomon. They flashed across it, and Hugh saw his wife ride unhesitatingly at the stark bog drain that was the only fence of the unfinished line. The old horse jumped it like a four-year old, and as he scrambled up the embankment Lady Susan looked back: the mist was creeping down the hill, but Hugh knew that she could not mistake the gray horse. He swore to himself that he would show her that he was as good a man as Glasgow, his horse as good as Glasgow's; the most primitive and animal of human hatreds had taken hold of him, and was disfiguring mind and face like a possession of the devil.

In a minute the hoofs of the gray were thudding on the railway-sleepers, but in that minute the hounds and Lady Susan had slipped away again; he felt that if they got any farther from him he would lose them in the mist. The going was heavy and the banks rotten in the boggy lowlands beyond the line. He took no care to pick his way, but rode wildly through swampy patches and over rocks muffled in furze in pursuit of the flying shadow that the mist was momentarily hiding from him. It was not the way to get safely over a bad country. In the next five minutes the gray horse had twice been nearly down, and his white nose was black with bog mud; he had given up pulling, yet he was going at his best, strong and free, and his ears were pricked as gallantly as ever towards his work.

They had galloped perhaps three miles, and were bending back again towards the railway; Hugh was nearer to his wife by a hundred yards as he came with a heavy drop into a lane up which the hounds were running, and thundered up it in her wake, neither knowing nor caring where he was. The fact that they suddenly recrossed the railway by a level crossing conveyed to him no sense of locality. He was possessed by the passion to let his wife see that he was not afraid; to leave her and her borrowed horse behind; and, having gained that miserable joy, to be killed before her eyes. He was as nearly mad as presentiment, physical excitement, and the burning pain of jealousy could make him, and the gray horse was finding it out.

With a heave and a scramble they were out of the lane and over a bank; it was uphill now, in heather and rough ground, and the gray was puffing audibly as he answered the relentless spur. The mist thickened on the higher levels, Lady Susan and the hounds were suddenly lost to sight, and, after a minute or two of fruitless galloping, Hugh pulled up and listened, with his pulses thumping and his mouth dry. A curlew whistled overhead, a trembling crescent of sound, then, high up the hill to his left, he heard again the cry of the hounds. He rode to it desperately, skirting a high furzy knoll, and at the other side caught sight of the pack beginning to run fast again after a check, and his wife was still near them. He saw Solomon slip over a bank and ditch with all the seeming ease of a clever horse well ridden, and he cursed him and his rider aloud. The paltry blasphemy went out into the wind and mist, and was swallowed up in their large and pure philosophy, and it had scarcely left his lips when the grayness that blurred the hill-top became thinner as it drifted, and he saw three tall Druid stones stand out against the sky.

Immediately some remembrance, vague yet urgent, drove its way into the blind and single resolve of his mind. It was grouse-shooting long ago—the gray horse took down half a loose wall with him as he jumped, and Hugh clucked him in the mouth and hit him—a man had spoken to him that day about something connected with those stones, he had seen that man again lately—quite lately—there was something horrible about it all.—“Come up, horse! Why the devil can't you look where you're going?”—and

yet it eluded him. Then it came, like the dark of a snake out of a ruined wall. It was old Dan Quin, who was dead, whom he had seen in the covert; it was Dan Quin who had spoken to him out grouse-shooting; he had pointed to those stones and told him—Oh, God! His wife was within a hundred yards of the place! He shouted her name with his utmost strength. She did not hear him; she was cantering Solomon up the field, and the hounds were crossing a fence above her, beside the lean and crooked emblems of the Druids.

The gray horse was blowing and gulping, yet he answered the furious spurring. Hugh shouted again and again, with his eyes straining after his wife's figure; in the white light of that agony he knew his love for her and his helplessness to save her. She turned Solomon at the fence beside the Druid stones; it was a big bank, with withered branches of thorn-bushes masking its outline, and she sent him at it hard. The old horse jumped on to it, like a cat, seemed to stagger and hesitate, and they both were gone.

The gray felt his rider relax and sway, but, being young, he did not understand what it meant: he was nearing a bank that he felt that he could not jump, but the dread of the spur was present with him. He did his best, and but for a rotten take-off he might possibly have scrambled over. As it was, his knees took the bank, his hind-quarters flew up, and he turned a somersault, falling over into the next field. Hugh was shot from his back and pitched on his head and shoulder beside the horse. The latter struggled to his feet, but Hugh rolled convulsively to one side with an inarticulate sound, and lay still.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

1860-1891.

[Rose Kavanagh was born at Killadroy, Co. Tyrone, the 24th of June, 1860. She was always delicate, but in spite of delicate health, after her schooling at Omagh Convent, she had the spirit and the courage to make her way to Dublin and embark on the career of an art student. Side by side with that she wrote—wrote constantly—stories, poems, articles, which are hidden away for

the most part in the pages of obscure Dublin journals. She was greatly beloved, and made friends of everyone who looked on her. With intervals of ill-health she worked away in Dublin for some years. She was for several years the head of the Children's Department in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*; she loved the work, and no doubt much of her beautiful personality revealed

itself to the children from behind her masquerade of "Uncle Remus". Her friends hoped vainly that she had outlived the danger of consumption that always threatened her. Alas! going home to see her mother one chill Christmas, she took a cold on the journey from which she never recovered. To the inextinguishable grief of her friends, she died on February 26th, 1891.]

LOUGH BRAY.

A little lonely moorland lake,
Its waters brown and cool and deep—
The cliff, the hills behind it make
A picture for my heart to keep.
For rock and heather, wave and strand,
Wore tints I never saw them wear;
The June sunshine was o'er the land,
Before, 'twas never half so fair!
The amber ripples sang all day,
And singing spilled their crowns of white
Upon the beach, in thin pale spray
That streaked the sober sand with light.
The amber ripples sang their song,
When suddenly from far o'erhead
A lark's pure voice mixed with the throng
Of lovely things about us spread.
Some flowers were there, so near the brink
Their shadows in the wave were thrown;
While mosses, green and gray and pink,
Grew thickly round each smooth dark stone.
And over all, the summer sky,
Shut out the town we left behind;
'Twas joy to stand in silence by,
One bright chain linking mind to mind.
Oh, little lonely mountain spot!
Your place within my heart will be
Apart from all Life's busy lot
A true, sweet, solemn memory.

ST. MICHANS' CHURCHYARD.

Inside the city's throbbing heart,
One spot I know set well apart
From life's hard highway, life's loud mart.
Each Dublin lane, and street, and square,
Around might echo; but in there
The sound stole soft as whispered prayer.
A little, lonely, green graveyard,
The old church tower its solemn guard,
The gate with nought but sunbeams barred;

While other sunbeams went and came,
Above the stone which waits the name,
His land must write with Freedom's flame.¹

The slender elm above that stone,
Its summer wreath of leaves had thrown
Around the heart so quiet grown.

A robin, the bare boughs among,
Let loose his little soul in song—
Quick liquid gushes, fresh and strong!

And quiet heart, and bird, and tree,
Seemed linked in some strange sympathy
Too fine for mortal eye to see—

But full of balm and soothing sweet,
For those who sought that calm retreat;
For aching breast and weary feet.

Each crowded street and thoroughfare
Was echoing round it—yet in there
The peace of Heaven was everywhere!

AN APRIL DAY.

Now, little gold-head, a word in your ear,
The earth is awakening, summer is near—
Leaf-buds are bursting on every tree,
Linnets are singing with passionate glee.
All the sloe-bushes are covered with white,
Daisies are scattered in showers of light;
Through the young grass of the valley and hill,
O'er the wild rath where the fairies live still,
Clustering violets, modest and sweet,
Purple the ground at the cherry-tree's feet;
Broken lights shine through the gloom of the
wood,
Guiding our steps to the green solitude,
Where the pure primroses sweeten the air,
Where the tall daffodils, stately and fair,
Reign, by the right of their beauty and pride,
Over the meek celandine by their side.
List to the tumult of rapturous sound
Mixed with the sunshine above and around!
Many a lark must have mounted on high
Thus to make musical all the blue sky.
Down comes the river, right joyously too,
Strong as a lion, and pure as the dew;
Well may the lake lilies lie down and dream,
Sung to so sweetly by wild bird and stream.
Tossing their tresses of green on the breeze,
See the long line of the old forest trees:
Surely the sap in their veins hath been stirred,
Just like the joy in the heart of a bird,
With the delight of our newly-born spring,
With the strong hope thrilling everything.
Now, boy, your heart will beat merry and fast,
The cuckoo has come and the winter is past.

¹ Robert Emmet.

FRANCES WYNNE.

1866 - 1893.

[Frances Wynne was born in Collon, Co. Louth, the eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Wynne. She lived nearly all her short life in the quiet village where she was born, but on her marriage to her cousin, the Rev. Henry Wynne, in 1891, she went to live in London, and died there in August, 1893, when her little son was born. She had only a few years to write in; but her one slender volume, *Whisper*, is quite single in its way—a most winning, charming, and roguish way. This indeed was the very muse of young girlhood; and one imagines that the little book, slender and slight though it is, must be long beloved.]

SEA-GULLS.

Early in the year,
When blustering March was here,
And the clouds seemed always gray,
There came a sudden, sun-bright day,
In the midst of rainy weather,
Shining out of a blue and breezy sky,
Shedding a silver shimmer down on the sea.
Do you remember, my friend, how we,
On that morning clear,
Left the town behind us, you and I,
And lay amongst flower-flecked gorse and heather,
We two together?
Down below us, the glittering bay
In rippling radiance stretched away;
A distant church spire here and there
Flashed in the sunshine, aglint and fair;
And far, far off, all faintly hues
In the flooding light, the mountains stood.
The sea-gulls, with wide white wings outspread,
Passed so close to us overhead,
As they slowly flew,
That, though we spoke gently, I and you,
They might have heard what we said.
*Ah! sea-gulls, swooping, slipping
Under the water blue;
Sea-gulls, diving and dipping;
Ah! sea-gulls, softly swaying,
Sea-gulls, poising and playing,
I wonder if you knew
What we were saying?*

When the heather wore its purplest glory,
And the gorse gleamed with its rarest gold,

One of us was listening to a story,
Rapturously new, and yet how old!

*Ah! sea-gulls, restless, roving,
Sea-gulls, daring and bold,
There is nought so sweet as loving!*

When the wild nights come of storm and raining,
And dark waves sweep in with sullen roar,
One of us will still be sobbing, straining,
After that which tarries evermore.

*Sea-gulls, with tired wings trailing,
The long black billows o'er,
Ah! sea-gulls, wandering, wailing,
On the deserted shore,
There is nought so sad as failing!*

MARIGOLDS.

It has gone from us, our sweet summer weather,
Passed with its glow and sunshine bliss away;
I and the marigolds are sad together—
We had half hoped that it would always stay.

In the deserted, dreary garden spaces
We are alone, the marigolds and I;
Coldly the air is blowing on our faces
Out of a gusty, cloud-heaped evening sky.

By the far river goes a heron sailing
With its wide purple wings all sunset-lit;
Turns from the frayed, gold west, so quickly
paling,
Flies towards the gray, is lost, a flush in it.

Slowly the fearful dark comes creeping, growing,
Blurs the red glimmer of the maple leaves,
Steals down to where my marigolds are showing,
And parts them from their friend, who stands
and grieves.

WHISPER!

You saucy south wind, setting all the budded
beech boughs swinging
Above the wood anemones that flutter, flushed
and white,
When far across the wide salt waves your quick
way you were winging,
Oh! tell me, tell me, did you pass my sweet-
heart's ship last night?
*Ah! let the daisies be,
South wind, and answer me:
Did you my sailor see?*

Wind, whisper very low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

You've come by many a gorsy hill, your breath
has sweetness in it,
You've ruffled up the high white clouds that fleck
the shining blue;
You've rushed and danced and whirled, so now
perhaps you'll spare a minute
To tell me whether you have seen my lover brave
and true?

Wind, answer me, I pray
I'm lonelier every day,
My love is far away;
And, sweet wind, whisper low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

EN ATTENDANT.

This morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies
in the meadow,
On sunny slopes the celandines were glittering like
gold,
Across the bright and breezy world ran shifting
shine and shadow,
The wind blew warmly from the west. Now all
is changed and cold.

*He's half an hour late,
While here I wait and wait.
Well, it is just my fate—
Too plainly I can see
He never cared for me,
How cruel men can be!*

I wish those daffodils out there would cease their
foolish flutter,
And keep their bobbing yellow heads for just a
second still.
My eyes ache so! Would someone please to partly
close the shutter,
And move those hateful hyacinths from off the
window-sill?

*He's half an hour late,
No longer I shall wait.
Hark, there's the garden gate!
Love, is this you at last?*

*Ah, do not be downcast—
I knew the clocks were fast.*

"PERHAPS."

A whisper of spring's in the air—
A soft west wind setting the elm-boughs a-sway—
There are more flowers I'm sure on the gorse than
there were

When last I came this way.

They say—
I think, perhaps, it is true—
That as long as the flower's on the gorse,
Love is in season too.
But it must be true, of course;
And if not, why should I care?
The sky is shining blue;
The sparrows twitter anew
Of beginning to pair,
And we've passed the shortest day.

How the gorse will blaze

'Neath the fitting, rushing brightness of April
days!

In a glowing mass 'twill sweep down the bare
hill-side,

The golden overflow round the bank will glide

Where the dear blue violets hide,

And the careless sunshine strays.

Shall I be all alone?

Or will someone come to love me

When the white clouds race above me,

And the buttercups have grown?

Perhaps—ah! who can tell?—

When the meadows flush with clover,

Perhaps I'll have a lover,

Perhaps he'll love me well.

All too surely the year will wane,

And the fair gorse-gold will tarnish and dim,

But lonely eyes shall ne'er seek in vain

A fugitive flower 'twixt the thorns so grim

While love and hope remain.

Perhaps if I had—him,

And he was kind,

And called me gently by my name,

Perhaps I should not mind

Even when winter came,

And the dreary, dreary rain.

MRS. J. R. GREEN.

[Mrs. Green is the daughter of Archdeacon Stopford Meath, and was born at Kells, County Meath, in 1848. She married John Richard Green, the famous historian, in 1877: he died in 1883. Mrs. Green has published *Henry II. (English Statesmen Series); Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*. She has edited her husband's *Conquest of England and Short History of England*. Mrs. Green's reputation is a serious reputation, prepared for by arduous study. In a day when the literary careers of most women are matters of impulse or emotion, real learning like hers must command our utmost admiration.]

THE MANNERS OF THE TOWN.

(FROM "TOWN LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY".¹)

But there is another side of the town history which is not less important, and which is far more complicated than the question of its foreign relations and policy—that is, the problem of its own nature, of the spirit by which it was animated and the inherent resources of its corporate life. In the town a new world had grown up, with an organization and a polity of its own wholly different from that of the country. Members who joined its community were compelled to renounce all other allegiance and forego aid and protection from other patrons. The chief magistrate set over its inhabitants must be one of their own fellow-citizens—"not a far dweller" unless in time of special need, such as war, and then only "by the pleasure of the commonalty". Adventurers from the manor-houses of the neighbourhood and strangers in search of fortune were equally shut out; and it was only when a county squire was willing to throw in his lot with the burghers, to turn into a good citizen and honest tradesman, and to prove his credit and capacity by serving in a subordinate post, that he could hope to rise to the highest office. It is true that country folk were welcome to pay a double price for having a stall in the market, or a store-room in the Common House for their wool; while the impoverished knight might come in search of a renewal of his

wasted fortunes through the dowry of some rich mercer's daughter. But otherwise the town carried on its existence apart, in a watchful and jealous independence. Its way of life, its code of manners, its habits, aims, and interests, the condition of the people, the local theories of trade by which its conduct of business was guided, the popular views of citizenship and government under the influence of which the burghers regulated their civic policy—all these things must be kept in view if we could gain a clear idea of the growth of the borough from within.

The way of thinking and acting of the new world of traders and shopkeepers and artisans lives again for us in a wholly new literature which first sprang up in England about the middle of the fifteenth century—in Books of Courtesy and popular rhymes as to the conduct of daily life. The first English manual of etiquette appeared about 1430. Germany had had its book of courtesy more than two hundred years before, a set of rules composed for a distinguished society by equally fastidious writers, one of whom laments that his pen had been made "common" by writing about masters and servants, and explains that it was never happy save in describing knights and ladies. In northern Italy a similar book drawn up in the thirteenth century had taken a very different character. There the merchants and shopkeepers of the towns, impatient of "new ceremonies" brought in from over the mountains which they deemed contrary to all the traditions of the traders of Lucca and Florence, and only fit for the degenerate Neapolitans, framed rules to suit their own needs and aspirations. The French followed rather later, at the end of the fourteenth century; and then last of all came the English experiment.

The very appearance of such a book at this time is most significant. The nobles had already their own literary traditions, handed down from an older world; and in the idea of chivalrous conduct which was enshrined for them in the "Morte d'Arthur", the Knights of the Round Table still served as a standard of social virtue and good bearing for the upper classes—a standard with which the burghers had nothing whatever

¹ By kind permission of the author.

to do. But the new literature was for the townfolk themselves, and it bore on every line the impress of its origin. A growing sense of dignity and self-respect in the middle class of traders and artisans awakened aspirations for polite manners, and intercourse with strangers abroad gave fresh stimulus to social ambition. Englishmen who visited Flanders towards the end of the century were as much impressed by the Flemish manners as by the Flemish wealth: "They can best behave them and most like gentlemen", was their comment. In England the new society, with no heritage of traditions and no recognized array of models in the past, had to create its own standard of behaviour, to shape its own social code, to realize for itself the art of life. Compilers worked busily in the service of the middle-class aspirants. One book of courtesy after another was adapted for the vulgar use. The "Rules of S. Robert", the good Bishop of Lincoln, whereby "whosoever will keep these rules well will be able to live on his means and keep himself and those belonging to him", were put into English in a brief form, after wearing a more courtly garb of French or Latin for three centuries. A Latin treatise on manners was translated for the unlearned by a writer who prayed for help in his work from Him who formed man after His own image, from Mary the gracious Mother, and from Lady Facetia the Mother of all virtue. Sound codes of morals were put in the form of an A B C. The right conduct of life, especially as it concerned polite behaviour, was set out in little songs "made for children young, at the school that bide not long". Plain directions in verse pointed out the duties of girls, of young men, of housewives, of wandering youths looking for service. The rhymes are of the homeliest kind, with trite and prosaic illustrations taken from the common sights of the market-place, the tavern, the workshop, or the street with its wandering pigs and its swinging signs; it is in their very rudeness and simpleness that their interest lies. Meanwhile political and satirical songs, which had been so common in the foregoing centuries, mostly died out of fashion and were heard no more, as the burghers, quickened into a new self-consciousness, began to be concerned for a time with matters nearer home.

The fragments of old speech and song lead us into the very midst of the lanes and workshops of a mediæval town. They re-

call for us the countless political and social troubles amid which the trader was slowly fighting his way upward, and which left their deep impress on his character and view of life. A pervading suspicion, a distrustful caution, are the ground-note of many a song. Rude proverbs of daily speech, jingling rhymes of wise counsel, all are profoundly marked by the narrow prudence of people set in the midst of pitfalls, to whom danger was ever present, whether at the council-chamber or at the tavern or at a friend's dinner-table, and among whom talk and clatter with the tongue were looked on as an unspeakable indiscretion.¹ They picture a life anxious and difficult, whose recognized condition is one of toil that knows no relaxation and no end, of hardship borne with unquestioning endurance—a life amid whose humble prosperity family affection and the family welfare are best assured by having one roof, one entrance-door, one fire, and one dining-table, and a "back-door" is looked on as an extravagance which would bring any household to ruin. After a man had lived hard and worked strenuously he still stood in need of the constantly-recurring warning against any bitterness of envy at the prosperity of a lucky dealer next door. The limits of his ambition and his duty are bounded by rigid lines; and the standard of conduct is one framed for a laborious middle class, with its plain-spoken seriousness, its sturdy morality, its activity and rectitude and independence, its dulness and vigilance and thrift. It is the duty of good men to set their people well to work, to keep house carefully, to get through any heavy job steadily and swiftly, to pay wages regularly, to give true weight, to remember ever that "Borrowed things must needs go home". They are not to ape their betters in dress, only

"Be as pure as flour taken from the bran
In all thy clothing and all thine array".

With one whom "thou knowest of greater state" there should be no easy fellowship, no dining or betting or playing at dice; above all, there must be no show of overmuch "meekness" or servility, "for else a fool thou wilt be told". A practical religion adds its simple obligations. Men ought to

¹ "Take not every rope's end with every man that hauls", ran the warning to the young. "Believe not all men that speak thee fair, whether that it be common, Burgess or mayor."—*Manners and Meals*, 183. See *Songs and Carols* (Percy Society).

pay tithes, to give to the poor, to be strong and stiff against the devil. The prayer on awaking, the daily mass before working hours, the duties of self-control and submission, must ever be kept in mind. For the trader, indeed, the way to virtue was a narrow one and straight. Three deaths ever stand menacingly before him. First comes the common lot, the mere severing of soul and body.

"The tother death is death of Shame,
If he die in debt or wicked fame;
The third death, so saith the clerks,
If he hath no good works."

But side by side with directions about mercy, truth, and fulfilling the law, come other warnings—warnings about carving meat and cutting bread and dividing cheese, about a formal and dignified bearing, how to walk and stand and kneel, how to enter a house or greet a friend in the street—all carefully and laboriously shaped into rhyme. In the new sense of changing customs, of fashions that came and went with the revolutions of society,¹ training and thought and conscious endeavour were called in to replace the simplicity of the old unvarying forms. Manners became a subject of serious anxiety. Throwing aside the mass of tradition handed down from century to century, where every usage was consecrated by custom, and determined by immemorial laws as to the relations of class to class, the burghers, side by side with the professional and middle classes all over the kingdom, were tending towards the realization of a new social order, in which men were no longer obliged as formerly to pass through the door of the Church to find the way of social advancement, but might attain to it along the common high-road of secular enterprise. The notion of the worth of the individual man was none the less important for the homely and practical form given to it in their rude and untrained expression. No one, they declared simply, need be shamed, of whatever lowly position he might come, for

"In hall or chamber, or where thou gon,
Nurture and good manners maketh man".

In whatever society he might find himself,

the humblest citizen should therefore so order his behaviour that when he left the table men would say, "A gentleman was here". The practical divinity of plain people easily drew the graciousness of outward demeanour within the sphere of religion, and "clerks that knew the seven arts" explained

"That Courtesy from heaven came
When Gabriel our Lady grette,
And Elizabeth with Mary mette".

Since "all virtues are closed in courtesy and all vices in villainy" or rudeness, the best prayer one could make was to be well-mannered, for the virtues of a fine behaviour reached as far as thought could go

"In courtesy He make you so expert,
That through your nurture and your governance,
In lasting bliss He may yourself advance."

The books of courtesy show us one side of the great change that passed over society² when the mediæval theory of *status* was broken down by the increase of riches which trade brought with it, and the chances of rising in the world through wealth. The yeoman might become a gentleman by getting into a lord's household, and "spending large and plenty". The squire who would be a knight without the danger of bearing arms need only go to the king's court with his purse full of money. The man of letters, the merchant, the seeker after pleasure, whoever and whatever a man might be, he could win neither degree nor worship "but he have the penny ready to take to". When the acquisition of wealth or the passage from one class to another was practically impossible, poverty and a low estate might still be dignified. But as soon as fortune and position had been brought within the reach of all, the man who remained poor might be looked on as idle or incapable. A new test of superiority was applied, a test of material prosperity, and by this measure the townsman was judged by his neighbours, and naturally judged himself. On all sides we find indications of the excited ambition which had begun to stir in every class.

"Now every boy will counterfeit a knight,
Report himself as good as he."

¹ "Men's work have often interchange,
That now is nurture sometime has been strange;
Things whilom used be now laid aside,
And new fetis (fashions) daily be contrived."
—*Caxton's Book of Courtesy*.

² The popularity of the *Ship of Fools*, with its trite, long-winded, and vague moralities, is an excellent indication of the intellectual position of the new middle class.

New distinctions of rank and caste began to appear, and an aristocracy of energy and skill constantly recruited and invigorated made its influence felt in every borough, as public honour was attached to trade in proportion to the wealth which its followers could win. The wool trade especially held a place of distinction in common esteem, and people who took to the selling of cloth were supposed to "live like gentlemen" and rejoice in a really superior station. More and more the enriched burgher hastened to give proof that he had risen into the leisured class by donning the fine dress whose cumbersome folds bespoke a sedate idleness and luxury, so that whereas "sometime afar men might lords know by their array from other folk, now a man shall stand or muse a long throw which is which".

As the chance of rising in the world stirred in the trader a new ambition, so it stirred too the sense of the power of knowledge. When the writer of *Piers Ploughman* counts up the gifts of the Spirit that were distributed among the commons at the descent of the Holy Ghost as "treasure to live by to their lives' end", and "weapon to fight with when Anti-Christ assaileth", he carefully reckons in with the rest the wit to use words skilfully as preachers and prentices of law who live leally by labour of tongue, the crafts and "connyng" of sight by which men win their livelihood with selling and buying, the wisdom to till and thatch and cook as their wit would when the time came, the art of divining and dividing numbers, and all such learning of the schools.¹ Already the workers of the town were reaching forward, as some of their rough rhymes show, to a true love of learning.² Their zeal took very practical form. Side by side with the great movement for education which was going on under the patronage of kings and queens, of archbishops, and great lords and ladies, humbler work was taken in hand by

burghers and tradesmen for the teaching of their own people.

The founding of free Grammar-schools all over England was the work of trading-classes themselves. Sometimes the schools were founded by Guilds.³ Sometimes townsmen who had thriven in the world remembered gratefully the place of their birth or their education. "By some divine chance" a "teacher of grammar learning" came to live in Rotherham about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and one of the town boys, Thomas Scott, who had been taught by him about 1430, became in 1474 Lord Chancellor, and in 1480 Archbishop of York. In 1483 he founded a college in his old home with a Provost and three Fellows who were to teach freely anyone who came to them. One was to give lessons in grammar, poetry, and rhetoric; the second in music, especially singing, playing, and broken song; and if possible these two were to be priests, or at least one of them. The third Fellow was to teach writing and arithmetic to youths who were not intended for the priesthood, but for trades and other employments; for among the children of Rotherham, said the archbishop, there were many who were "valde acuti in ingenio".

In the same way Bishop Alcock of Rochester, the son of a Hull merchant, established a free grammar-school at Hull, where the master was to "teach all scholars thither resorting without taking any stipend or wages for the same, and should have for his own wages £10."⁴

³ At Lynn there was in 1383 a Guild "of young scholars", at Worcester the Guild of S. Nicholas kept "time out of mind a free school within the said city in a great hall belonging to the said Guild called the Trinity Hall". The Guild of Palmers supported a school at Ludlow, and so did Guilds at Stratford and at Deritend. The Guild of Calendars in Bristol had in the twelfth century kept a school of Jews, and when that business came to an end were still charged with education, public lectures, and the management of a free library. (*English Guilds*, 51, 205, 196, 221, 228. See *Hunt's Bristol*, 112, 249, 260.) The Drapers had a school at Shrewsbury (*Hibbert's Inf. of English Guilds*, 33), and the Merchant Tailors in London (*Clode*, 35). I learn from Mr. A. F. Leach that at Ashburton the Grammar-school founded 1314 by Bishop Stapledon of Exeter (who also founded Exeter College) was entrusted to the Guild of St. Lawrence, whose chantry-priest was the schoolmaster. The school is kept on the site of the Guild Chapel, the original tower of which forms part of the school.

⁴ *Bentham's History of Ely Cathedral*, 2nd edition, 182; *Hull Grammar School Gazette*, 1891, No. S, p. 88. There was a grammar-master at Ewelme Almshouse 1461, where teaching was to be free. Four new grammar-schools were opened in London in 1447, and during the reign of Henry the Sixth nine were set up in London alone. In 1472 Prior Selling, of Christchurch, reports to the Archbishop of Canterbury that he has provided a "school-

1 "Though some be clannere than some, ye see well",
quoth Grace,

"That all craft and connyng come of my gift."

2 "Son, if thou wist what thing it were,
Connyng to learn and with thee to bear,
Thou would not mis-spend one hour,
For of all treasure is connyng the flower;
If thou wilt live in peace and rest,
Hear and see and say the best."

—*Book of Precedence*, 69.

"Learn as fast as thou may and can
For our Bishop is an old man,
And therefore thou must learn fast
If thou wilt be Bishop when he is past."

—*Manners and Meals*, 383.

So in one way or another the work of education went on throughout the fifteenth century—a work whose magnitude and importance have been too long obscured by the busy organizers of the Reformation days, who, for the giving of a new charter or adapting the school to the new system established by law, clothed themselves with the glory of founders and bore away from their silent predecessors the honour of inaugurating a new world. Not only in the busy centres of commerce, but in the obscure villages that lay hidden in forest or waste or clung to the slopes of the northern moors, the children of the later middle ages were gathered into schools. Apparently, reading and writing were everywhere common among the people, and as early as the reign of Richard the Second the word “townsmen” had come to mean people instructed and trained, and no longer ignorant rustics.

But the most remarkable thing about the growth of the new grammar-schools was the part taken in their foundation by laymen—by the traders and merchants of the towns. The great benefactor of Sandwich, Thomas Elys, left provision in 1392 for one of the chaplains of his chantry to serve as schoolmaster for the town boys; and the son of a draper who had had his education in this school afterwards founded a grammar-school. Sir Edmund Shad, goldsmith, and once Lord-mayor of London, established a school at Stockport by will in 1457, and appointed a

chantry-priest of the parish church, who, being “cunning in grammar”, should “freely without any wages or salary asking or taking of any person, except only any salary hereunder specified, shall teach all manner persons, children and other, that will come to him to learn as well of the said town of Stockport as of other towns thereabouts, the science of grammar as far as lieth in him for to do”. And another Lord-mayor, Sir John Percyvale, who had been born close to Macclesfield, left money in 1502 to endow a free grammar-school there, because there were few schoolmasters in that country and the children for lack of teaching “fell to idleness and so consequently live dissolutely all their days”.¹

It seems also that the Manchester Grammar-school was first planned by a Manchester clothier, who at his death left money for its foundation; and was completed in 1524 by Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, a native of Oldham. The children were to be taught “after the manner of the school of Banbury”, and inhabitants of the town were compelled to contribute to its support by being forced to grind their corn at the school mills—a custom which was kept up till 1759.

The new movement marked the beginning of that revolution which was ultimately to take education out of the exclusive control of the Church and hand it over to the people themselves. Up to this time the privileges and profits of teaching had been practically a monopoly of the clergy, and there was no possible competition save that which might spring up between licensed and unlicensed teachers with the ecclesiastical order.² A document drawn up by order of the abbot of Walden tells how the clergy of the parish church there had taught some children of the village the alphabet, and even more advanced lessons, without leave from the abbot,

master for your grammar-schools in Canterbury, the which hath lately taught grammar at Winchester and at S. Antony's in London”. John Syre, the grammar-school master in 1436, lived in Gayhow's tenement, S. Alphege parish. The Almshouse of the poor sisters in Reading was in 1486 turned into a grammar-school (*Coates' Reading*, 15); there was a school in Appleby taught by a chantry-priest before the middle of the fifteenth century (*Transactions of Cumberland and Westmoreland Arch. Soc.*, part ii., vol. viii.); and one in Preston whose master was made a Burgess in 1415 (*Memorials of Preston Guilds*, 14). In Liverpool there was an endowed free school before the reformation (*Pieton's Memorials*, ii. 55-56). Miss Dornier Harris has learned from the town records that the expenses of the grammar-school at Coventry in the fifteenth century were paid by the Trinity Guild—in other words, by the Corporation. It is evident that when William Bingham, who founded a grammar-school attached to Clare Hall, Cambridge, says that in 1439 he passed seventy deserted schools in travelling from Hampton to Ripon by the way of Coventry (*Boase's Oxford*, 108), we cannot infer from this any decay in education. It may have indicated a shifting of population, or more probably perhaps the results of the effort made in 1391 to prevent villeins from being put to the clerical schools in preparation for taking minor orders, and so gaining emancipation from their lords (*Rot. Parl.*, iii. 294). In the Royal accounts the principal artisans in each craft audit such parts of the accounts as deal with labour and sign every page (*Rogers' Agric. and Prices*, iv. 502).

¹ The Will of Sir John Percyvale, published by the Governors of the Macclesfield School. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. A. F. Leach for this reference, as well as for that about Stockport, and the reference to the *School Gazette* and the *Town Records of Hull*. He informs me that the first school founded by a lay person of which we have as yet any record was at Wotton-under-Edge, and was founded by a woman, Lady Berkley, in 1385.

² The author of *Piers Ploughman* criticises the education given by the clerics of his day. “Grammar that ground is of all” was neglected, so that no one could now either “versify fair” or construe what the poets wrote.

“Doctors of degree and of divinity masters
That should the seven arts conne and assoil *ad quodlibet*,
But they fail in philosophy, and philosophers lived
And would well examine them, wonder me thinketh.”
—*PASSUS* xviii. 107-118.

who claimed by the statutes and customs of the monastery a perpetual monopoly of teaching or licensing schoolmasters. A petition was made by the inhabitants in favour of the priests, and in consequence of this petition the abbot, to the great satisfaction of the townfolk, graciously allowed that every priest of the Church might (during the goodwill of the abbot and convent) receive one "very little child" of each inhabitant, and might teach the child in "alphabete et graciis",¹ but not in any higher learning. A legal instrument embodying this concession was drawn up by a clerk of the York diocese, and signed with a beautiful notarial monogram which must have cost him the greater part of a day to draw.

But under the new state of things another element was brought into the controversy. The town itself occasionally became the aggressive party, and took the teaching straight out of the hands of the priest. An order was made at Bridgenorth in 1503 "that there shall no priest keep no school, save only one child to help him to say mass, after that a schoolmaster cometh to town, but that every child to resort to the common school in pain of forfeiting to the chamber of the town twenty shillings of every priest that doeth the contrary". Burghers accustomed to manage their own affairs easily assumed the direction of education, and the control of schools gradually passed from clerical to lay hands and became the charge of the whole community. In Nottingham, where there had been a grammar-school before 1382, at which it would seem that a boy's education cost eightpence a term, a new free school was founded in 1512, probably by the widow of the former mayor, and was put directly under the management of the mayor and town council, and as these apparently proved somewhat negligent in the business, the Leet jury constantly interfered in the most officious way in the government of the school and the choice and supervision of its teachers. "It will be a credit", they said, "to have a good master and a good ussher in one school."

¹ The "alphabet and the humanities" did not imply culture in anything like our sense of the word, nor yet Latin from the literary point of view, but the old ecclesiastical discipline, which included above all things logic, and which ultimately led, if the pupil advanced far enough, to the scholastic philosophy. Thus, for example, in the *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum* one of the (priestly) correspondents is made to protest against the introduction of the study of Vergil and other new-fangled writers.

Of the intellectual life of the towns we know scarcely anything, and there is perhaps not much to be known. Scholars naturally drifted away to the Universities or London, and the society of the borough was occupied with other matters than learning. In Nottingham, in spite of the educational zeal of the jury, the first evidence we have of a town clerk who knew enough of the classics to quote a line of Vergil and a line of Horace, is in 1534-1545; while it is not till 1587 that we find a clerk who had learned Greek. On the other hand Bristol was evidently a centre of radiant light. An excellent education was given in its school, if we judge from the famous Grocyn, who was brought up there and left the school in 1463; and its society was adorned by men of culture and wide intellectual curiosity. William of Worcester, the enquirer after universal knowledge, a man of science who practised medicine and cultivated his garden of herbs, as well as a man of letters, who at forty-three "hath gone to school to a Lombard call Karoll Giles to learn and to be read in poetry or else in French", and to whom "a good book of French or of poetry" seemed as fine a purchase as "a fair manor", might be seen in his later days at Bristol, practising the art of annalist, in which character he surveyed the whole town and carefully measured it by paces from end to end. His friend Ricart, town clerk and historian, spent the twenty-seven years of his clerkship in writing his Calendar or Chronicle of 332 leaves, in six carefully-arranged parts, the first three being devoted to history and the last three to local customs and laws, in which he carried the story of Bristol through 3000 years from the days of Brut to the reign of Edward the Fourth. It was inevitable that the purpose and theory of education should ultimately be modified by the change of masters, as well as by the change of manners, and already fervent reformers like Caxton began to look beyond "the alphabet and humanities", and discuss training in the mysteries of the English tongue itself. Among the "farther ancient" who should command the reverence of scholars they counted the famous men of their own race and speech—men removed from them by but a generation or two—Chaucer, "the father and founder of ornate eloquence"; Lydgate, the maker of "volumes that be large and wide"; and Occleve; and it is touching to see men, on the very eve of the heroic age of English literature, wistfully

looking back to the vanished glories of their grandfathers' days, when, as it seemed to them, all the "fresh flowers" of style had been reaped by this handful of ancient worthies, and "of silver language the great riches" stored away in their treasury, so that the painful toiler who came after in search of "the embalmed tongue and aureate sentence" could now get it only by piecemeal, or at the most might glean here and there by busy diligence something to show that he had reverently visited the fields of the blest. The enlightened zeal of the learned, indeed, had still to wage a long warfare with the pedants of the schools and the barbaric notions of education that governed men's minds; and the training vouchsafed to the poor boys of the fifteenth century was then and for many a century afterwards a rude and brutal one.¹ No doubt, too, the trader's view of education, practical as it was, had a touch of unshamed vulgarity. "To my mind", says the Capper in the Commonweal, "it made no matter if there were no learned men at all", for "the devil a whit good do ye with your studies but set men together by the ears"; what

men wanted was "to write and read, and learn the languages used in countries about us, that we might write our minds to them and they to us". Scholars, on the other hand, trembled at the results to civilization and knowledge of the crude ideals of the mere man of business, who, if he had his way, would "in a short space make this realm empty of wise and politic men, and consequently barbarous, and at the last thrall and subject to other nations; for empire is not so much won and kept by the manhood or force of men as by wisdom and policy, which is gotten chiefly by learning". But whatever were their faults, it was in the schools as much as in the council-chamber or shop that the revolution of the next century was being prepared; and wide-reaching results of the spread of education in town and village were potent factors in the development of a later England. "The fault is in yourselves, ye noblemen's sons," wrote Ascham, "and therefore ye deserve the greater blame, that commonly the meaner men's children come to be the wisest counsellors and greatest doers in the weighty affairs of this realm."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

[Mr. Shaw is almost the only representative of Irish wit in the drama proper, as distinguished from the poetic drama of to-day. His work depends on nothing extra-

¹ Directions not to spare the rod were constant (*Manners and Meats*, 384. See the poor boy's complaint, p. 385-6). Tusser's lines show that the system was not confined to the lower schools.

"From Paul's I went to Eton, sent
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had,
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was,
See, Udall, see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad!"

Erasmus, in his *Praise of Folly*, singles the schoolmasters out as "a race of men the most miserable, who grow old in penury and filth in their schools—schools, did I say? prisons! dungeons! I should have said—among their boys, deafened with din, poisoned by a fetid atmosphere; but, thanks to their folly, perfectly self-satisfied so long as they can bawl and shout to their terrified boys, and box and beat and flog them, and so indulge in all kinds of ways their cruel disposition". One such master he tells of who, to crush boys' unruly spirits, and to subdue the wantonness of their age, never took a meal with his flock without making the comedy end in a tragedy. "So at the end of the meal one or another boy was dragged out to be flogged" (*Boase's Oxford*, 76-77).

neous for its success. It is drama and drama proper in days when the play has a diversity of reasons for being, and not always of the most creditable. This wittiest of Irishmen was born in Dublin, July 26, 1856. For a good many years he has been identified with the cause of Socialism in politics. He began his literary career as a novelist, and produced some very robust work. His *Cashel Byron's Profession* was a fresh and delightful book. Mr. Shaw was a musical and dramatic critic for some years before his *Widowers' Houses* was produced by the Independent Theatre in 1892. Two years later *Arms and the Man* made a great success, and since then a new play by Mr. Shaw has always been an event of the first importance to playgoers. His *obiter dicta* set all the town laughing; his wisdom jests with a grave face. The extract from *Arms and the Man* is given by kind permission of the author and of Mr. Grant Richards, who has published in two volumes Mr. Shaw's *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant.*]

THE NEWEST SOLDIER.

(FROM "ARMS AND THE MAN".)

ACT I.

Night. A lady's bed-chamber in Bulgaria, in a small town near the Dragoman Pass, late in November, in the year 1885. Through an open window with a little balcony, a peak of the Balkans, wonderfully white and beautiful in the star-lit snow, seems quite close at hand, though it is really miles away. The interior of the room is not like anything to be seen in the east of Europe. It is half-rich Bulgarian, half-cheap Viennese. Above the head of the bed, which stands against a little wall cutting off the corner of the room diagonally, is a painted wooden shrine, blue and gold, with an ivory image of Christ, and a light hanging before it in a pierced metal ball suspended by three chains. The principal seat, placed towards the other side of the room, and opposite the window, is a Turkish ottoman. The counterpane and hangings of the bed, the window-curtains, the little carpet, and all the ornamental textile fabrics in the room are oriental and gorgeous: the paper on the walls is occidental and paltry. The wash-stand, against the wall on the side nearest the ottoman and window, consists of an enamelled iron basin with a pail beneath it in a painted metal frame, and a single towel on the rail at the side. A chair near it is of Austrian bentwood, with cane seat. The dressing-table, between the bed and the window, is an ordinary pine table, covered with a cloth of many colours, with an expensive toilet mirror on it. The door is on the side nearest the bed, and there is a chest of drawers between. This chest of drawers is also covered by a variegated native cloth, and on it there is a pile of paper-backed novels, a box of chocolate creams, and a miniature easel with a large photograph of an extremely handsome officer, whose lofty bearing and magnetic glance can be felt even from the portrait. The room is lighted by a candle on the chest of drawers and another on the dressing-table with a box of matches beside it.

The window is hinged doorwise, and stands wide open. Outside a pair of wooden shutters, opening outwards, also stand open. On the balcony a young lady, intensely conscious of the romantic beauty of the night, and of the fact that her own youth and beauty are part of it, is gazing at the snowy Balkans. She is covered by a long mantle of furs, worth, on a

moderate estimate, about three times the furniture of her room.

Her reverie is interrupted by her mother, Catherine Petkoff, a woman over forty, imperiously energetic, with magnificent black hair and eyes, who might be a very splendid specimen of the wife of a mountain farmer, but is determined to be a Viennese lady, and to that end wears a fashionable tea-gown on all occasions.

Catherine [entering hastily, full of good news]. Raina! [She pronounces it *Rah-ena*, with the stress on the ee.] Raina! [She goes to the bed, expecting to find Raina there.] Why, where—? [Raina looks into the room.] Heavens, child! are you out in the night air instead of in your bed? You'll catch your death. Louka told me you were asleep.

Raina [coming in]. I sent her away, I wanted to be alone. The stars are so beautiful! What is the matter?

Catherine. Such news! There has been a battle.

Raina [her eyes dilating]. Ah! [She throws the cloak on the ottoman and comes eagerly to Catherine in her night-gown—a pretty garment, but evidently the only one she has on.]

Catherine. A great battle at Slivnitsa! A victory! And it was won by Sergius!

Raina [with a cry of delight]. Ah! [rapturously] Oh, Mother! [Then with sudden anxiety] Is Father safe?

Catherine. Of course: he sends me the news. Sergius is the hero of the hour, the idol of the regiment.

Raina. Tell me, tell me. How was it? [Ecstatically] Oh, Mother, Mother, Mother! [She pulls her mother down on the ottoman, and they kiss one another frantically.]

Catherine [with surging enthusiasm]. You can't guess how splendid it is. A cavalry charge! think of that! He defied our Russian commanders—acted without orders—led a charge on his own responsibility—headed it himself—was the first man to sweep through their guns. Can't you see it, Raina?—our gallant, splendid Bulgarians, with their swords and eyes flashing, thundering down like an avalanche and scattering the wretched Servians and their dandified Austrian officers like chaff. And you! you kept Sergius waiting a year before you would be betrothed to him. Oh! if you have a drop of Bulgarian blood in your veins, you will worship him when he comes back.

Raina. What will he care for my poor little worship after the acclamations of a

whole army of heroes! But no matter: I am so happy—so proud! [*She rises and walks about excitedly.*] It proves that all our ideas were real after all.

Catherine [*indignantly*]. Our ideas real! What do you mean?

Raina. Our ideas of what Sergius would do—our patriotism—our heroic ideals. I sometimes used to doubt whether they were anything but dreams. Oh, what faithless little creatures girls are! When I buckled on Sergius's sword he looked so noble: it was treason to think of disillusion, or humiliation, or failure. And yet—and yet—[*quickly*] Promise me you'll never tell him.

Catherine. Don't ask me for promises until I know what I'm promising.

Raina. Well, it came into my head just as he was holding me in his arms and looking into my eyes, that perhaps we only had our heroic ideas because we are so fond of reading Byron and Pushkin, and because we were so delighted with the opera that season at Bucharest. Real life is so seldom like that!—indeed, never, as far as I knew it then. [*Remorsefully*] Only think, Mother, I doubted him: I wondered whether all his heroic qualities and his soldiership might not prove mere imagination when he went into a real battle. I had an uneasy fear that he might cut a poor figure there beside all those clever Russian officers.

Catherine. A poor figure! Shame on you! The Servians have Austrian officers who are just as clever as our Russians; but we have beaten them in every battle for all that.

Raina [*laughing and sitting down again*]. Yes: I was only a prosaic little coward. Oh, to think that it was all true—that Sergius is just as splendid and noble as he looks—that the world is really a glorious world for women who can see its glory and men who can act its romance! What happiness! what unspeakable fulfilment! Ah! [*She throws herself on her knees beside her mother and flings her arms passionately round her. They are interrupted by the entrance of Louka, a handsome, proud girl in a pretty Bulgarian peasant's dress, with double apron, so defiant, that her servility to Raina is almost insolent. She is afraid of Catherine, but even with her goes as far as she dares. She is just now excited like the others; but she has no sympathy with Raina's raptures, and looks contemptuously at the ecstasies of the two before she addresses them.*]

Louka. If you please, madam, all the win-

dows are to be closed and the shutters made fast. They say there may be shooting in the streets. [*Raina and Catherine rise together alarmed.*] The Servians are being chased right back through the pass, and they say they may run into the town. Our cavalry will be after them; and our people will be ready for them, you may be sure, now they are running away. [*She goes out on the balcony and pulls the outside shutters to, then steps back into the room.*]

Raina. I wish our people were not so cruel. What glory is there in killing wretched fugitives?

Catherine [*business-like, her house-keeping instincts aroused*]. I must see that everything is made safe downstairs.

Raina [*to Louka*]. Leave the shutters so that I can just close them if I hear any noise.

Catherine [*authoritatively, turning on her way to the door*]. Oh, no, dear: you must keep them fastened! You would be sure to drop off to sleep and leave them open. Make them fast, Louka.

Louka. Yes, madam. [*She fastens them.*]

Raina. Don't be anxious about me. The moment I hear a shot, I shall blow out the candles and roll myself up in bed with my ears well covered.

Catherine. Quite the wisest thing you can do, my love. Good-night.

Raina. Good-night! [*They kiss one another, and Raina's emotion comes back for a moment.*] Wish me joy of the happiest night of my life—if only there are no fugitives.

Catherine. Go to bed, dear, and don't think of them. [*She goes out.*]

Louka [*secretly to Raina*]. If you would like the shutters open, just give them a push like this. [*She pushes them: they open: she pulls them to again.*] One of them ought to be bolted at the bottom, but the bolt's gone.

Raina [*with dignity, reproving her*]. Thanks, Louka; but we must do what we are told. [*Louka makes a grimace.*] Good-night!

Louka [*carelessly*]. Good-night. [*She goes out swaggering.*]

[*Raina, left alone, goes to the chest of drawers, and adores the portrait there with feelings that are beyond all expression. She does not kiss it, or press it to her breast, or show it any mark of bodily affection, but she takes it in her hands and elevates it like a priestess.*]

Raina [*looking up at the picture*]. Oh, I shall never be unworthy of you any more, my soul's hero—never, never, never! [*She*

replaces it reverently. Then she selects a novel from the little pile of books. She turns over the leaves dreamily, finds her page, turns the book inside out at it, and with a happy sigh gets into bed and prepares to read herself to sleep. But before abandoning herself to fiction she raises her eyes once more, thinking of the blessed reality, and murmurs] My hero! my hero! [A distant shot breaks the quiet of the night outside. She starts, listening; and two more shots, much nearer, follow, startling her so that she scrambles out of bed, and hastily blows out the candle on the chest of drawers. Then putting her fingers in her ears she runs to the dressing-table, blows out the light there and hurries back to bed in the dark, nothing being visible but the glimmer of the light in the pierced ball before the image, and the starlight seen through the slits at the top of the shutters. The firing breaks out again: there is a startling fusillade quite close at hand. Whilst it is still echoing, the shutters disappear, pulled open from without, and for an instant the rectangle of snowy starlight flashes out with the figure of a man silhouetted in black upon it. The shutters close immediately, and the room is dark again. But the silence is now broken by the sound of panting. Then there is a scratch, and the flame of a match is seen in the middle of the room.]

Raina [crouching on the bed]. Who's there? [The match is out instantly.] Who's there? Who is that?

A Man's Voice [in the darkness, subduedly, but threateningly]. Sh-sh! Don't call out, or you'll be shot. Be good, and no harm will happen to you. [She is heard leaving her bed and making for the door.] Take care; it's no use trying to run away. Remember: if you raise your voice my revolver will go off. [Commandingly] Strike a light and let me see you. Do you hear? [Another moment of silence and darkness as she retreats to the dressing-table. There she lights a candle, and the mystery is at an end. He is a man of about thirty-five, in a deplorable plight, bespattered with mud and blood and snow, his belt and the strap of his revolver-case keeping together the torn ruins of the blue tunic of a Servian artillery officer. All that the candle-light and his unwashed, unkempt condition make it possible to discern is that he is of middling stature and undistinguished appearance, with strong neck and shoulders; a roundish, obstinate-looking head covered with short, crisp bronze curls; clear, quick blue eyes and good brows and mouth; a hopelessly prosaic

nose, like that of a strong-minded baby; trim, soldier-like carriage and energetic manner; and with all his wits about him in spite of his desperate predicament: even with a sense of the humour of it, without, however, the least intention of trifling with it or throwing away a chance. He reckons up what he can guess about Raina—her age, her social position, her character, the extent to which she is frightened—at a glance, and continues, more politely but still most determinedly] Excuse my disturbing you; but you recognize my uniform—Servian. If I am caught I shall be killed. [Menacingly] Do you understand that?

Raina. Yes.

Man. Well, I don't intend to get killed if I can help it. [Still more formidably] Do you understand that? [He locks the door with a snap.]

Raina [disdainfully]. I suppose not. [She draws herself up superbly, and looks him straight in the face, saying, with cutting emphasis] Some soldiers, I know, are afraid of death.

Man [with grin good-humour]. All of them, dear lady; all of them, believe me. It is our duty to live as long as we can. Now, if you raise an alarm—

Raina [cutting him short]. You will shoot me. How do you know that I am afraid to die?

Man [cunningly]. Ah; but suppose I don't shoot you, what will happen then? Why, a lot of your cavalry—the greatest blackguards in your army—will burst into this pretty room of yours and slaughter me here like a pig; for I'll fight like a demon: they sha'n't get me into the street to amuse themselves with: I know what they are. Are you prepared to receive that sort of company in your present undress? [Raina, suddenly conscious of her night-gown, instinctively shrinks, and gathers it more closely about her. He watches her, and adds pitilessly] Hardly presentable, eh? [She turns to the ottoman. He raises his pistol instantly and cries] Stop! [She stops.] Where are you going?

Raina [with dignified patience]. Only to get my cloak.

Man [crossing swiftly to the ottoman and snatching the cloak]. A good idea! No. I'll keep the cloak, and you will take care that nobody comes in and sees you without it. This is a better weapon than the revolver. [He throws the pistol down on the ottoman.]

Raina [revolted]. It is not the weapon of a gentleman!

Man. It's good enough for a man with only you to stand between him and death. [*As they look at one another for a moment, Raina hardly able to believe that even a Servian officer can be so cynically and selfishly unchivalrous, they are startled by a sharp fusillade in the street. The chill of imminent death hushes the man's voice as he adds*] Do you hear? If you are going to bring those scoundrels in on me you shall receive them as you are. [*Raina meets his eye with unflinching scorn. Suddenly he starts, listening. There is a step outside. Someone tries the door, and then knocks hurriedly and ungently at it. Raina looks at him, breathless. He throws up his head with the gesture of a man who sees that it is all over with him, and, dropping the manner he has been assuming to intimidate her, flings the cloak to her, exclaiming, sincerely and kindly*] No use: I'm done for. Quick! Wrap yourself up: they're coming!

Raina [*catching the cloak eagerly*]. Oh, thank you. [*She wraps herself up with great relief. He draws his sabre and turns to the door, waiting.*]

Louka [*outside, knocking*]. My lady, my lady! Get up quick and open the door.

Raina [*anxiously*]. What will you do?

Man [*grimly*]. Never mind. Keep out of the way. It will not last long.

Raina [*impulsively*]. I'll help you. Hide yourself; oh, hide yourself, quick, behind the curtain. [*She seizes him by a torn strip of his sleeve and pulls him towards the window.*]

Man [*yielding to her*]. There's just half a chance, if you keep your head. Remember: nine soldiers out of ten are born fools. [*He hides behind the curtain, looking out for a moment to say finally*] If they find me, I promise you a fight—a devil of a fight! [*He disappears. Raina takes off the cloak and throws it across the foot of the bed. Then, with a sleepy, disturbed air, she opens the door. Louka enters excitedly.*]

Louka. A man has been seen climbing up the water-pipe to your balcony—a Servian. The soldiers want to search for him; and they are so wild and drunk and furious. My lady says you are to dress at once.

Raina [*as if annoyed at being disturbed*]. They shall not search here. Why have they been let in?

Catherine [*coming in hastily*]. *Raina*, darling: are you safe? Have you seen anyone, or heard anything?

Raina. I heard the shooting. Surely the soldiers will not dare come in here?

Catherine. I have found a Russian officer, thank heaven: he knows Sergius. [*Speaking through the door to someone outside*] Sir, will you come in now? My daughter will receive you.

A young Russian officer in Bulgarian uniform enters, sword in hand.

Officer [*with soft feline politeness and stiff military carriage*]. Good-evening, gracious lady! I am sorry to intrude, but there is a fugitive hiding on the balcony. Will you and the gracious lady, your mother, please to withdraw while we search?

Raina [*petulantly*]. Nonsense, sir: you can see that there is no one on the balcony. [*She throws the shutters wide open and stands with her back to the curtain where the man is hidden, pointing to the moonlit balcony. A couple of shots are fired right under the window, and a bullet shatters the glass opposite Raina, who winks and gasps, but stands her ground, whilst Catherine screams, and the officer with a cry of "Take care!" rushes to the balcony.*]

The Officer [*on the balcony, shouting savagely down to the street*]. Cease firing there, you fools! Do you hear? Cease firing, damn you! [*He glares down for a moment, then turns to Raina, trying to resume his polite manner*] Could anyone have got in without your knowledge? Were you asleep?

Raina. No: I have not been to bed.

The Officer [*impatiently coming back into the room*]. Your neighbours have their heads so full of runaway Servians that they see them everywhere. [*Politely*] Gracious lady, a thousand pardons. Good-night! [*Military bow, which Raina returns coldly. Another to Catherine, who follows him out. Raina closes the shutters. She turns and sees Louka, who has been watching the scene curiously.*]

Raina. Don't leave my mother, Louka, whilst the soldiers are here. [*Louka glances at Raina, at the ottoman, at the curtain; then purses her lips secretively, laughs to herself, and goes out. Raina, highly offended at this demonstration, follows her to the door, and shuts it behind her with a slam, locking it violently. The man immediately steps out from behind the curtain, sheathing his sabre, dismissing the danger from his mind in a business-like way.*]

Man. A narrow shave; but a miss is as good as a mile. Dear young lady, your servant to the death. I wish for your sake I had joined the Bulgarian army instead of the Servian. I am not a native Servian.

Raina [*haughtily*]. No; you are one of the Austrians who set the Servians on to rob us of our national liberty, and who officer their army for them. We hate them!

Man. Austrian! not I. Don't hate me, dear young lady. I am a Swiss, fighting merely as a professional soldier. I joined Servia because it came first on the road from Switzerland. Be generous: you've beaten us hollow.

Raina. Have I not been generous?

Man. Noble,—heroic! But I'm not saved yet. This particular rush will soon pass through; but the pursuit will go on all night by fits and starts. I must take my chance to get off in a quiet interval. You don't mind my waiting just a minute or two, do you?

Raina. Oh no; I am sorry you will have to go into danger again. [*Pointing to the ottoman*] Won't you sit? [*She breaks off with an irrepressible cry of alarm as she catches sight of the pistol. The man, all nerves, shies like a frightened horse.*]

Man [*irritably*]. Don't frighten me like that. What is it?

Raina. Your revolver! It was staring that officer in the face all the time. What an escape!

Man [*vexed at being unnecessarily terrified*]. Oh, is that all?

Raina [*staring at him rather superciliously as she conceives a poorer and poorer opinion of him, and feels proportionately more and more at her ease*]. I am sorry I frightened you. [*She takes up the pistol and hands it to him.*] Pray take it to protect yourself against me.

Man [*grinning wearily at the sarcasm as he takes the pistol*]. No use, dear young lady: there's nothing in it. It's not loaded. [*He makes a grimace at it, and drops it disparagingly into his revolver-case.*]

Raina. Load it by all means.

Man. I've no ammunition. What use are cartridges in battle? I always carry chocolate instead; and I finished the last cake of that hours ago.

Raina [*outraged in her most cherished ideals of manhood*]. Chocolate! Do you stuff your pockets with sweets—like a schoolboy—even in the field?

Man [*hungrily*]. I wish I had some now.

[*Raina stares at him, unable to utter her feelings. Then she sails away scornfully to the chest of drawers, and returns with the box of confectionery in her hand.*]

Raina. Allow me. I am sorry I have eaten them all except these. [*She offers him the box.*]

Man [*ravenously*]. You're an angel! [*He gobbles the comfits.*] Creams! Delicious! [*He looks anxiously to see whether there are any more. There are none. He accepts the inevitable with pathetic good-humour, and says, with grateful emotion*] Bless you, dear lady! You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge-boxes. The young ones carry pistols and cartridges; the old ones grub. Thank you! [*He hands back the box. She snatches it contemptuously from him and throws it away. He shies again as if she had meant to strike him.*] Ugh! Don't do things so suddenly, gracious lady. It's mean to revenge yourself because I frightened you just now.

Raina [*superbly*]. Frighten me! Do you know, sir, that though I am only a woman, I think I am at heart as brave as you.

Man. I should think so. You haven't been under fire for three days as I have. I can stand two days without showing it much; but no man can stand three days: I'm as nervous as a mouse. [*He sits down on the ottoman, and takes his head in his hands.*] Would you like to see me cry?

Raina [*alarmed*]. No.

Man. If you would, all you have to do is to scold me just as if I were a little boy and you my nurse. If I were in camp now, they'd play all sorts of tricks on me.

Raina [*a little moved*]. I'm sorry. I won't scold you.

[*Touched by the sympathy in her tone, he raises his head and looks gratefully at her: she immediately draws back and says stiffly*] You must excuse me: our soldiers are not like that. [*She moves away from the ottoman.*]

Man. Oh yes, they are. There are only two sets of soldiers: old ones and young ones. I've served fourteen years: half of your fellows never smelt powder before. Why, how is it that you've just beaten us? Sheer ignorance of the art of war, nothing else. [*Indignantly*] I never saw anything so unprofessional.

Raina [*ironically*]. Oh! was it unprofessional to beat you?

Man. Well, come! is it professional to throw a regiment of cavalry on a battery of machine guns, with the dead certainty that if the guns go off not a horse or man will ever get within fifty yards of the fire? I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it.

Raina [*eagerly turning to him, as all her enthusiasm and her dreams of glory rush back on her*]. Did you see the great cavalry charge? Oh, tell me about it! Describe it to me!

Man. You never saw a cavalry charge, did you?

Raina. How could I?

Man. Ah, perhaps not—of course! Well, it's a funny sight. It's like slinging a handful of peas against a window-pane: first one comes, then two or three close behind him, and then all the rest in a lump.

Raina [*her eyes dilating as she raises her clasped hands ecstatically*]. Yes, first One!—the bravest of the brave!

Man [*prosaically*]. Hm! You should see the poor devil pulling at his horse.

Raina. Why should he pull at his horse?

Man [*impatient of so stupid a question*]. It's running away with him, of course: do you suppose the fellow wants to get there before the others and be killed? Then they all come. You can tell the young ones by their wildness and their slashing. The old ones come bunched up under the number one guard: they know that they're mere projectiles, and that it's no use trying to fight. The wounds are mostly broken knees, from the horses cannoneing together.

Raina. Ugh! I don't believe the first man is a coward. I believe he is a hero!

Man [*good-humouredly*]. That's what you'd have said if you'd seen the first man in the charge to-day.

Raina [*breathless, forgiving him everything*]. Ah, I knew it! Tell me—tell me about him.

Man. He did it like an operatic tenor—a regular handsome fellow, with flashing eyes and lovely moustache, shouting his war-cry and charging like Don Quixote at the windmills. We nearly burst with laughter at him; but when the sergeant ran up, as white as a sheet, and told us they'd sent us the wrong cartridges, and that we couldn't fire a shot for the next ten minutes, we laughed at the other side of our mouths. I never felt so sick in my life, though I've been in one or two very tight places. And I hadn't even a revolver cartridge—nothing but chocolate. We'd no bayonets—nothing. Of course, they just cut us to bits. And there was Don Quixote flourishing like a drum-major, thinking he'd done the cleverest thing ever known, whereas he ought to be court-martialled for it. Of all the fools ever let loose on a field of battle, that man must be the very maddest.

He and his regiment simply committed suicide—only the pistol missed fire, that's all.

Raina [*deeply wounded, but steadfastly loyal to her ideals*]. Indeed! Would you ever know him again if you saw him?

Man. Shall I ever forget him! [*She again goes to the chest of drawers. He watches her with a vague hope that she may have something more for him to eat. She takes the portrait from its stand and brings it to him.*]

Raina. That's a photograph of the gentleman—the patriot and hero—to whom I am betrothed.

Man [*recognizing it with a shock*]. I'm really very sorry. [*Looking at her.*] Was it fair to lead me on? [*He looks at the portrait again.*] Yes, that's him, not a doubt of it. [*He stifles a laugh.*]

Raina [*quickly*]. Why do you laugh?

Man [*shamefacedly, but still greatly tickled*]. I didn't laugh, I assure you. At least I didn't mean to. But when I think of him charging the windmills and thinking that he was doing the finest thing— [*He chokes with suppressed laughter.*]

Raina [*sternly*]. Give me back the portrait, sir.

Man [*with sincere remorse*]. Of course, certainly. I'm really very sorry. [*She deliberately kisses it, and looks him straight in the face before returning to the chest of drawers to replace it. He follows her, apologizing.*] Perhaps I'm quite wrong, you know: no doubt I am. Most likely he had got wind of the cartridge business somehow, and knew it was a safe job.

Raina. That is to say, he was a pretender and a coward. You did not dare say that before.

Man [*with a comic gesture of despair*]. It's no use, dear lady; I can't make you see it from the professional point of view. [*As he turns away to get back to the ottoman, the firing begins again in the distance.*]

Raina [*sternly, as she sees him listening to the shots*]. So much the better for you!

Man [*turning*]. How?

Raina. You are my enemy, and you are at my mercy. What would I do if I were a professional soldier?

Man. Ah, true, dear young lady; you're always right. I know how good you've been to me: to my last hour I shall remember those three chocolate-creams. It was unsoldierly, but it was angelic.

Raina [*coldly*]. Thank you. And now I will do a soldierly thing. You cannot stay

here after what you have just said about my future husband; but I will go out on the balcony and see whether it is safe for you to climb down into the street. [*She turns to the window.*]

Man [*changing countenance*]. Down that water-pipe! Stop! wait! I can't! I daren't! The very thought of it makes me giddy. I came up it fast enough with death behind me. But to face it now in cold blood—! [*He sinks on the ottoman.*] It's no use; I give it up, I'm beaten. Give the alarm. [*He drops his head on his hands in the deepest dejection.*]

Raina [*disarmed by pity*]. Come, don't be disheartened. [*She stoops over him almost maternally; he shakes his head.*] Oh, you are a very poor soldier—a chocolate-cream soldier! Come, cheer up; it takes less courage to climb down than to face capture. Remember that.

Man [*dreamily, lulled by her voice*]. No: capture only means death; and death is sleep—oh, sleep, sleep, sleep, undisturbed sleep! Climbing down the pipe means doing something—exerting myself—thinking! Death ten times over first!

Raina [*softly and wonderingly, catching the rhythm of his weariness*]. Are you so sleepy as that?

Man. I've not had two hours' undisturbed sleep since I joined. I'm on the staff. You don't know what that means. I haven't closed my eyes for forty-eight hours.

Raina [*at her wits' end*]. But what am I to do with you?

Man [*staggering up, roused by her desperation*]. Of course I must do something. [*He shakes himself, pulls himself together, and speaks with rallied vigour and courage.*] You see, sleep or no sleep, hunger or no hunger, tired or not tired, you can always do a thing when you know it must be done. Well, that pipe must be got down. [*He hits himself on the chest.*] Do you hear that, you chocolate-cream soldier? [*He turns to the window.*]

Raina [*anxiously*]. But if you fall?

Man. I shall sleep as if the stones were a feather bed. Good-bye! [*He makes boldly for the window, and his hand is on the shutter, when there is a terrible burst of firing in the street beneath.*]

Raina [*rushing to him*]. Stop! [*She seizes him recklessly and pulls him quite round.*] They'll kill you.

Man [*coolly but attentively*]. Never mind; this sort of thing is all in my day's work. I'm bound to take my chance. [*Decisively*]

Now do what I tell you. Put out the candles, so that they sha'n't see the light when I open the shutters. And keep away from the window, whatever you do. If they see me they're sure to have a shot at me.

Raina [*clinging to him*]. They're sure to see you: it's bright moonlight. I'll save you. Oh, how can you be so indifferent! You want me to save you, don't you?

Man. I really don't want to be troublesome. [*She shakes him in her impatience.*] I am not indifferent, dear young lady, I assure you. But how is it to be done?

Raina. Come away from the window—please! [*She coaxes him back to the middle of the room. He submits humbly. She releases him and addresses him patronizingly.*] Now listen. You must trust to our hospitality. You do not yet know in whose house you are. I am a Petkoff.

Man. What's that?

Raina [*rather indignantly*]. I mean that I belong to the family of the Petkoffs, the richest and best known in our country.

Man. Oh yes, of course. I beg your pardon. The Petkoffs, to be sure. How stupid of me!

Raina. You know you never heard of them until this minute. How can you stoop to pretend?

Man. Forgive me, I'm too tired to think; and the change of subject was too much for me. Don't scold me.

Raina. I forgot. It might make you cry. [*He nods quite seriously. She pouts and then resumes her patronizing tone.*] I must tell you that my father holds the highest command of any Bulgarian in our army. He is [*proudly*] a major.

Man [*pretending to be deeply impressed*]. A major! Bless me! Think of that!

Raina. You showed great ignorance in thinking that it was necessary to climb up to the balcony, because ours is the only private house that has two rows of windows. There is a flight of stairs inside to get up and down by.

Man. Stairs!—How grand! You live in great luxury indeed, dear young lady.

Raina. Do you know what a library is?

Man. A library? A roomful of books?

Raina. Yes. We have one, the only one in Bulgaria.

Man. Actually a real library! I should like to see that.

Raina [*affectedly*]. I tell you these things to show you that you are not in the house of ignorant country folk who would kill you

the moment they saw your Servian uniform, but among civilized people. We go to Bucharest every year for the opera season, and I have spent a whole month in Vienna.

Man. I saw that, dear young lady. I saw at once that you knew the world.

Raina. Have you ever seen the opera of Ernani?

Man. Is that the one with the devil in it in red velvet, and a soldiers' chorus?

Raina [contemptuously]. No!

Man [stifling a heavy sigh of weariness]. Then I don't know it.

Raina. I thought you might have remembered the great scene where Ernani, flying from his foes just as you are to-night, takes refuge in the castle of his bitterest enemy, an old Castilian noble. The noble refuses to give him up. His guest is sacred to him.

Man [quickly, waking up a little]. Have you people got that notion?

Raina [with dignity]. My mother and I can understand that notion, as you call it. And if, instead of threatening me with your pistol as you did, you had simply thrown yourself as a fugitive on our hospitality, you would have been as safe as in your father's house.

Man. Quite sure?

Raina [turning her back upon him in disgust]. Oh, it is useless to try to make you understand.

Man. Don't be angry. You see how awkward it would be for me if there was any mistake. My father is a very hospitable man; he keeps six hotels. But I couldn't trust him as far as that. What about your father?

Raina. He is away at Slivnitsa fighting for his country. I answer for your safety. There is my hand in pledge of it. Will that reassure you? [She offers him her hand.]

Man [looking dubiously at his own hand]. Better not touch my hand, dear young lady. I must have a wash first.

Raina [touched]. That is very nice of you. I see that you are a gentleman.

Man [puzzled]. Eh?

Raina. You must not think I am surprised. Bulgarians of really good standing—people in our position—wash their hands nearly every day. But I appreciate your delicacy. You take my hand. [She offers it again.]

Man [kissing it, with his hands behind his back]. Thanks, gracious young lady; I feel safe at last. And now, would you mind breaking the news to your mother? I had better not stay here secretly longer than is necessary.

Raina. If you will be so good as to keep perfectly still whilst I am away.

Man. Certainly. [He sits down on the ottoman.]

[*Raina goes to the bed and wraps herself in the fur cloak. His eyes close. She goes to the door. Turning for a last look at him, she sees that he is dropping off to sleep.*]

Raina [at the door]. You are not going to sleep, are you? [He murmurs inarticulately; she runs to him and shakes him.] Do you hear? Wake up; you are falling asleep.

Man. Eh? Falling asleep—? Oh no, not the least in the world, I was only thinking. It's all right, I'm wide awake.

Raina [severely]. Will you please stand up while I am away? [He rises reluctantly.] All the time, mind.

Man [standing unsteadily]. Certainly—certainly. You may depend on me.

[*Raina looks doubtfully at him. He smiles weakly. She goes reluctantly, turning again at the door, and almost catching him in the act of yawning. She goes out.*]

Man [drowsily]. Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep— [The words trail off into a murmur. He wakes again with a shock, on the point of falling.] Where am I? That's what I want to know: where am I? Must keep awake. Nothing keeps me awake except danger—remember that—[intently] danger, danger, danger, dan— [Trailing off again; another shock.] Where's danger? Must find it. [He starts off vaguely round the room in search of it.] What am I looking for? Sleep—danger—don't know. [He stumbles against the bed.] Ah, yes; now I know. All right now. I'm to go to bed, but not to sleep—be sure not to sleep—because of danger. Not to lie down either, only sit down. [Sits on the bed. A blissful expression comes into his face.] Ah! [with a happy sigh he sinks back at full length; lifts his boots into the bed with a final effort, and falls fast asleep instantly.]

Catherine comes in, followed by Raina.

Raina [looking at the ottoman]. He's gone! I left him here.

Catherine. Here! Then he must have climbed down from the—

Raina [seeing him]. Oh! [She points.]

Catherine [scandalized]. Well! [She strides to the bed, Raina following and standing opposite her on the other side.] He's fast asleep. The brute!

Raina [anxiously]. Sh!

Catherine [shaking him]. Sir! [Shaking him



JANE BARLOW

From a Photograph by LAFAYETTE

again harder] Sir!! [Vehemently, shaking him very hard] Sir!!

Raina [catching her arm]. Don't, mamma: the poor dear is worn out. Let him sleep.

Catherine [letting him go, and turning away to Raina]. The poor dear! Raina!!! [She looks steadily at her daughter. The man sleeps profoundly.]

JANE BARLOW.

[Miss Barlow is the daughter of the Rev. J. W. Barlow, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. She was born at Clontarf, County Dublin, and has lived nearly all her life at The Cottage, Raheny, County Dublin, a house which shows its deep eaves of thatch to the Dublin road. There, in a life of the utmost quietness, her genius evolved itself. She had published a good deal of unacknowledged work in prose and verse before the appearance of *Bogland Studies*, which in 1892 assured those interested in such matters of the appearance of a new force in Irish literature. Since then her prose volumes, appearing in rapid succession, have given ample fulfilment of what her poetry so richly promised. She has published *Irish Idylls*, *Strangers at Lisconnel*, *Kerrigan's Quality*, *Maurice's Fairing*, *Mrs. Martin's Company*, *A Creed of Irish Stories*, *From the East unto the West*, &c. &c. The extracts are given by the author's kind permission.]

TH' OULD MASTER.¹

I.

It mayn't be so much of a place whin ye reckon by land—Inish Fay—
Just a thrife o' fields and a bog like; but if ye consider the say,
Sure we've lashin's and lavin's o' that, spreadin' out and away like a floor
To Rathen at the end of our bay, that's as far as ye'll look from your door,
An' that far ye'd scarce look in a week to the west, where there isn't, I'm tould,
One dry step 'twixt yer feet an' the States: sartin 'tis the long waves do come rowled
Same as if they'd set out from the back o' beyant an' was thyrin' how each
Could swell up to the sizeablest bigness afore it lapt o'er on the beach.

Ay, we've plenty enough o' the say, an' good luck to't; I don't understand
How the folk keep contented at all that be settled far up on the land,
Out o' reach o' the tides; 'tis like livin' wid never a chance to be spied,
And what use is one's life widout chances? Ye've always a chance wid the tide;
For ye never can tell what 'twill take in its head to shrew round on the shore:
Maybe drift-wood, or grand bits o' boards, that comes handy for splicin' an' oar;
Or a crab skytin' back o'er the shine o' the wet—sure, whatever ye've found,
It's a sort o' diversion thim whiles when ye're starvin' and shireelin' around.

II.

I'd be noways denyin' the say's done ill turns on us now and agin;
But our bit of an Inish, begorrah, I'll stan' by thro' thick an' thro' thin,
For the pleasant ould times we've had on it is more than I'll ever forget,
And except for th' ould master's misfortuns, belike we'd be havin' thim yet.
There was none lived contineder: he in the Big House that's screened from the wind
Up the hallow, an' ourselves by the shore wid the bank lain' over behind,
An' the say washin' up to the doors, an' the sod runnin' down to our boats,
Where along o' the weed-dhrifts an' shells there'd be grazin' most whiles for the goats;
And our pratie-dhrills yonder—oohene, not the heart-scalds: they've been to us since,
For it's bare-far th' ould master'd ha' walked ere he'd ask for a poor body's pence,
If so happen—an' ready enough 'tis to happen—a bad saison came.
He was that sort, and young Misther Denis, God rest of his soul, was the same.

III.

Yet 'twas just be the raison of him, Misther Denis, the throuble began.
For afore ye'd believe, he shot up from a slip of a boy to a man;

¹From *Bogland Studies*.

Not his match in the counthry, sez we; an' th' ould master he thought that the lad
 Bet creation, because, ye perceive, it was all o' the childher he had,
 An' the misthress had died on thim both. So 'twas rael bad luck to befall
 When young master tuk into his head to be off and away from us all,
 An' to make of his fortin in 'Sthralia. Oeh, sure he'd one made fit an' fine,
 But some that they owned, I've heard said, had got all swallied up in a mine,
 An' that gave him the notion; an' thin there's the world young chaps fancy to see.
 So th' ould master was fairly distracted, an' couldn't abide the idee.
 And he done all he could to pervint of his goin' an' coax him to stay,
 For he got him the natest half-decker that ever was sailed in our bay,
 An' for huntin' a mare that 'ud frighten the Saints wid the leps that she'd lep.
 A grand baste—but no ha'porth o' use; Misther Denis he wouldn't be kep',
 An' the sorra a thing good or bad 'ud persuade him to bide here contint,
 For he'd elane set his heart upon goin'. An' so one fine mornin' he wint.

IV.

And we missed him, faith, little an' big, but th' ould master he missed him the worst,
 It's a full ten year oulder he looked from that day. Howsomedever, at first
 We tried puttin' the best face we could on the matter, an' talkin' a dale
 Of how soon he'd be wid us agin; an' thin letters 'ud come by the mail
 Wid discripshins of all Misther Denis was seein' and doin' out there.
 An' that cheered him up finely; an' whiles he'd step down where the most of us were,
 When we'd sit on the pier afther work, an' 'ud read us out bits of his news
 From Australy; an' thin we'd get gabbin' together like say-gulls an' mews
 Whin they're fishin' and fightin', of all Misther Denis 'ud do out of han'
 Once he come home as rich as a Jew; the good stock that he'd put on the lan',
 An' the fields he'd be dhrainin'; bedad, we'd the whole of it settled and planned
 To the names o' the cows, an' which side o' the yard the new cart-shed 'ud stand.
 Why, one night young P'at Byrne an' Joe Murphy they set to an' boxed up an' down
 About which o' thim both'd get the job to look afther the greyhounds he'd own—
 For we knew Misther Denis'd be sartin to keep an odd few in the place—

An' th' ould master seemed rael diverted, an' gave thim a shillin' apiece.

V.

But thin, it was maybe a couple o' twelve-months from whin he set out,
 We began to misdoubt some bad luck, till at last we done worse than misdoubt,
 For the throuble crep' closer each day; so I've watched a fog dhrift up the shore
 Wipin' out one by one every field glintin' green in the sun just before.
 An' to my mind that throuble's the worst, whin the time keeps jog-throttin' along,
 An' because nothin' happens at all, ye get certiner somethin's gone wrong.
 For if grief's to befall ye, I'd liefer 'twould lep on ye suddint when laste
 Ye expect, an' grip hould o' your heart like some nathural sort o' wild baste,
 Than come slitherin' by like a snake, an' be priekin' your fut wid its sting
 That 'ill send the death crawlin' in cowl'd thro' your limbs. But 'twas just such a thing
 Wid the young master's letters. For, first time one missed, all we said was the post
 Had delayed it belike; an' next mail-day we said one might aisy be lost
 Comin' that far; an' time an' agin we'd be sayin': Oeh, musha, if aught
 Would ha' happint him, someone'd ha' wrote fast enough wid the news; but we thought
 It was quare. Till at last we were dhruv to believe that he'd surely been tuk
 Wid some faver, or met wid a hurt, and be thravellin' far off, be bad luck,
 And had died all alone wid the sorra a friend to be sendin' home word;
 Or what else was the raison that year afther year tale nor tidings we heard?

VI.

But it come cruel hard on th' ould master, for, livin' so lonesome an' quite,
 He'd got naught to be takin' his mind off the throuble by day or by night.
 An' he wouldn't let on he thought bad o' the matter; an' yet all the same
 He'd be off wid himself in the boat to the town every morning that came,
 Like enough wid no chance in the world o' the mail bein' in, as he knew;
 But he'd set Widdy Doyle at the office a-sortin' the letter-bags thro',
 An' stan' watchin' as if one 'ud make all the differ 'twixt Heaven and Hell;
 An' it never was Heaven; for always there'd be the same story to tell:
 "No, there's nought for your honour this day."
 An' he stopped himself goin' at last,

And 'ud send the boys over, but, oeh, ere ye'd
 think they'd ha' fairly got past
 Inish Greinc, half-ways back, he'd be thrampin'
 the pier lookin' out for the boat,
 In a downpour, mayhap, wid the win' fit to
 blusther the nap off his coat;
 An' 'twas "Sorra a thing for your honour",—
 Oehone, every sowl in the place
 Would be heart-vexed to see him creep home be
 himself wid that news in his face.

VII.

Sure, 'tis waitin' an' hopin' that keep ye tormented.
 It's aisy to say:
 "Oeh, I'll put the thoughts out o' me head; I'll
 not hope it no more from this day;"
 But next minute, the same as a spark that ye
 think ye've throd under your heel,
 It flares up, an' flares out, an', begorrah, it laves
 you a disolit feel.
 I remember one day we made sure there was
 news, for the boat we espied
 Wid the boys rowin' mad, fit to reave the ould
 thole-pins clear out of her side,
 An' Long Mick, the big fool, lettin' bawls in the
 bows, and a-wavin' the bag,
 'Cause a velopy'd come wid a shtrange-coloured
 stamp, an' they'd settled to brag
 'Twas from 'Sthralia. An', there, when th' ould
 master had tore it wid his hands all a-shake,
 It was merely some blathers in print o' the fortins
 a body could make
 On the railroads in France; an' that mornin'
 there wasn't a word of abuse
 That we didn't be givin' the omadhaun Mick—
 but, sure, where was the use?
 So the years slipt away and away, an' no news to
 be had, good or ill;
 But it's more than the years, I'll go bail, did be
 dhrivin' th' ould master downhill;
 'Twas the wond'rin', an' wishin', an' frettin' that
 whitened the hair on his head
 When 'twas black as a crow, an' that stooped
 him, when straight as a soldier he'd tread.

VIII.

An' the last time he ever come down on the
 beach was a dhreary wild day
 In the cowl'd heart o' March, whin the win' keeps
 a keen like a dog gone astray,
 An' the sun'll let on to be shinin' wid no taste
 of heat in it yet,
 An' the world seems swep' empty an' waitin' for
 somethin' it never'll get.
 So th' ould master come mopin' along where me
 boat was heeled up on the sands,
 An' sat down wid his hands on the top of his
 stick, an' his chin on his hands;
 Oeh, it's feeble, an' fretted, an' lonesome he
 looked as he stared o'er the gleam

O' the say, and sez he to me: "Connor, I'm
 thinkin' th' ould Inish'll seem
 Quare enough whin there's ne'er an O'Neil on't
 an' we afther ownin' it all
 For these hundrids o' years." An' "Yer honour,"
 sez I, "that's not like to befall
 In these hundrids o' years comin' by." But sez
 he, wid a shake of his head:
 "Troth, 'twill happen as soon as I quit; for since
 he—they've no hope but he's dead—
 To the sorra an O'Neil Inish Fay's bound to go;
 'tis me uncle's son's son,
 That lives over the wather. He'd plenty, he'd
 plenty—an' I'd but the one.
 Little news I've e'er heard o' thim all, an' that
 little no good. I misdoubt
 He'll be playin' the Devil's game here, an' be
 turnin' me poor people out:
 Sure ye'll mind Misther Denis'd ha' ne'er thried
 that trade? He would go, man, would go—
 But in troth it's hard lines on yous all." An' sez
 I to meself, "It is so;
 It's hard lines ne'er to know from one day to the
 other who'll be ownin' ye next,
 Whether folks that be kind-like an' wait or a
 grabbin' ould naygur that's vext
 Till he's got the thatch burn't o'er your head, an'
 the walls battered down round your hearth;
 'Tis the same as if God and the Devil tuk turns
 to be ownin' the earth."
 So thinks I to meself. But, oeh musha, who'd go
 to be sayin' a word
 Might distress the poor master thim times. And
 sez I: "Wid the help o' the Lord,
 Div'l a sowl save your honour's own self'll get the
 chance to be thra'tin' us hard
 For this great while. An' happen your honour'd
 step round now by Gallagher's yard,
 For his pigs is a sight to behold." An' sez he:
 "Well, to-morrow I might,
 But to-day—it's 'most time I turned home." The
 Saints shield him, 'twas clear as the light
 That he hadn't the heart to be earin' for aught
 'neath the sun here or there.
 An' he off wid him home to his big empty house;
 an' to-morrow came ne'er.

IX.

Howsomever, afore very long, oft enough one
 'ud say to oneself
 'Twas belike better luck afther all that th' ould
 master was laid on the shelf,
 Than to have him about and around gettin'
 plagued wid the quareness o' things;
 For the saisons that come bet the worst of all
 the wet summers an' springs
 In the len'th o' me life. Oeh, bad cess to the
 cowl'd an' the snow an' the win',
 Wid the storms and the mists an' the polthogues
 o' rain the week out an' week in,

An' the oats bet to bruss wid the hail, an' the
bastes starved or dyin' outright,
Until after the thundher in June, all the praties
were struck wid the blight,
As ye couldn't misdoubt if ye wint thro' the fields.
But th' ould master, ye see,
Keepin' close in the house all that while, 'cause
he said he'd the gout in his knee—
Tho' 'twas liker the grief at his heart—he'd no
notion what ruin was in't;
An' so, lieber than have him annoyed, it's the
greatest ould lies we'd invint.
For we tould him the harvest and all was as fine
as a farmer could wish;
An' o'times when the most we could do was to
sort him a sizeable dish
O' sound praties to serve wid his dinner, we'd
say that but seldom afore
Such a crop had been dug on the Inish; an', certain,
that lie was no more
Than the truth; for 'twas worse than the worst.
But one mornin' he tuk to declare
He was sure that the blight was about, for he'd
noticed the seent on the air;
An' we thought he'd find out on us thin; but we
swore it was merely a heap
Of haulms rottin'; and after that day we'd the sinse
to be careful to keep
A big bonfire o' rubbish alight, if the win' was
that way, close at hand,
So he'd smell on'y smoke; an' the praise be to
goodness, we chated him grand.
And ourselves would be boilin' the weed, off the
rocks, that's the quare ugly thrash,
All the boilin' in wather an' fire'll make no more
than a bitter bad brash;
Just to keep the sowl in your body, where every
one keeps it that can,
Tho' 't might aisy lodge better outside, if we knew
but the lie o' the lan'.
Thin the summer dhreeped off into autumn, the
same as a soaked sod o' turf
Smoulders black ere it flickers a flame; an' the
storms came wid say-waves an' surf
Ragin' wild up the beach; an' the nights long an'
dark, an' the days cowl'd an' dhrear,
An' we thinkin' besides that th' ould master 'ud
scarcely last out the ould year.
Och, I never remimbered whin things on the Inish
seemed looking so black,
For 'twas ugly the winter 'ud be, wid a cruel
hungry spring at its back.

X.

But far on in the last of October, the news that
come suddint one morn
Nearly dhruv us deminted wid joy; 'twas too good
to be true we'd ha' sworn,
On'y somehow the Divil himself scarce seemed
divil enough to go plot

Such a thriek on th' ould master as that; if he
would, he deserves all he's got.
'Twas a letter, no less, from young master him-
self, wrote the next day but one
From where else on the earth save ould Dublin,
in reach 'twixt two shines o' the sun;
And ourselves had made sure we might thraavel
the world, an' his grave all we'd find
At its farthest—'twas grand. An' the letter
explained how he'd made up his mind
That th' ould master was gone. For some folk
comin' straight from this counthry, they said,
Havin' hould of the story's wrong end, that O'Neil
o' the Inish was dead—
Inish Fay—no mistake could be in it at all at all
—every one knew.
An' thin poor Misther Denis got desprit, not
doubtin' the throuble was true;
For it happint the sweetheart he had wint an'
died on him too, an' he thought
All his life was distroyed, an' the rest just a
rubbish that mattered for nought.
So he joined wid a party explorin' some big lonely
hills ather gould,
An' they sted there I dunno how long, till the
fortins they made was untould;
But whin once he got back among people, by
chance the first thing he heard tell,
Was how folks from Connaught were sayin' his
father was livin' an' well.
An' wid that he slipt into a boat that by luck
was just puttin' to say,
Never waitin' to write by the wires. An' belike
he'd be here the next day.

XI.

Whiles I've seen a big elm-tree the storm's ather
blowin' clane out o' the ground,
That lay stark where it fell all the long winter
thro', till the spring-time came round,
An' the twigs on its boughs in the grass 'ud be
greenin' wid leaf-buds an' shoots
Same as if they were wavin' above; but one knew
it was up by the roots,
An' the life dyin' out of it. That's what I thought
on whinever I seen
How th' ould master cheered up wid the news.
He that wouldn't ha' cared a thraneen
If they'd tould him his best cow was dead, or say-
wather had boiled wid his tay,
He was askin' for this an' for that, an' discoorsin'
an' orderin' away;
An' remimb'rin' whate'er Misther Denis was
plased wid in the ould times long sin':
"Lest he'll find things amiss here to-morrow,"
sez he, "whin we have him agin."
Yet he scarce could set one fut 'fore t'other, tho'
for pleasure he couldn't keep quite;
An' we thought, sure, young master'd find more
gone amiss than he'd aisy set right.

But the first thing th' ould master'd go do, was
to send the boys over beyant
Wid a boat-load of orders for aught he could
think Misther Denis might want—
Ale, an' bacey, an' cheese, an' the round little
cakes that he liked wid his wine,
And a rug for his room that the rats had ate up
into ravels o' twine;
And a couple o' chairs, 'cause the rest had got
burnt by some manner o' manes
When the girls would be short o' dhry sticks for
the fires; an' some glass for the panes
That was out of his windy since ever the cord had
gev way wid a smash;
And his tongs had been broke in two halves, so
they used it for proppin' the sash—
And I dunno what else all besides. But before
we expected thim home,
They were roarin' like bulls up the beach wid the
news Misther Denis was come.
For who else but himself had they met on the
quays, safe and sound on'y grown
Somethin' oulder; white sthrakes in his hair—
“Och,” we sez, “let that story alone:
Where'd the lad get white hairs on his head?”—
And he'd bid thim be rowin' back sthraight,
And himself 'ud be over and after thim soon,
for he had but to wait
Till his thraps were on board. There was news!
Howsome'er we agreed 'twould be best
To tell nought for a while to th' ould master,
who'd gone to his room for a rest,
Or he'd likely enough get his death standin' round
in the cowl'd out o' doors;
So we settled to call him whenever we heard the
first crake o' the oars.

XII.

Just a still misty day wid no shadow or shine was
that same Holy Eve;
Not a breath on the smooth o' the say, on'y now
an' agin a soft heave
Swellin' up here an' there, as ye'll see in a sheet
spread to blaich by the hedge,
That keeps risin' an' fallin' as oft as a breeze
creeps in under the edge.
Yet, as still as it was, we well knew that thim
heaves was a sure sign o' win'
On its way, an' we all were a-wishin' the boat 'ud
make haste an' come in;
But we watched an' we wished till nigh sunset,
an' never the sound of a pull;
Till at last, dhrifted in from the west, came the
fog like a fleece o' sheep's wool
Sthreeced down low on the wather, an' hidin'
away whatsoever it passed
In its sthreeclin'; and all of a minute, out some-
where behind it, a blast
Lep' up howlin' an' rushin' an' flusterin' thro'
it, an' dhrivin' it on,

Till afore we knew rightly 'twas comin', it's
everythin' else seemed clane gone.
For your eyes was 'most blinded wid spray, an'
the win' deaved your ears wid its roar,
Not a step could ye look past the foam that
seethed white to your fut on the shore;
Sure ye couldn't ha' tould but the Inish was left
in the wide world alone,
Just set down be itself in the midst of a mist and
a great dhreary mean.

XIII.

An' the thought of us each was the boat; och,
however'd she stand it at all
If she'd started an hour or two back, an' been
caught in the thick o' that squall?
Sure it's lost she was, barrin' by luck it so chanced
she'd run under the lee
O' Point Bertragh or Inish Lonane; an' 'twas liker
the crathurs 'ud be
Crossin' yonder the open, wid never a shelter, but
waves far an' wide
Rowlin' one on the other till ye'd seem at the fut
of a mad mountain-side.
An' the best we could hope was they'd seen that
the weather'd be turnin' out quare,
An' might, happen, ha' settled they wouldn't come
over, but bide where they were.
Yet, begorrah! 'twould be the quare weather en-
tirely, as some of us said,
That 'ud put Misther Denis off aught that he'd
fairly tuk into his head.
Thin Tim Duigan sez: “Arrah, lads, whisht!
after sailin' thro' oceans o' say,
Don't tell *me* he's naught better to do than get
dhrowned in our ddrop of a bay.”
An' the words were scarce out of his mouth, whin
hard by, thro' a drift o' the haze,
The ould boat we beheld sthrivin' on in the storm
—och the yell we did raise!
An' it's little we yelled for, bedad! for, next
instant, there under our eyes,
Not a couple o' perch from the pier-end, th' ould
baste she must take an' capsiz.

XIV.

Och! small blame to thim all if we'd never seen
sight of a one o' thim more,
Wid the waves thumpin' thuds where they fell,
like the butt-ends o' beams on a door;
An' the black hollows whirlin' between, an' the
dhrift flyin' over thim thick,
'S if the Devil had melted down Hell, an' was
stirrin' it up wid a stick.
But it happint the wave that they met wid was
flounderin' sthraight to the strand,
An' just swep' thim up nate on its way, till it set
thim down safe where the sand
Isn't wet twice a twelvemonth, no hurt on thim
all, on'y dhrippin' an' dazed.

And one come to his feet nigh me door, where
that mornin' me heifer had grazed.
An', bedad! 'twas himself. Misther Denis, stood
blinkin' an' shakin' the wet
From his hair: "Hullo, Connor!" sez he, "is it
you, man?" He'd never forgot
One he'd known. But I'd hardly got hould of
his hand, an' was wishin' him joy,
Whin, worse luck, he looked round an' he spied
Widdy Sullivan's imp of a boy
That a wave had tuk off of his feet, an' was floatin'
away from the beach,
And he screechin' an' sthretchin' his arms to be
saved, but no help was in reach.
An' as soon as the young master he seen it, he
caught his hand out o' me own:
"Now, stand clear, man," sez he, "would ye
have me be lavin' the lad there to dhrown?"
An' wid that he throd knee-deep in foam-swirls.
Ochone! but he gev us the slip,
Runnin' sheer down the black throat o' Death,
an' he just afther 'scapin' its grip.
For the wild says come flappin' an' boomin' an'
smotherin' o'er him an' back,
In the lap o' their ragin' they swep' him as light
as a wisp o' brown wrack.
An' they poundin' the rocks like sledge-hammers,
an' elatterin' the shingle like chains;
Ne'er the live sowl they'd let from their hould
till they'd choked him or bet out his brains,
Sure an' certin. And in swung a wave wid its
welthers o' wather that lept
Wid the roar of a lion as it come, an' hissed low
like a snake as it crept
To its edge, where it tossed thim, the both o'
thim. Och! an' the little spalpeen
Misther Denis had gript be the collar, he jumped
up the first thing we seen,
While young master lay still—not a stir—he was
stunned wid a crack on the head—
Just a flutter o' life at his heart—but it's kilt he
was, kilt on us dead.

XV.

An' so that was the end of it all. An' the sorrow-
ful end tubbe sure,
Whin our luck was turned back into throuble no
power in creation could cure.
There he lay, 'twixt the sod an' the foam, wid the
spray flingin' sparkles in the sun,
For the storm had throoped off in a hurry, contint
wid what mischief was done,
An' the last o' the day in the west from a chink
o' clear gold on the rim
Sent low rays slantin' red o'er the fall o' the say
to the white face of him
That was still as the image asleep o' the lad we'd
remimbered so long;
Never oulder a day in those years. An' ourselves
standin' round in a throng

Kep' a clack like the gulls overhead that were
flickerin' the light wid their wings,
And as much wit in one as the other. Och! sure
there's no grief but it brings
Friends to thrayel its road. For while yet we
were feelin' his hands stiff'nin' cowl,
An' were sayin' the fine winsome lad, an' the
heart-break it was to behould,
Comes ould Peggy, the housekeeper, throttin' to
say that th' ould master had woke,
And had sent her to thry was there news. News?
It seemed like the Divil's own joke.
An' what ailed him to wake? He'd a right to
ha' slep', wid that news at his door,
Till the world's end. "Is't news ye'd be afther?"
sez Mick. "Ay, there's news here galore;
But it's news that I wouldn't be tellin' while e'er
I've a tongue in me head;
I'd as lief stick a knife in his heart, an' he lyin'
asleep on his bed."
An' sez Gallaher: "Musha, what need to be tellin'
him yet? Better send
For his Riverance beyant that consoles ye whin
throuble's past hopin' to mend.
An' till thin there might someone step up an' let
on nothin' 'd happint below,
To contint him." An' we all thought the same,
an' yet no one was wishful to go;
For we feared he might somehow get hould o' the
truth. Thin me brother, sez he:
"Sure here's Pat, it's colloquin' a dale wid th'
ould master he is"—manin' me—
"He's the man to be sendin'; forby he'll tell lies
be the dozens as fast
As a dog throts, will Pat." So they talked till
they had me persuaded at last;
And I thraped off up to the House. God forgive
me, each step that I wint,
I was schemin' the quarest onthruths I could
throuble me mind to invent.

XVI.

But I tould him the sorra a one, as ye'll see; 'twas
no doin' o' mine,
For whin into his room I was come, that seemed
dark, passin' out o' the shine
O' the sunset just glimmerin' around yet, th' ould
master lanced up where he lay
Afther takin' a bit of a rest on the bed, for the most
o' that day
He'd been ereepin' about to get everythin' readied
up dacint 'gin e'er
The young master was home. Goodness help him,
it's time he'd enough an' to spare.
No more need to be hurryin' for that than for
Doomsday, if on'y he'd guessed—
I was sayin', whin I'd knocked at his door, an'
slipped in to decave him me best,
It's beyant an' forby me his eyes kep' on gazin'
an' shinin'; I thought

Mayhap someone was folloyin' behind me, but
whin I looked round I seen nought,
Ne'er a sowl save meself, that I dunna believe he
tuk heed on at all.

An' sez he: "Och, thin, Denis, me lad, so ye're
here? Why, the step in the hall

Sounded strange-like; and I to be listenin', an'
never to think it was you.

But, in troth, till ye stood in me sight, I'd no
aisier believe me luck true

Than if sthstraight ye were come from the Dead. For
the time, lad, wint wonderful slow,

An' it seems like the len'th o' me life since ye left
us this great while ago;

An' sure ould to look down a long len'th o' time
sthrikes the cowl to your heart,

Let alone whin the days sthretch away, each like
each, an' nought keeps thim apart

Save the nights, whin ye sleep scarce enough for a
dhrame that as soon as ye wake

Sets ye grievin'. Thim whiles there's no end to
the notions an ould body'll take—

And I larned livin' lonesome, 'twas ould I had
grown. If I could ye the half

O' what all I was vexed wid supposin' an' dhreadin',
ye couldn't but laugh.

On'y one thing I've settled, no laughin' about it,
but certin an' sure:

I'll not lose ye that long, lad, agin, for it's more
than me mind can endure.

True enough, ye're but young in your life, and it's
best maybe's waitin' unknown

Worlds away from our bit of an Inish; all's one,
ye'll ne'er quit it alone,

For there's plenty no younger than me must be
rovin' as ould as they are—

It's together we'll go, you and I, lad, next time
that ye're thravellin' so far.

Ay, together," sez he. An' wid that come two
wails o' the wind, an' between

Sthruke a cry that was wailed by no win'; 'twas
the girls below raisin' a keen;

But he laned his head back lookin' plased an'
contint; an' they kep' keenin' on.

They were keenin' for more than they meant all
the while, for th' ould master was gone.

XVII.

So I'd sorra a hand in the matter meself, I may
truly declare.

'Twas th' Almighty's own notion that night to de-
caive him, if decaivin' it were.

So whatever misfortuns th' ould master ex-
perienced, I hould in a way

He'd the bettermost sort o' bad luck—an that's
somethin'—because ye may say

His worst trouble as good as ne'er chanced him;
ne'er come to his hearin' or sight;

And a hurt that ye feel unbeknowust, as the
sayin' is, is apt to be light.

An' bedad he's well out of it all; it's ourselves
have the raison to grieve,

While the say meets the shore, for what happint
this Inish that black Holy Eve.

But I'll whisht; for I'm thinkin' when things
have determined to run to the bad,

There's no use in discoorsin' an' frettin' save on'y
to dhrive yourself mad;

Since the storms, or the blight, or the rint comes
agin one wherever one goes,

Till one takes the last turnin'. An' thin if it's
true, as some people suppose,

Better luck follows thim that are lavin' than
thim that are bidin' behind—

Sure it's off ye'll slip one o' these days, an' what
need to be throublin' your mind?

CON THE QUARE ONE.

(FROM "STRANGERS AT LISCONNEL".)

Among the unfamiliar faces that show
themselves now and then at Lisconnel, some
make no second appearance, never coming
our way again, but passing out of our ken as
utterly as if their route lay along a tangent,
or the branch of a hyperbola, or other such
unreverting line. We seldom, it is true, get
proof positive, as in the case of the Dermody's,
father and son, that they will no more
return. Generally their doing so any day
may be supposed possible as long as anybody
remembers to suppose it. But some come
back at more or less regular intervals, like
periodic comets, so that if a certain time
elapses without bringing one of them, the
neighbours say they wonder what's took
him at all, while some reappear erratically
enough to preclude any calculations upon
the subject. Of this latter class was Con the
Quare One, who, after his first arrival, on a
summer's evening, now more than a quarter
of a century since, became a rather frequent
visitor, usually stopping for a few days at
least, before he resumed his travels. It was
conjectured that these were very extensive,
though perhaps less so than Mad Bell's.
But it was even more difficult to obtain a
satisfactory report of them from him than
from her. Mrs. McGurk said he was "so
took up with his own notions that he mostly
knew no better where he'd been, or what he'd
been doin', than a baste drivin' home from a
fair; you might as soon be axin' questions of
one as the other; though when Con chose to
give his mind to it, he knew what he was

about as well as anybody else. Sure if you wanted to know which way he was after comin', as likely as not he'd talk about nothin' on'y the sorts of clouds he'd been watchin' goin' by over his head; and 'twould take a cliver body to tell from that what road he might ha' had under his feet." This incommunicativeness made him a disappointing guest sometimes by the firesides, where he was finding a night's lodging; though he might eke out his conversation with a little twangling on his fiddle, in which the melody would be quite as vague as his narratives. As for his own earlier history, he never gave any clear account of it, probably having none to give, and the neighbours' speculations upon this point were somewhat wide of the mark, which was not surprising, as what stray hints he did let fall, could be very deviously construed. The opinion most commonly received held that he had "Took and run off from home, and he but a gosssoon, be raison of doin' some quare bit of mischief, and had a mind yet to be keepin' out of his people's way; though, like enough, they weren't throublin' their heads about him be now;" a theory which was not entirely in accordance with facts.

Con was not, I believe, an especially quare one at his first start in life, begun under the thatch of a little white-washed cottage, dotted down among grass fields beside a clear brown river, which kept his mother busy exhorting him and his half-dozen brethren to not be falling in and drowning themselves on her. Her days were haunted by apprehensions of that catastrophe, which, however, was not included in the plot of her life's drama. Con's chosen bugbear was the bridge which bestrode the river close by, and beneath the arch of which he had once happened to be while a cart passed overhead. For the lumbering rumble had been an appalling experience, which he shuddered to repeat. Yet he lacked the moral courage to rouse his elders' derision by an avowal, so he followed, and did not let on, whenever their wading and dabbling brought them into the hollow-sounding shade. Despite this daily anxiety, Con spent his earliest years light-heartedly enough, with no stinting of pitaties—none at least that reached the childer—and ample scope for sports and pastimes. But when he was still very small, his grandmother, lately widowed and on her way to a new abode, stopped a night with her married daughter, and begged

that she might bring home one of the grandchildren with her, "just to take the could edge off her lonesomeness," a request which could not well be refused. And Con seemed the appropriate person to go, as the old woman considered that "the dark head of hair he had on him was the moral of his poor grandfather's afore it turned white." Therefore the swiftly-running, mysteriously-murmuring river flowed away out of his life, and with it vanished all the faces and voices and comradeship that had made up his world.

At first he fretted for them rather persistently, but after a time adapted himself to circumstances, and contented himself with the grass-bordered, hedge-muffled lane, which had become the scene of his adventures, fraternizing with the reserved, fawn-coloured goat and demonstrative terrier, who alone took an intelligent interest in him. For his grandmother was satisfied with the sense of having him "playin' around handy," and could not be counted company.

But after nearly a twelvemonth had passed, Con seemed one day to be seized with a fresh fit of home-sickness. It was a brilliant late-summer morning, yet to old Mrs. Quin's perplexity, he continued to sit on his little stool, with his slice of griddle-cake half-crumbled in his lap, and answered her suggestions that he should finish his breakfast, and run out to play, by irrelevant requests for his own ould mammy. He wanted her cruel bad, he said, and there was nothin' ailed him, and he wouldn't like to look for blackberries along the hedge—or to throw stones for Bran—or even to be given a whole ha'penny to go buy himself a grand sugar-stick down at the shop—he only wanted his mammy. Such was his attitude and refrain all that day and the next. After which his grandmother said to her neighbour, Judy Ahern, that she couldn't tell what had come over the child, and he had her fairly distracted listening to him.

And Mrs. Ahern said: "Maybe he might be gettin' somethin'; there's a terrible dale of sickness about. But he doesn't look very bad to say. Arrah now, Con avie, why wouldn't you run out and play a bit this lovely mornin'? Wantin' your mammy? Sure that's foolish talk, and she nobody can tell how far away this minyit. It's just a notion you have. . . . 'Deed, ma'am, I dunno, but maybe you'd a right to let him home to her, or else he might get frettin' and mopin' himself into fever. He's a poor little crathur;

the face of him this instant isn't the width of a ha'penny herrin'."

"And he so continted," said Mrs. Quin, "until he took this fantigue. Rael quare it is."

"Most things do be quare and ugly these times," said Mrs. Ahern. "Goodness help us all! There's poor Mrs. Duff thravellin' off to-morra, to go stay wid her brother at Gortnakil. Very belike she'd take him along; and he'd be aisy landed home once he'd got that far."

And on the morrow Con did actually set off with Mrs. Duff, feeling half-appeased and half-compunctious, as people do when they get what they have clamoured for; sorry a little to lose sight of Bran, staring open-mouthed after him down the lane; and relieved through all by a vague sense that he was going whither his heart-strings pulled. If he had been a more experienced traveller he might have noticed some signs that things were, as Judy Ahern had said, out of joint. It was harvest-time, and the weather was not wet, though dull and chilly, but nobody was working in the fields. Nothing seemed to move in them, as they lay deserted, except trails of a white mist that drifted low among the furrows, where the potato-haulms looked strangely discoloured, speckled and blackened, as if a shrivelling flame had run through them all, charring and strewing pale ashes. The air was full of a peculiar odour, heavy and acrid, the very life-breath of decay. The roads were deserted too. For miles nobody would be met, and then a small stationary crowd of people would appear, collected, it would seem, without any more purpose than cattle huddled together in a storm, and as dumb as they, not giving so much as a "fine mornin'" to the passer-by. Other crowds they fell in with now and again, pacing slowly along, and these always had a heavy burden carried among them, and sometimes women keening. Once the car-horse shied violently at some dark, long thing, that was stretched out by the footpath, and Mrs. Duff crossed herself and said, "God be good to us!" and the driver said, without looking off his reins: "He's lyin' there since yisterday, and I seen another above about the four-roads, and I comin' past this mornin'."

Con did not give much heed to these incidents, but one scene in his journey impressed him strongly. It was at the small town where they slept the night, and it happened while they waited in the broad main street

next morning for their car to pick them up, as Mrs. Duff travelled by a rather disjointed system of lifts in vehicles that were goin' her road. There were few people about, and Con was intensely admiring a gaudy tea-chest in the window of the shop before which they stood, when a great roar began to swell up round the corner, with a lumbering of wheels heard fitfully through it. Presently a large crowd came struggling into sight—a streetful of men, women, and children, surrounding a blue, red-wheeled cart, piled high with dusty-looking white sacks. Half a dozen dark-uniformed policemen were trying to haul on the horse, and keep between the cart and the crowd, whose shout generally sounded like "Divil a fut it's to quit—divil a fut." It was a crowd that looked as if it had somehow got more than its due share of glittering eyes—in mistake, apparently, for other things.

As the cart came crawling past where Mrs. Duff and Con stood, a furious rush so tilted it over that the horse fell, breaking a shaft, and some of the topmost sacks tumbled off, dropping with dull thuds, like dead bodies, upon the damp cobble-stone pavement. Con saw a little cloud of white dust rise up over each as it dumped down, and melt away on the air, making him wonder to himself: "Is it smokin' hot they are?" But in another moment they were hidden for a while by a wild wave of the crowd, which threw itself tumultuously upon them. One of the sacks burst, spilling the soft flour in flakes, and round it the jostling and writhing grew fiercest. The faces that got nearest to it looked hardly the whiter for their smears and powdering.

A young woman, all black eyes and elf locks, with a baby wrapped in her shawl, crouching low and making a desperate lunge, grasped a covetous handful, which spirted away wastefully between her clenched fingers. She moistened some of this in a puddle as she knelt, and held the paste to her baby's mouth. But its head was drooping wearily aside, and its lips did not move when she touched them. "Ait it up, me heart's jewel," she said; "ait it up, mother's little bird. 'Deed, then, but you're the con-thráry little toad. It's breakin' me heart ye'll be, roarin' when I've ne'er a bit to give you, and sleepin' dead when I've the chance to feed you." She was beginning to shake it, but a young man who stood behind her put his hand on her shoulder, saying: "Whisht,

whisht, you crathur, for God's sake! It's done wid wantin' and cryin'; and a good job for it too, the Lord knows!" Then the girl shrieked again and again, and the people about her said from one to the other: "It's her child's starved on her!" And an old man caught up the little body and held it high over his head, shouting: "Boys, boys—look yous at that! There's the way Henderson's cartin' off the childer's bit of food to make his fine fortin in England." And the crowd shouted back through a surge of curses: "Divil a fut will he this day!"

A very little old woman seized hold of an outlying sack and tried to lift it, a ludicrously impossible feat, at witnessing which a cripple, leaner than his crutches, laughed boisterously, saying: "Och, good luck to you, granny; you're makin' a great offer at it entirely! Is it often you do be liftin' up the Hill of Howth? More power to your elbow!" And the crowd yelled with laughter too.

At this moment there was a prodigious clatter of hoofs on the stones, and round the corner whirled a squadron of hussars, all in their blue and yellow, like a flight of macaws, coming to the rescue of Mr. Henderson's sacks. But Con saw scarcely more than the first confused onset, for somebody snatched him up and hurried him into a dark passage. The last sight he had of the fray was of a glossy black horse plunging frantically back from a cloud of the flour flung into his face, and rearing higher and higher, until he fell over with a terrific scrambling crash. Con particularly noticed the white gloves of the rider, and thought to himself: "He's been grabbin' the flour too." And the women about him said: "Och, murder, the baste!—the man's apt to be kilt!"

When Mrs. Duff and Con emerged again all was quiet in the street. Two or three women had even stolen back, and were scraping up the white patches; and he was driven away on a car for what seemed to him a vast length of time. But at last, as he peered listlessly out on glimpses of the dreary, strange road, caught between the shawled heads of two other passengers, his eyes suddenly fell on something delightfully familiar. It was a gray ruined mill which stood by the river, not many hundred yards from his home. All at once he seemed to be set down in the middle of his old life, as if he had never left it, only with a charining freshness superadded. A delicious feeling came over him as he watched the clear sky-

glinting loops unwind themselves in the grass while the car jogged along. There were the big stones over the edges of which the brown water broke into dancing crests of crystal bubbles when the river was full, and the deep pools under the hollow banks where they had seen the trout that was the size of a young whale, and the twisted wild cherry-tree from beneath which the eddies sometimes twirled away, bearing fleets of frail, snowy petals. And Johnny and Katty and the rest might all come into view, paddling round any corner. When the car stopped at the gap through which you got into the field just behind his cottage, he was almost beside himself with joy, as his fellow-travellers, who were less elated, lifted him down and handed him his bundle, and bade him run straight in to his mother, like an iligant child.

He did run down the steep little footpath at the top of his speed, and round the corner of the house, and in through the open door. The room looked very dusk to him, coming in from the mellow afternoon sunshine, and the first thing he noticed was that the fire had gone out. Their hearth was a blackness sprinkled with white ashes, which made him think of the flour spilt on the dark ground. Next he saw his mother sitting on a stool by the hearth, with her head leaned against the wall, and his father's old caubeen hanging on its nail above, a very unusual sight at that hour. Con rushed at her head-foremost, saying: "Och, mammy darlint, I'm come home this long way, and they was fightin' wid all the soldiers and spillin' the flour, and his horse rared up on his hind-legs till he fell off his feet. And where's daddy if he isn't workin'? And musha, what for is Nannie and Johnny in bed?" He pulled her shawl because she did not look round at him, and immediately she dropped down prone on the floor, as helplessly and heavily as he had seen the white sacks fall. She had, in truth, been dead for hours, but Con ran out screaming that he was after killing his mammy, and nothing would persuade him otherwise. Vainly the neighbours averred that "the crathur was starvin' herself this great while to keep a bit for the childer, let alone her heart bein' broke, frettin' after her poor husband and little Pat, who were took from her wid the fever, both of them the one day." Con's mind was shut fast into the dreadful moment when he had pulled her shawl and she had fallen down, and therein it abode, sorely afflicted, until a spell of

brain-fever intervening let it loose into a region of vaguer and more varied dreams.

And when he had struggled through his illness, nobody well knew how or why, he woke up to find his world swept very bare. Father, mother, and all his brethren, except little Katty, were vanished out of it, and as it came looming back to him, thus depeopled, its aspect was immeasurably desolate. Nor did his loss end here, for from this time dated the springing up among the neighbours of a suspicion that he was not all there, a suspicion which developed into an accepted article of belief, the more readily, perhaps, because nobody remained for whom such a fact would have had a personal bitterness, the old grandmother having slipped away out of her lonesomeness before his recovery. It would not be easy to explain how it was that Con grew up into that privileged and disfranchised person who is spoken of as "a crathur," and whose proceedings are more or less exempt from criticism. People often said of him that he had plenty of sense of his own, and the remark was to some extent explanatory, as a certain singularity in his way of viewing things even more than an occasional inconsequence and flightiness in his sayings and doings tended to establish the reputation for eccentricity which followed him closely as a shadow, and set an impalpable barrier between himself and his kind. As he advanced in life this was strengthened by his increasing fondness for his own society, but he did not take to his solitary wanderings until after his sister Katty married young Peter Meehan and emigrated to New York. It was suggested to him that he should accompany them; but he sat looking meditative for a while, and then said: "How far might it be from this to the States?"

"I dunno rightly," said his informant, "but a goodish step it's apt to be, for people's better than a couple of weeks sailin' there, I'm tould."

Con meditated a little more before he put another question. "Would you be widin hearin', out there, of the folk talkin' foolish?" he inquired.

"Why, tub-be sure, man; what 'ud hinder you that you wouldn't hear them talkin' same as anywheres else?"

"Bedad, then," said Con, "it seems a long way to be thravellin' to a counthry as close as that. Sure, if you take out for a stravade over the bog here, you'll be throubled wid

nothin' the len'th of the day on'y the curlew, or maybe a couple of say-gulls skirlin'—raisonable enough. I'll be apt to stay where I am."

Con, who was a person of many moods, happened to be in an unusually cynical one just then; however, he adhered to his resolution, and when his sister had gone he adopted a life of long tramps. Somebody had given him an old fiddle, and this he carried with him, though chiefly as a sort of badge, as his performances were but feeble, and he could turn his hand to many other things when he found it necessary to do so. His roving had gone on for several years before they led him to Lisconnel. In those days he was a strange, small figure, who wore a coat too large for him, and a hat set so far back on his head that its brim made a sort of halo to frame his face, which had a curious way of looking fitfully young and old, with a shining of violet-blue eyes and a puckering of fine-drawn wrinkles. A small boy and a little old ancient man would seem to change places half a dozen times in the course of a single conversation. Even his hair was a puzzle, regarded as an indication of age, because its black had become streaked with white in such a fashion that its apparent hue varied according to what came uppermost in accidents of ruffling and smoothing. A neighbour once said of him that he was the living moral of a little ould lepreahawn that they were after making a couple of sizes too big by mistake; and my own impression is that further opportunities for observing specimens of the race would be likely to bear out this statement.

The summer evening on which he was first seen at Lisconnel had followed a very fine day. In the heart of its golden afternoon Mrs. O'Driscoll trusted her youngest son Terence out on the bog with his brothers and sisters and some other children, the eldest of whom, Johanna Harvey, the Ryans' orphan niece, was credited with wit enough to keep the party out of the holes. They wandered off rather more widely than usual, along the foot of the hill, lured on by a sprinkling of dainty white mushrooms, which they found, generally with yells, studded here and there. At last they sat down on a bank to peel their delicate, pink-quilted buttons, all of them except Terence, who was not yet of an age to have acquired a taste for mushrooms. He had been carried most of the way, still he had toddled farther than he

was accustomed to do, and his unwonted exertions led him to curl himself up behind a sun-smitten rock and fall asleep with a quietness which presently brought upon him the fate of out of sight out of mind. After a while, however, Johanna did bethink herself of him, and was just on the point of wondering aloud where little Terence had gone to, when her cousin Thady turned her thoughts into a different channel by suddenly saying: "What was there in it before the beginnin' of everythin'?"

Thady was a small, anxious-looking child, whose pale and peaky face his mother often likened regretfully to a hap'orth of soap after a week's washing. He had spent a surprisingly considerable part of his six years in metaphysical speculations, and was always disposed to make a personal grievance of the difficulties in which they constantly landed him. His tone was now rather peremptory as he repeated: "What was there in it before the beginnin' of everythin'?"

"Sure, nothin' at all," said his elder brother Peter, to whom the answer seemed quite simple and satisfactory. But Johanna looked as if she had caught sight of some distinct object which provoked hard staring.

"Then what was there before the beginnin' of nothin'?" pursued Thady.

"Dunno," said Peter indifferently, "unless it was more nothin'."

"Sure, not at all; that wouldn't be the way of it," Johanna said dreamily, yet with decision. "If there was nothin' but nothin' in it, there'd ha' been apt to not be e'er an anythin' ever. Where'd it ha' come from? Don't be telling the child lies, Peter. Why, for one thing," she said, her tone sharpening polemically and taking a touch of triumph, "there was always God Almighty in it and the Divil. Maybe that's what you call nothin'."

Peter evaded this point, saying: "Well, anyway, those times, if there was just the two of them in it and no harm to be doin', let alone any good people to know the differ, it's on'y a quare sort of Divil he'd get the chance of bein'. I wouldn't call him anythin' *much*."

"He wouldn't be so very long, ye may depind'," Johanna pronounced. "Musha, sure the Divil couldn't stay contint any while at all till he'd take to some manner of ould mischief 'ud soon show you the sort of crathur he was—it's his nathur. I should suppose the first thing he'd go do 'ud be makin' all

the sorts of hijjis roarin' great bastes and snakes and reptiles that he could think of, and the disolit, black, wet bogs wid the could win' over them fit to cut you in two when you're sleepin' out at night," said Johanna, whose ten years of life had brought her into some rough places before her adoption by her Aunt Lizzie Ryan, "and the workhouses—bad luck to the whole of them—where there's rats in the cocoa, and mad people frightenin' you, and the cross matrons, and the pólís, and the say to dhrownd the fishin'-boats in, and dirty ould naygurs that put dacint people out of their little places—"

"If it had been me," said Peter, "I'd ha' been very apt to just hit him a crack on the head when I noticed what he was at, and bid him lave thim sort of construccions alone."

"I dunno the rights of it entirely," Johanna admitted, "but it's a cruel pity he ever got the chance to be carryin' on the way he's done."

"Ah, sure it can't be helped now at all events!" said Peter, who was for the time being not inclined to quarrel seriously with the scheme of things, as he basked on the warm grassy bank, where the wild bees were humming in the thyme, happily remote from the grim House and the hungry sea.

"Belike it can't," said Johanna; "but 'twould be real grand if it could. Suppose I was out on the hill there some fine evenin', and I not thinkin' of anythin' in partic'lar, and all of a suddint I'd see a great big, ugly, black-lookin' baste of a feller, the size of forty, skytin' away wid himself along the light of the sky over yonder, where the sun was about goin' down, and his shadder the len'th of an awful tall tree slippin' streelin' after him, till it was off over the edge of the world like, and that same 'ud be just the Divil, that they were after bundlin' out of it body and bones, the way he wouldn't get meddlin' and makin' and annoyin' people any more. So wid that I'd take a race home and be tellin' you all the iligant thing was after happenin'. And in the middle of it who'd come landin' in but me father and mother and little Dan. And then, if it isn't the grand cup of tay I'd be makin' her, ay begorra would I, and a sugarstick to stir it wid."

Johanna's vision of the millennium was broken in upon querulously by Thady. "Sure I know all about God Almighty and the Divil," he said comprehensively. "I was on'y axin' what was in it before the beginnin' of everythin', and you're not tellin' me that."

"There's a dale o' things little spalpeens like you wouldn't be tould the rights of at all," said Peter loftily, being rather annoyed at the interruption. He would have liked to hear some further details about the felicity to be inaugurated by that exquisite cup of tea. "Go on romancin', Han."

But Johanna, who felt that this assumption of superior knowledge was an uncandid subterfuge, and yet had not magnanimity enough to disclaim it on her own part, remained uneasily silent for a moment, and then only said: "Sure it's time we was gettin' home." This they accordingly proceeded to do, and had gone most of the distance before it occurred to anybody that little Terence O'Driscoll was not with them. Then, after a superficial and unproductive search among the scattered stones and bushes, they thought it expedient to run back in a fright, and report that the child had gone and got lost, unless by any odd chance he'd come home along wid himself.

Thus it was that when Terence wakened from his nap, he found himself deserted, and thrown completely upon his own resources. As he had not been quite three years in amassing these, they were on the whole but scanty. In fact, he was helplessly unable to realize a world with nothing in it except endlessly swelling-up slopes of furzy grass, no Molly nor Micky for him to trot after, and to carry him wherever they were going, whenever he intimated the desirability of that step by abruptly plumping down on the way. So he set off in a great hurry to escape from such a wilderness. He still walked with a wobbling stagger, and his long frock of whity-brown homespun kept on tripping him up, which retarded his progress. But he was not at all long in mentally reaching the precincts of a wild panic which rose up and seized him in a grip never to be quite forgotten, though only a few desperate minutes ensued before he stumped blindly against Con's legs. It was so unutterable a relief to have come on somebody who could hear him roar, that Terence ceased roaring immediately, and let Con pick him up without demur. The appearance of Molly or Micky would, no doubt, have been more satisfactory, but this stranger man might serve well enough at a pinch to carry him home, which it was inconceivable that anybody of such a size could be unable or unwilling to do. As for Con, the inference he drew from Terence's dimensions was that his family and friends

were probably not far to seek; and he recognized the shrewdness of the conjecture when he presently espied a shawled figure coming swiftly towards him over the edge of a slope, with the amber of the sunset glowing behind her, and her long shadow sliding on far below her, and as if it were in an even greater hurry than herself.

Mrs. O'Driscoll's head was among the golden sunbeams, but her heart had gone down to the very bottom of the blackest and deepest hole in the bog. For towards that dreadful goal she had seen a small form toddling ever since the other children came home alarmingly late with the news that Terence had got lost on them, and they couldn't find a bit of him, high ways or low ways. She was so overjoyed at her rescue that her delighted gratitude cast a sort of glamour around Con, which never wholly faded away. Ever after the appearance of his queer figure called up in her mind a dim reminiscence of the moment when she had seen it for the first time come into view, laden with what she well knew was Terence, sitting bolt upright in a manner that betokened him to have experienced neither drowning nor any other disaster.

As Con put the child into her arms, where it seemed to fit into a niche specially designed for it, he said: "Sure now, ma'am, when I seen him stumpin' along his lone, and he about the height of a sizeable bohawlawn (rag-weed), sez I to meself there was apt to be somebody lookin' after him. For bedad it seems to me mostwhiles the littler a thing is the more people there'll be consaitin' they can't get on widout it; and that's lucky, belike, or else it might aisy get lost entirely, like a threepenny-bit rowled away into a crack. But if you come to considher," Con said, hurrying on, lest his allusion to the coin should be construed as a hint that he thought of payment for his services, "most people's lookin' out for somebody, or else somebody's lookin' out for them. It's on'y a few odd ones like meself that makes no differ here or there. I won'er now is the raison that it's after losin' ourselves we are in a manner—I've me notions about that. For first—I think I dunno if anythin's rightly lost that nobody's lookin' to find, and then I think I dunno but you might as well say you couldn't find anythin' you weren't after losin' and lookin' for, and that's not the truth be no manner of manes."

"And you after findin' the child," said Mrs. O'Driscoll.

"Sure not at all, ma'am," said Con, modestly deprecating not the statement but the implied praise. "Small thanks to me for that, when the woeful bawls of it you might have heard a mile o' ground. You could as aisy ha' missed a little clap of thunder, if a one was be chance comin' tatterin' along between the furzes, wid the head of it bobbin' up now and agin, and makin' all the noise it could contrive. Troth it's the quare bawls I might be lettin' these times afore the rest of them 'ud hear me, for if it's lost I am, I'm strayin' a terrible long while; they're apt to disremember they ever owned me. I do be thinkin', ma'am, that if you forgit what you've lost, 'tis maybe all the one thing as if you'd found it; and after that agin I do be thinkin' maybe 'twould be liker losin' it twyste over. It's quare the diff'rent notions there is about most things. And a good job too, or else what would you be considherin' in your mind, when you was thrampin' around? 'Deed now, if you couldn't be supposin' they were this way and that way and argufyin' over them wid yourself in your own mind, 'twould be like as if you took and swallied down a lump of 'baccy instead of chewin' it, and what sort of benefit or plisure 'ud you git out of that?"

This was Con's first bit of philosophizing at Lisconnel, and it was not his last by many, as the place became one of his favourite resorts. His liking for it was perhaps partly due to the fact that its inhabitants received him on more equal terms than were generally accorded to him elsewhere; and this again may be largely attributed to the influence of Mrs. O'Driscoll. For her grateful feelings towards the restorer of Terence made her loth to recognize any deficiencies in him, and her neighbours, soon perceiving that she seemed vexed if Con was spoken of as cracked, or crazy, or "wantin' a corner", were ready enough to modify their language, and even their judgment, in accordance with her view. Still it was convenient to distinguish him from another resident Con, about whom there were no very striking features. Therefore, her little Rose having been heard to say that she was "after seein' Con; not Con Ryan, but the quare one," they caught up and applied the epithet, which in Lisconnel is regarded as a safely colourless term, not likely to hurt the most sensitive feelings.

Con on his part formed the highest opinion of Mrs. O'Driscoll, and often took counsel with her about perplexing points which had

presented themselves to him in the course of his meditations. In one practical matter, however, he showed an obstinacy that did not further her in her wish to uphold him on a footing with quite sensible people. This was his fancy for adorning the band of his broad-brimmed caubeen with a garnish of feathers and flowers. Mrs. O'Driscoll disapproved of the freak, rightly judging that it often created irrevocable first impressions, and fixed his standing at a glance. In this age and clime the Seven Sages could hardly maintain among them a reverend aspect under the frivolity of a single flaunting blossom, much less the gaudy bunches and fantastic plumes upon which Con recklessly ventured. So at last, having hinted and remonstrated ineffectually, she contrived somehow to find time and stuff among her laborious days and scanty stores and fashioned for him a round cloth cap of a severely plain design, which she thought would give no scope for any unseemly appendages. Upon being presented with this head-gear, Con dutifully assumed it, and went about wearing it for a day or two in a depressed frame of mind. Then he appeared in the morning at the O'Driscolls', cheered, and crested with a remarkably long gannet's feather struck upright in the crown of his cap, through which he had bored a hole to admit of the insertion. He was resolved to brazen out the matter, so he presently took off his cap, and twirling it round with an unconcerned air as he leaned against the door, said to Herself: "Well, ma'am, what do you think of that?"

"To tell you just the truth, Con," said Herself, whose countenance had fallen as she saw the failure of her little plot, "I was thinkin' it looked a dale better before you cocked that ould gazabo on top of it. 'Deed, now it gives you the apparence of a head of cabbage that's sproutin' up and goin' to seed. Sure you niver see the other lads trapesin' about wid the like on them."

Con, who seemed rather cast down by this criticism, was about to reply, when young Ned Keogh took the cap out of his hand and affected to examine it closely, saying: "Glory be to goodness, what sort of thing is it at all at all? Bedad it's the won'erful contrivance—Ah, tub-be sure; I see what it is. He's about growin' a pair of wings for his wit to fly away wid. But musha, good gracious, he needn't ha' troubled himself to be gettin' them that sizeable. Somethin' the bigness of a hedge-sparrer's, or maybe a weeny white

butterfly's 'ud ha' plinty stren'th enough for the job, if that was all they had to do." Ned meant no harm, but his witticisms did not fall in with Con's humour, so he snatched back the cap, and went off affronted, nor did he call at the O'Driscolls' again for some weeks.

The next time he came, however, Herself had espied him a bit down the road, and was standing at the door to receive him with his discarded caubeen in her hand. "You'd be better wearin' it, Con, after all," she said, "for the eyes are scorched out of your head under the sun widout e'er a scrap of brim." And as Con took it, he observed with glee that she had fastened into the band a dove-coloured kittiwake's wing-feather, a somewhat cherished possession of her own, which she used to keep over her best picture on the wall. Thus did she seek to make amends for the speech about the sprouting cabbage-head, which had been weighing heavily upon her conscience.

The kittiwake's feather had to weather rain and sunshine for many a year in Con the Quare One's old caubeen; but it is now on a room-wall again, the Kilfoyles' this time. Con brought it to Mrs. Kilfoyle one autumn evening in the year Mrs. O'Driscoll died. It was much longer than usual since he had wandered into Lisconnel, illness and one thing and another having detained him in the North for the last twelvemonth and more—all her blackest days of childless widowhood—so that this was his first visit since the departure of his earliest friend.

"Could you be keepin' it somewheres safe for me, ma'am?" he said, showing the soft gray feather to Mrs. Kilfoyle, who was sitting by the fire with her sons and her future daughter-in-law, and Ody Rafferty's aunt, and the Widdy M'Gurk. "I'll be wearin' it no more. 'Twas she herself stuck it in for me, but sure I knew well enough all the while she'd liefer I wouldn't be goin' about wid such things on me head, and sorra a bit of me will agin."

"Whethen now but yourself's the quare man, Con," said Ody Rafferty's aunt, "to be takin' up wid that notion these times, when ne'er a differ it'll make to her. There might ha' been some sinse in it, if you'd done it to plase her, but now you're more than a trifle too late wid that. A day after the fair you are. Sure she'll never set eyes on you or your old caubeen agin," she said, as if announcing some unthought-of discovery of her own "no

matter what ould thrash you might take and stick in it. You might be wearin' a young haystack on your head for anything she could tell."

"That may be or mayn't be," said Con. "But at all evints the next body that goes there out of this country-side 'ill be very apt to bring her word. Discoorsin' together they'll be of all the news, and as like as not he—or it might be she—'ill say to her—'I seen Con the Quare One goin' the road a while back, and he wid ne'er a thraneen of anythin' in his hat, good or bad; the same way the other boys are; lookin' rael dacint and sinsible.' Belike she might be axin' after me herself, and that 'ud put it in the other body's head. Yourself it may be, Moggy. Faix now, I wouldn't won'er a bit if it was, for there must be a terrible great age on you these times. Sure you looked to be an ould, ould woman the first day I ever beheld you, and that's better than a dozen year ago."

"Troth then there's plinty of oulder ould people than me, let me tell you," protested Moggy, who was about ninety, "that you need be settlin' I'm goin' anywheres next. Musha cock you up! And your own hair turned as white as sheep's wool on a black-thorn bush."

She seemed so much put out by Con's statement and inference that young Thady Kilfoyle, always a good-natured lad, sought to soothe her.

"Sure there's no settlin' any such a thing, and for the matter of goin', the young people often enough get their turn as fast as anybody else. It's meself," he said, "might be sooner than you bringin' news of yous all and Con's ould caubeen, and everythin' else to Heaven the way he sez."

"I dunno if you've any call to be talkin' that fashion," said the Widdy M'Gurk disapprovingly, "as if you could be walkin' permisc-yis into Heaven widout wid your lave or by your lave. Maybe it isn't there any of us'll be bringin' our news."

"Might you know of e'er a better place then, ma'am?" said Con.

"Heard you ever the like of that?" said Ody Rafferty's aunt, not unwillingly scandalized, "I should suppose nobody, unless it was a born haythen, 'ud know of any place better than Heaven."

"That's where she is then," said Con, stroking his feather. "For the best place ever was is none too good for her, God knows well."

"And thrue for you, man," said the Widdy M'Gurk. "But she's one thing, and we're another. It's not settin' ourselves up we should be to have the same chances."

"Ah, well, sure maybe we're none of us too outrageous altogether!" said Mrs. Kilfoyle, looking hopefully round at her company. "And if they can put up wid us at all at all, they will. We'll get there yet, plase God. And anyway I'll be takin' good care of your feather, Con. Ay will I so; same as if it was dropped out of an angel's wing."

"So good-night to you kindly, ma'am," said he. "I'll be steppin' back to Laraghmena. I on'y looked in on you to bring you that, and give you news of Theresa. And I question will I ever set fut agin in Lisconnel."

He did not, however, leave it quite immediately. A little later, when Brian Kilfoyle was escorting Norah Finegan home, they saw him sitting on the bank near the O'Driscolls' roofless cabin. Its mud walls were fast crumbling into ruin. Already the little window-square had lost its straight outline, and would soon be as shapeless as any hole burrowed in a bank. Con sat with his back turned to it until the dusk had muffled up everything in dimness, and then he stole an armful of turf sods from the nearest stack, and groped his way in through the deserted door. The shadows within were folded so heavily that he could scarcely more than guess where the hearth had been. One of Con's peculiarities was a strange horror of a fireless hearth. At the sight of its hoarily-sprinkled blackness he always felt as if he were standing on the verge of some frightful revelation; a vague reminiscence, no doubt, from the scene of his life's tragedy, all distinct memory of which had been blurred away by his illness. Now he piled and crumbled his sods with practised skill, and set them alight in well-chosen places. But he stayed only for a minute or so till the little fluttering flames had fairly taken a hold, and were sending golden threads running along the netted fibres. Then he groped his way out again, and returned to his seat on the bank. Presently, as he watched, he saw a red light beginning to flicker through window and door, and growing steadier and stronger. When it was at its brightest, he got up and turned away. "That's the very way it would be shinin'," he said, "and I comin' along the road to see Herself and Himself and the

childer—God be good to them all, wherever they may be. And that's the notion of it I'll keep in me mind."

And Con the Quare One came no more to Lisconnel.

MAD BELL.

(FROM "STRANGERS AT LISCONNEL".)

Not so very long before the sound of Con the Quare One's fiddle ceased to enliven Lisconnel any more, Mad Bell's singing had begun to be heard there occasionally, as it has been at intervals ever since she arrived with her two housemates, Big Anne and the Dummy, and took up her abode in the last of the cabins that you pass on the left hand, going towards Sallinbeg. Perhaps Lisconnel should not reckon her among its residents, so much of her time is spent on the tramp as an absentee. Still, she sometimes has tarried with us for a long while, and she is understood to have some property in the house furniture, so it seems natural to consider the place her home.

From the first it appeared obvious to all that the dementedness which characterized the little wizened, yellow-faced woman was of a much more pronounced type than Con the Quare One's. Any attempt to spare people's feelings by ignoring the fact would have been very futile, and it was therefore lucky that the three new-comers, Mad Bell herself included, were quite content to accept the situation. The neighbours were at first inclined to commiserate Big Anne, who was pronounced to be "a dacint, sinsible, poor woman," for the oddities of her household, the incalculable flightiness of Mad Bell, and the impenetrable silence of the Dummy. But to their condoling remarks she was wont to reply in effect: "Ah sure, ma'am, that's the way I'm used to them, the crathlurs. Why, if Mad Bell said anythin' over-sinsible, or poor Winnie said anythin' at all, it's wond'r'in' I'd be what was goin' to happin us next." And Big Anne evidently looked upon this as an uncomfortable frame of mind. At first, too, they speculated much about the circumstances which had brought the curious trio together beneath one thatch, and found it especially hard to conjecture how the daft little vagrant had come into possession of sundry tables and chairs. All its members, however, being incommunicative persons, no

satisfactory elucidation of these points was arrived at in Lisconnel.

The coalescence of Big Anne's and the Dummy's fortunes is a simple history enough. Anne Fannin, while yet a youngish woman, was left alone in the world to do for herself in her little wayside cabin. Without a dowry to recommend her rough-hewn features and large-boned ungainliness, she never had any suitors, and she found it as much as she could contrive to make out her single living by means of her "bit of poultry" and her pig. Nevertheless, when her nearest neighbours — the Golighers — died, leaving their daughter Winnie, "who had niver got her speech, the crathur," to live on charity or the rates, what else was a body to do except take her in? Anne would have put this question to you with a sincere want of resource. So Winnie Goligher transferred to Anne Fannin's house herself and all her worldly goods, which consisted of the clothes she had on, and a prayer-book, and a lame duck, and thenceforward the two "got along the best way they could."

Mad Bell's history has more complications in it. They began one pleasant April day when she was only a slip of a lass, who had taken a little place at the Hunts' farm near her home, for the purpose of saving up a few pounds against her marriage with Richard M'Birney. She had been given an unexpected holiday, and was running home across the fresh, spring-green grass-fields, thinking to take her people by surprise, when she came to a hedge-gap whence you look down into a steep-banked lane. And at the foot of the bank Richard M'Birney was sitting with his arm round her sister Lizzie's waist.

To a dispassionate observer this transference of his attentions might have seemed a matter of small moment. Most of their acquaintances, for example, were just as well satisfied that he should court Eliza as Isabella. But the sight turned all the current of her life awry; for it set her off, rushing away from it across the same sunny, green fields, and she never came home again. Nor ever again would she settle down quietly anywhere. She had a strong, clear voice and a taste for music, and this led her to take to singing ballads about the country at markets and fairs. The harder she was thinking about fickle Richard M'Birney, the louder and shriller she sang. A very few years of such wandering shrivelled up her plump "pig-beauty", so that in her little, sallow,

weather-beaten face her own mother would scarcely have recognized pretty Isabella Reid. Then, after a long spell of illness in a Union infirmary, she began to grow noticeably odder and stranger in her look and ways, until at length the children shouted "Mad Bell!" as she passed, and that became her recognized style and title.

Such, briefly, had been her experience of life, when, one September evening, she came by chance to Big Anne and the Dummy's door. She had got a very bad cold, and felt hardly able to drag herself along between the berried hedges, and was so hoarse that she could with difficulty ask for the night's lodging, which they granted without demur. Their times had been unusually bad of late. In fact, their room was looking several sizes larger than they were accustomed to see it, because they had sold any articles of furniture for which "e'er a price at all" could be obtained. But to whatever accommodation this bareness permitted they made Mad Bell kindly welcome, the crathur being sick and crazy, and she stayed with them for three or four days. By that time, finding herself recovered, she resumed her journey, setting off early in the morning with the abruptness and absence of circumlocution which, as a rule, distinguished her proceedings. A friendly nod and grimace she made serve for announcement of departure and leave-taking all in one. As her hostesses watched her out of sight down the road, Big Anne said:

"Well, now, I never seen that quare little body in this counthry before, and we're very apt to not set eyes on her agin. God be good to us all, but the likes of her is to be pitied! She's worse off than the two of us. But bedad, Winnie, if thim hins there don't prisintly take to layin' a thrifle, it's in a tight hole we'll be ourselves. I dunno what's bewitchin' them. And the sorra an ould stick have we left in it that man or mortal 'ud give us the price of a pullet's egg for—and small blame to him, unless he was as deminted as herself that's quittin'."

Mad Bell's tramp that day was all along a sequence of lonesome, winding lanes, where few dwellings were dotted among the green and gold of the fields. The bustle of the harvest, its reaping and binding, was over in them, and they lay without a stir or sound. In some of them the stooks were still encamped, but some were smooth stubble, empty, except where a flock of turkeys filled it with dark, bunchy shapes.

She walked steadily on the whole day without any adventure, but when the dew was beginning to fall through the twilight she came to a short, shady reach of lane, at the end of which stood, in a green nook, a small, prim white cottage, with two peaked windows and a door to match. That, at least, is how it would under ordinary circumstances have presented itself to a passer-by. Just then, however, nobody would have noticed anything about it except the fact that out of the open door thick coils of woolly, black smoke were rolling and rolling, stabbed through every now and again by thrusts of flame which even in the lingering daylight gleamed strongly fierce and red. The house was evidently on fire. As Mad Bell drew nearer, she became aware of a wheaten-coloured terrier standing in front of it, and when he saw her, he began to bark vehemently. She was used to being barked at, though not in this way, for howls were interspersed, and it was clearly meant not for a menace but an appeal. No other live creature was visible about the place, until she had come quite close to the surging door, when a small gossoon jumped up out of the ditch on the opposite side of the road and rushed across to her.

"What 'ill I do at all, then?" he said whimpering, catching hold of her shawl. "If them childer's burnt up widin there, Mr. Wogan 'ill be in a fine way. It's for killin' the whole of us he'll be. And it wasn't me set it afire. Sorra the match was I meddlin' wid, I could swear it. I wasn't out of it any time, gettin' a few ripe berries to pacify them childer, agin they would be wakin' and roarin', and when I come back, there it is all a smother of smoke. Divil a thingelse was I doin' on'y mindin' them childer, and not meddlin' wid the matches, and goin' after a couple of blackberries. And Mr. Wogan himself's away to Ballymacartrian wid his boxes in the ass-cart. And all of them goin' to quit out of it to-morra, if it wasn't for them childer bein' burnt up inside—or maybe it's smothered they are. It's as unhandy as anythin'. It went afire of itself. And he'll be ragin'."

He bawled all this louder and louder in competition with the clamour of the dog, who kept on jumping up at each alternately, and evidently considered his remarks better entitled to a hearing. But Mad Bell merely replied: "Whisht gabbin', and hould that," thrusting, as she spoke, her little handker-

chief bundle into his arms; and thereupon making a sudden dive, she vanished among the flame-sheathing smoke.

Scarcely had she disappeared when an empty donkey-cart came round the turn of the lane, led by a rather dejected-looking middle-aged man, whose countenance, nevertheless, had for some time back been gradually clearing up at every wind of the way that brought him nearer to this particular point of view. But as he caught sight of the black smoke drifting and rolling, his aspect of reasonable melancholy changed to one of a despair that could not have been wilder if the reek of hell-mouth had blown into his face. He dropped the bridle, and hurled himself down the road like the distracted body that he well might be. For a twelve-month ago he had lost his wife and both his elder children in one week, and his pair of two-year-old twins were now all that stood between him and world-wide desolation. At the front door his frantic rush was met and baffled by a choking puff, which sent him fleeing round in hopes that entrance might be more possible through the back; and on the way he came face to face with the wrathful visages of his son and daughter, whom Mad Bell was carrying in the disregardful manner that betides a cumbrous load snatched up in a mortal hurry. She had escaped by the back door.

If the most radiant of guardian angels, in snowy plumes and golden tresses, had restored his children to him with a befitting speech, poor Matthew Wogan could not well have been more joyfully relieved from his terror than he was when this odd little yellow-faced woman, with a red handkerchief wisped round her head, and a singed griminess generally pervading her, handed over to him Minnie and Tom, casually remarking: "Bedad, it's the big heavy lumps they are!" Minnie and Tom both were crying and coughing loudly, because the smoke had got into their eyes and throats, which they resented; and when their father returned with them to the front of the house, this noise was swelled by the gleeful yap-yapping of the terrier and the voices of a few other people who had appeared upon the scene—a matronly-looking woman and two or three sunburnt harvestmen. From Mrs. Massey's observations it could be gathered that she had been minding the Wogan twins by deputy, and further, that she entertained the gloomiest views about the mental and

moral qualities of her son little Larry, who replied to her animadversions with over-reaching protestations about matches and theories of spontaneous combustion. While they wrangled in the background, the young men inspected the conflagration, which proved to be less extensive than it looked, though undoubtedly serious enough to have soon put the sleeping children past waking, if rescue had not come. A heap of blankets and other bedding, that smouldered and blazed near the front door, was the source of the most stifling smoke; and when it had been subdued by many buckets of water, everybody began to drag what bits of the furniture they could out of harm's way. There was not much, because, as Wogan explained, he had sent "the marrow of it" to his sister at Bally-macartrican, and the legs of the largest table were charred so badly that it collapsed with a crash "the instant minyit it set its four feet on the ground", as Mrs. Massey said. However, there were two smaller ones not much the worse, and three or four chairs, and a couple of stools, and some pots and pans, and a small clothes-horse, and a wagging clock, whose round white face glimmered through the dusk like a fallen moon as it lay flat on the grass. All these things made a little crowd on the plot of sward by the door.

"And what will you be doin' wid them now?" said Mrs. Massey. "There's my place below you'd be welcome to stand them in as long as you please. 'Deed would you, sir. The dear knows I'm not troubled wid too many sticks of furnitur'. That's a very handy-sized washin'-tub Larry's after carryin' out for you. I was noticin' to-day ours has a lake in it this long while back that dhrips over everythin'. I must get himself to thry mend it."

"That's a *lovely* table," suddenly said Mad Bell, who had hitherto made no remarks. "A rael grand one it is," she repeated, in a wistful sort of way, smoothing the leaf fondly with her hand.

"And very welcome you'd be to have it in a prisint, ma'am, if you've e'er a fancy for it; ay, or for the matter of that, to the whole lot of them altogether," said Matthew Wogan, who, with his arms full of the smoky twins, felt a weight of gratitude which he would gladly have expressed in deeds. "Little vally there is on them—it's a small thing after what you're after doin' for us. I wouldn't like to be payin' away me bit of money from the childer, or else— But if I auctioned

them things off the way I was intindin', it's on'y a thrifle of a few shillin's they'd be bringin' me. Welcome you are to them, ma'am."

"Sure what use at all 'ud such a thing be to the likes of her?" put in Mrs. Massey. "It's on'y annoyed you'd be, woman, wid tables and chairs. And she thrampin' about, you may depind, wid ne'er a place to be bringin' them to, if she had them twyste over, let alone any way of movin' them. It's very convanient we are, just round the turn of the road."

"She might take the little cart and the ould ass along," said Matthew Wogan, looking at his equipage, which was straying towards them intermittently as the beast grazed the green border of the lane. "They're no use to me now. Then there'd be nothin' delayin' her that she couldn't be cleanin' out of it wid them right away—You needn't trouble yourself to be liftin' the little stool, Mrs. Massey. What wid fire and water, that 'll be no place to sleep in," he said, pointing to the still smoking door. "The Mahonys 'ud take us in for to-night, and to-morra early we're off to me sister's, and next day to Queenstown. 'Twill be a grand thing for the childer to be settled near their Uncle Tom, that's doin' right well in New Jersey, in case anythin' happint me. So I'd as lief be shut of all that collection, supposin' they'd be any benefit to this crathur."

"Saints bless us, but you're givin' away all before you, Mr. Wogan," said Mrs. Massey, with a discomfited laugh.

"Have you e'er a house you could be puttin' them in?" one of the harvestmen asked of Mad Bell.

"Ay bedad," she said. And with that she picked up a chair and dumped it down into the cart, which had come to a halt at the door.

This promptitude on her part seemed to settle the question. Without more ado the rest of the salvage was loaded in, all except the handy-sized washing-tub, which by means of an adroitly taken up position Mrs. Massey contrived to have overlooked and left behind, when Mad Bell drove away with her newly-acquired property.

On through the gloaming she drove, till the white dust-flakes gathered up by the wheels grew damp and fragrant with dew, and till the moonlight was glimmering among the golden sheaves silverly, and till live embers were fanned out of the ashes low in the

east. The small hours had a frosty chill, and old Ned's short steps were leisurely, and his halts for refreshment frequent; still, Mad Bell continued to sit with serene patience. She was retracing her route of the day before, but at so much slower a rate of progress that the sun had been up for more than an hour when she stopped in front of Big Anne and the Dummy's little house. They were disturbed at their breakfast by the sound of the arrival, and when they came to the door, saw their visitor in the act of depositing a second chair upon the ground beside the cart.

"Whethen now and is it yourself back agin?" said Big Anne. "And what at all have you got there?"

"Inside they're goin'," said Mad Bell, pointing to the cart-load with an elated air. "It's a dale handier to have some chairs and tables."

This was a fact which Big Anne might well have admitted, considering that she had just been squatting on her heels to eat her plate of stirabout. However, she only continued her perplexed catechism: "Where at all was you after bringin' them things from, and who might be ownin' them?"

"Out of a house burnin' down," said Mad Bell.

"Och between us an' harm. What house is it then? And how did it get burnin'?"

"Sure it's aisy enough settin' a house on fire," said Mad Bell with a grin which to Big Anne, who at this time was not familiar with her manners, looked rather sinisterly significant. "Flarin' up rael strong," she said, pushing towards her, as if in confirmation of the statement, the little wooden clothes-horse, whose rails were blackened and charred.

"Aisy it may be," Big Anne said, looking aghast at it, "but dreadful divilment it is to do such a thing, wid the misfort'nit people very apt to lose their lives, let alone everythin' else."

"There was nobody in it on'y the couple of fat little childer," said Mad Bell.

"The saints be among us all, woman," said Big Anne, "what sort of talk have you? It's not streelin' about the counthry you are, wid them ould sticks of furniture, and lavin' the little childer in the house blazin' up? The Lord pity the crathurs, what 'ud become of them if they was left that-away? Burnt to cinders be now very belike."

"Stuffed," said Mad Bell, with a com-

placent nod. Big Anne and the Dummy stared at one another in great horror. The Dummy could express her feelings only by crossing herself and gasping; but Big Anne spoke volubly: "May God forgive me for openin' me lips to the likes of you. Och but you're the unnatural wicked woman to go do such a thing, if you was twyste as cracked and crazy itself. Git along out of this, yourself and your ould cart, afore the polis comes after you. Och, the misfort'nit little crathurs. And don't be offerin' to darken our doors agin wid the ojis sight of you."

"Gimme a hand wid liftin' in them two tables," said Mad Bell. Whereupon Big Anne whisked away from her, and banged the door in her face.

Mad Bell, however, did not appear to be discouraged by this reception. She finished unloading the cart of all except the tables, which she found unwieldy single-handed. Then she unharnessed old Neddy, and went and seated herself on the low wall beside the house. She was seemingly quite content with the situation. But to the two women indoors it was a dreadful experience. Their minds were firmly persuaded that the daft little woman had designedly set fire to some dwelling, and made off with what household gear she could lay hands on, leaving the hapless children to perish amid the flames. It shocked and enraged them that their premises should be infested by the presence of such a criminal, and that her ill-gotten goods and chattels should be brought to their very threshold, not to speak of her outrageous proposal to harbour them under their roof. Big Anne declared that wid the legs of them chairs and tables glimpsing through the door, as if they were on'y turned out to be airin' a bit, she and the Dummy seemed as good as a pair of murderers.

Every now and then they went to the door and peered out, and the incendiary always greeted them with cheerful nods. On these occasions Big Anne sometimes said: "Oh, very well, me good woman. Just you sit brazenin' there till the patrol comes round this way, and then if I don't give you in charge as sure as the sun's shinin' crooked over our heads. — Begone out of that, and take them things out of litterin' about our place." Or she would remark loudly to her companion: "Just stop a minyit, Winnie, till I sling me ould shawl over me head, and run down to the barracks. It's not very long they'll be puttin' her out of it, and bundlin'

her into jail, instead of to be sittin' there, wid ne'er a spark of shame in her, annoyin' dacint people." But neither mode of address produced any effect. The morning sunbeams still slanted down on the small pile of furniture, and old Neddy went on munching the blades off which they were dryin' the dew, and Mad Bell continued to sit upon the wall, as if placidly waiting for events.

Such was the posture of affairs until towards noon, when an outside-car came trotting quickly down the lane. On one side of it sat a black-whiskered man in his best clothes, with each hand tightly grasping a small, fat, wrigglesome child. And the three were Matthew, Tom, and Minnie Wogan. On catching sight of Mad Bell, he made the driver pull up.

"Well, ma'am," he called to her, "so you're after gettin' home. Bedad it's the fine long step you've took th' ould donkey; one while he'd be doin' it. And you're about gettin' in the few things? Very welcome she is to the whole of them," he continued to Big Anne, who had now emerged. "And begorrah nobody else had a better right to any trifle might be saved out of it. She'll ha' tould you, ma'am, the way the place was set on fire on me last night—some little divil of a spalpeen playin' wid matches it seems. But anyhow, there it was in blazes, and me gallopin' home like a deminted cow, consaitin' these two imps of the mischief here would be smotherin' inside it. And, troth, if herself over there hadn't them fetched out safe into the yard, when it was as much as your life was worth to put your head in at the door, for the stifin' of the smoke! I dunno how she contrived it. Maybe the crathur isn't altogether over sensible," he said in a confidential tone; "but if she'd had all the wit ever was thought of, she couldn't ha' done better be the childer. So it's kindly welcome she is to the bits of furniture, and the ould baste. And dhruvin' on we must be. Good-mornin' to yous all."

Mad Bell listened to this praise with the same equanimity as to Big Anne's threats and reproaches. But when the car had trotted on, she came up to her, saying just as before, "Gimme a hand wid liftin' in thim tables"; and Matthew Wogan, jogging down the long lane, may have caught the last glimpse of one of them as it vanished in at the doorway.

Thus it was that Mad Bell came to be domiciled with Big Anne and the Dummy

in the pauses between her wanderings. The arrangement seemed equitable in view of her substantial contribution to the plenishing of the house. The donkey-cart, likewise, was found very serviceable, enabling them to turn a penny occasionally by fetching and carrying. And the coalition worked well upon the whole. But after a few years of such prosperity that they were seldom without a bit of food in the house, and sometimes had bacon on Sunday, things took a turn for the worse. Old Ned died under the burden of his many years, and a sort of murrain among the fowl cut off several promising pullets in the heyday of their youth. Then arose difficulties about "rint", while their landlord, who was new to the property, had a natural zeal for sweeping it clear of encumbering tenants. And the end of it was that the three women transferred themselves to Lisconnel, where they became not the least respected of its inhabitants.

But these particulars about their antecedents were never learned by the neighbours there; and the joint ownership of the furniture still presents itself as one of our unsolved problems. Another of them was propounded somewhat later, when Mad Bell returned from an unusually long ramble, during which she had crossed the Liffey by the spacious O'Connell Bridge, and had heard the boom of the big College bell, and with her wizened-lemon face had half-scared the smallest-sized children in villages round about Dublin. For she was wearing an elaborately fantastic piece of head-gear, which moved everybody's curiosity so strongly that it cannot have been for want of wondering if we failed to find out how she had come thereby. Strangely incongruous it did undoubtedly look; yet the stages by which it had descended from its stand in the milliner's show-room and alighted upon the head of the little wandering-witted tramp, were much fewer than might have been supposed probable.

One blustery March morning, when Mrs. M'Bean was on her way along by the low sea-wall to buy a bit of bacon at Donnelly's shop in Kilclone, the east wind did her the shrewd turn of whisking off her hat and dropping it into the water. It was a most shabby old black straw, rusty and battered and torn, yet Mrs. M'Bean, a labourer's wife, who had nothing at all handsome about her, seemed to think it worth a serious risk. For she mounted on the broad wall-top, and

thence made so unwary a snatch that she overbalanced herself and splashed headlong into the heaving high-tide, where she would very soon have perished beneath the cold, olive-gray swell, had not the brothers Denny, fishing for bass hard by, noticed the perilous accident, and pulled timely to the rescue.

When they disembarked her, gasping and dripping, at the nearest landing-place, she was understood to say, "Sure me heart's broke", a remark which Police-sergeant Young, who formed one of the group gathered by the disaster, considered sufficient grounds for marching her off to the handiest J.P. on a charge of attempted suicide. Mrs. M'Bean vehemently repelled the accusation. She explained that she had said her heart was broke only "because she had lost her ould hat, and every thread of a rag on her had been dhrenched and ruined with the salt water. How could she go for to do such a sin as destroy herself," she urged, "and she wid a houseful of little childer waitin' for her at home, the crathurs?" Her arguments proved convincing, and the charge was summarily dismissed, not without strictures upon Sergeant Young's excessive zeal, by which he, recking nothing of Talleyrand's maxim, felt himself puzzled and aggrieved.

The incident, however, brought some more agreeable consequences to Mrs. M'Bean, as the J.P.'s ladies, commiserating her half-drowned plight, sent her that same evening a goodly bundle of cast-off clothes, over which her eyes grew gleefully bright in her care-worn face. At one of the articles included they widened with almost awe. This was an enormous hat made of white fluffy felt, with vast contorted brims, and great blue velvet rosettes and streamers. Its fabric was very stout and substantial, and withal quite new, for its original owner had speedily found it so stiff and heavy that to wear it gave her a headache and a crick in her neck. Mrs. M'Bean, for her part, could not entertain the idea of carrying anything so sumptuous upon her grizzled head; and when she tried it on her eldest daughter, it totally extinguished and nearly smothered the child. So she stowed it away in a corner, where it remained unseen for several weeks.

But next month, on the afternoon of Easter Day, Mrs. M'Bean had two visitors over from Ballyhoy: Annie Cassidy, elderly and rather grim, with her young friend Nelly Walsh.

"Nelly's bound to be havin' bad luck this

year of her life," Anne observed in the course of conversation, "for not a new stitch has she put on her to-day, and it Easter. That's an unlucky thing, according to the sayin'."

"Ne'er a bit am I afraid of me luck," averred Nelly, cheerful and threadbare, not to say ragged. But Mrs. M'Bean was pricked by a sudden thought up the ladder to the little attic aloft, whence she creaked down again, bringing with her the great white hat. "There, Nelly," she said, "just clap that on your head, and then nobody can pass the remark that you didn't get the wear of somethin' new, any way."

Nelly took the hat, which struck her nearly dumb with admiration, but as she tried to catch a glimpse of it in the shred of looking-glass on the wall, her delighted expression waxed so eloquent that Mrs. M'Bean was impelled to say: "You're to keep it, girl alive, if you've e'er a fancy for it. Sure it's fitter for you than the likes of me, that 'ud look a quare ould scarecrow if I offered to go about in such a thing." She had not at first intended this generosity, her worldly goods being so few that she could not lightly part with even a very unpromising possession.

Nelly, on her side, could hardly believe in her high fortune, when, after some polite demur, she found herself carrying off the splendid hat. To wear it on an ordinary walk would have seemed profane, so she held it under her old shawl all the way home to her cabin on the shore at the foot of the Black Banks, a good step beyond Ballyhoy. But when she reached the door, she could not forbear the pleasure of making her entrance in the glory of her new adornment. Her reception was altogether disappointing. For her mother's and grandmother's voices rose up shrill and shriller, demanding what at all hijjis gazabo she'd got on her. Billy, her eldest brother, said: "Musha, she's put a pair of blinkers on her like an ould horse"; and Larry, his junior, remarked with terse candour, "Och, the fright!" More mortifying still, Joe Tierney, her sweetheart, who had called to conclude arrangements about the morrow's holiday, said in a disgusted tone: "Tare and ages! I hope to goodness, Nelly, you're not intindin' to make that show of yourself at the circus-to-morra. Bedad, I niver seen such a conthrivance; you might as well be walkin' alongside some sort of deminted musharoon." This rather aptly described the effect of the

huge white brim upon Nelly, who was small and short of stature; but it hurt her feelings badly.

The only upholder of the hat was Anne Cassidy, who is fond of controverting the opinions of other people and who despises men. She said: "Don't be lettin' them put you out of consait with it, Nelly; it suits you lovely. Sure if anyone doesn't think your app'arance is good enough for them, you needn't trouble them wid your company. Circuses, to my mind, is trash—to be watchin' folks figurandyin' on a pack of ould horses' backs. There's a lot of us going over to-morra to Rathbeg, where they've merry-go-rounds you can ride in yourself, and all manner, if you'd just step down to the Junction station and come along wid us on the early train."

"Deed then I might," said Nelly; not that she had the least intention of doing any such thing, but because, being somewhat of a belle, she was unaccustomed to uncomplimentary criticisms and much affronted by them. Furthermore, for the same reason, she escorted Anne home, and stayed so long talking, that Joe before she returned had to go off about his milking, which annoyed him a good deal.

However, he had quite forgotten his vexation next morning, as he hurried through his early tasks with a day's pleasuring before him. He worked at the Kellys', whose land is bounded north and south by the Junction lane and the sea; and as he walked about the fresh April fields he was in view of Howth, dark pansy-purple against the eastern amber, confronting the sweep of the Dublin mountains, outlined in wild-hyacinth-coloured mist across the dancing silver of the bay. The calves had been fed so expeditiously that Joe found he could spare time to stop at the starred bank under the hedge and pick a bunch of primroses, some of which Nelly's mother would proudly keep in a jam-pot on the window-stool, while Nelly herself might like to wear a few at the circus, brightening up her brown-striped shawl.

But when he was compressing a thick sheaf of the cool soft stalks in one hard hand, he chanced to look up and saw what thrilled him with dismay. Bobbing along over the jagged edge of the wall, a short way down the lane went a gleaming white object, which he at once recognized as Nelly's new hat. He ran aghast to look through the gate, and despite intercepting road-curves

and obstructive hedges, the hat it unmistakably was, making for the Junction station. So Nelly, intending a serious quarrel, had thrown him over and joined the Rathbeg party. A pleasure hoarded in anticipation for many months, shrivelled into dead leaves suddenly like fairy gold, as he perceived how certainly this must be the case.

His first angry impulse was a resort to Haskin's public at Portbrendan, where he might spend his spoilt holiday taking drinks and making bets in the society of some cronies. What hindered him from immediately acting upon it, was a compunctious forecast of the concern which would prevail in his family, if he absented himself contrary to expectation. "There's me mother's never aisy," he reflected, "unless she's persuadin' herself some of us are kilt on her." This made him resolve to postpone Portbrendan till after breakfast, and he turned lothfully homewards. As he passed along the Kellys' yard-wall he relieved his feelings by tossing his nosegay over it at the place where he heard the grunting of their pigs, who on that occasion fared almost as delicately as Marvel's rose-lined fawn.

It was early still when he reached his cabin, one in the Walshes' row; and he sat down listlessly on a bank, to wait for nothing in particular. Presently Mrs. Walsh senior, came by with a twinkling can of water. "Och, there you are, Joe," she said: "Nelly's been lookin' out for you this good while."

"Whethen it's quare lookin' out she had," said Joe, "and she took off wid herself to ould Anne Cassidy—bad manners to her for her interfarin'."

"What's the lad talkin' about at all?" said Mrs. Walsh, standing amazed; "Nelly's widin there this instant of time, readyin' herself up."

"Maybe you'll tell me," said Joe, "that I didn't see her streelin' down the Junction lane afore I was lavin' Kellys'."

"And maybe *you'll* tell *me*," said Nelly's grandmother, "that she wasn't just now callin' to me they were wantin' wather. It's a fine bawl she'd ha' had to let out of her, if I was to be hearin' her, and she up beyond Kellys'."

"There she was anyway," Joe said doggedly. "Wouldn't I know that dad fetched-lookin' ould new caubeen she's stuck on her, a mile o' ground?"

"You great gomerai," said Mrs. Walsh.

"If that's all, you might aisy enough ha' seen the big hat goin' the road—but have you the notion it's growing on Nelly's head? Why, you omadhawn, you hadn't quit ten minyits last night, and Nelly was just after gettin' back, when who should come by but poor Mad Bell. Och now the raggedy objick the crathur was, wid nothin' over her misfort'nit head but an ould wisp as full of holes as a fishin' net. So little Larry sez, jokin' like, 'Look here, Nelly,' sez he, 'you'd a right to be lettin' Mad Bell have a loan of your grand flappy hat to keep the sun out of her eyes.' But belike Nelly'd took a turn agin the thing wid the way they'd all been makin' fun of it; for sez she, 'Will you have it, Bell?' sez she, houldin' it out to her. And if she did, Mad Bell grabbed it in her two hands—it's not often she'll have a word for anybody—and no more talk about it, but cocked it on, and tied it firm under her chin wid the sthrammers, as tasty as you plase. Musha good gracious, to see the len'th she drew the bow out on aich side of her bit of a yaller face, and the nod she gave her ould

head when she'd got it done. So that's what's gone wid the hat. Goodness guide us, if she wasn't the poor crazy-witted body she is, 'twould be a sin to let her go makin' such a show of herself; but sure no one 'ud think to mind anythin' the likes of the crathur might have on her, the saints may pity her. Ay bedad, them kind of quare construtions do be fit for nothin' unless Quality and mad people," old Mrs. Walsh continued, without malice, soliloquizing, as Joe had caught up the can, and was hurrying it with prodigal splashes towards his sweetheart's door.

The circus, with its flaring lights and whirl of tinselled prancing marvels, was so rapturous an experience to Nelly that she had not a regret for her discarded hat, which at this time was moving on beneath a soft dappled sky, between greenening hedges, westward along quiet roads and lanes. It found shelter for the night under the lee of a tall hay-rick near Santry, thus ending the first stage of Mad Bell's tramp home to the wide brown bog-land of Lisconnel.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

[Miss Guiney was born in Boston of Irish parents, her father, Brigadier-General Patrick Robert Guiney, being a distinguished soldier. She has lived most of her life in her native town, with occasional excursions abroad. She is primarily a poet, though she has published a good deal of prose of a delicate and fanciful kind. But her poetry is exquisite. It has an Elizabethan perfection and felicity, and is entirely classical. Very little poetry to equal hers has as yet come out of America, no other woman's certainly. She must be acknowledged as the queen of American poetry in our day, as Mrs. Meynell is of the English. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have published her poems in America; and Mr. Grant Richards in England has published one little volume, *England and Yesterday*. The volumes by which to know Miss Guiney's poetry are: *A Wayside Harp* (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 1895), and *A Martyr's Idyll and Shorter Poems* (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 1899). She has published three books of essays, viz.: *Monsieur Henri, a Foot-note to French History* (this deals with Henri de Rochejaquelein); *A Little English*

Gallery; and *Patrins*. She has also done much editing, and is the author of one volume of stories.]

A FRIEND'S SONG FOR SIMOISIUS.

The breath of dew, and twilight's grace,
Be on the lonely battle-place;
And to so young, so kind a face,
The long, protecting grasses cling!
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing!)

In rocky hollows cool and deep,
The bees our boyhood hunted sleep;
The early moon from Ida's steep
Comes to the empty wrestling-ring.
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing!)

Upon the widowed wind recede
No echoes of the shepherd's reed,
And children without laughter lead
The war-horse to the watering.
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing!)

Thou stranger Ajax Telamon !
 What to the loveliest hast thou done,
 That ne'er with him a maid may run
 Across the marigolds in spring?

(Alas, alas,
 The one inexorable thing!)

With footsteps separate and slow
 The father and the mother go,
 Not now upon an urn they know
 To mingle tears for comforting.

(Alas, alas,
 The one inexorable thing!)

The world to me has nothing dear
 Beyond the namesake river here:
 O Simois is wild and clear!
 And to his brink my heart I bring;

(Alas, alas,
 The one inexorable thing!)

My heart no more, if that might be,
 Would stay his waters from the sea,
 To cover Troy, to cover me,
 To save us from the perishing.

(Alas, alas,
 The one inexorable thing!)

FLORENTIN.

Heart all full of heavenly haste, too like the
 bubble bright
 On loud little water floating half of an April night,
 Fled from the ear in music, fled from the eye in
 light.

Dear and stainless heart of a boy! No sweeter
 thing can be,
 Drawn to the quiet centre of God who is our sea;
 Whither, through troubled valleys, we also follow
 thee.

A SONG OF THE LILAC.

Above the wall that's broken,
 And from the coppice thinned,
 So sacred and so sweet
 The lilac in the wind!
 And when by night the May wind blows
 The lilac-blooms apart,
 The memory of his first love
 Is shaken on his heart.

In tears it long was buried,
 And trances wrapt it round;
 O how they wake it now,
 The fragrance and the sound!
 For when by night the May wind blows
 The lilac-blooms apart,
 The memory of his first love
 Is shaken on his heart.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT (DONATELLO'S SAINT GEORGE).

Spirits of old that bore me,
 And set me, meek of mind,
 Between great dreams before me,
 And deeds as great behind,
 Knowing humanity my star
 As first abroad I ride,
 Shall help me wear, with every scar,
 Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me
 From summer's groaning cloud,
 Or ever malice touch me,
 And glory make me proud.
 O give my youth, my faith, my sword,
 Choice of the heart's desire:
 A short life in the saddle, Lord!
 Not long life by the fire.

Forethought and recollection
 Rivet mine armour gay!
 The passion for perfection
 Redeem my failing way!
 The arrows of the tragic time
 From sudden ambush cast,
 With calm angelic touches ope
 My Paradise at last!

I fear no breathing bowman,
 But only, east and west,
 The awful other foeman
 Impowered in my breast.
 The outer fray in the sun shall be,
 The inner beneath the moon;
 And may Our Lady lend to me
 Sight of the Dragon soon!

TO A DOG'S MEMORY.

The gusty morns are here,
 When all the reeds ride low with level spear;
 And on such nights as lured us far of yore,
 Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine,
 The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine:
 But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,
 Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now
 With odours of the sappy orchard-bough,
 And brooks begin to brawl along the march;
 The late frost steams from hollow sedges high;
 The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-fly,
 The cowslip's common gold that children spy,
 The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills
 The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills
 Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,

The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,
Having free feet that never felt a gyve
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found
The sunless April uplands underground,
And still, wherever thou art, I must be—
My beautiful! arise in might and mirth,
For we were tameless travellers from our birth;
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,
And keep the watch for me.

HYLAS.

Jar in arm, they bade him rove
Through the alders' long alcove,
Where the hid spring musically
Gushes to the ample valley.
(There's a bird on the under bough
Fluting evermore and now:
"Keep—young!" but who knows how?)

Down the woodland corridor,
Odours deepened more and more;
Blossomed dogwood, in the briers,
Struck her faint delicious fires;
Miles of April passed between
Crevices of closing green,
And the moth, the violet-lover,
By the well-side saw him hover.

Ah, the slippery sylvan dark!
Never after shall he mark
Noisy ploughmen drinking, drinking,
On his drownèd cheek down-sinking;
Quit of serving is that wild,
Absent, and bewitchèd child;
Unto action, age, and danger,
Thrice a thousand years a stranger.

Fathoms low, the naiads sing
In a birthday welcoming;
Water-white their breasts, and o'er him,
Water-gray, their eyes adore him.
(There's a bird on the under bough
Fluting evermore and now:
"Keep—young!" but who knows how?)

VIRGO GLORIOSA MATER AMANTIS SIMA.

Vines branching stilly
Shade the open door,
In the house of Zion's Lily,
Cleanly and poor.

O brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hand,
The King, who for apparel
Hath but a swaddling-band,
And sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in His
command.

Soon, mystic changes
Part Him from her breast,
Yet there awhile He ranges
Gardens of rest:
Yea, she the first to ponder
Our ransom and recall,
Awhile may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall
Against that only sinless love-loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him
Unto the deadly dream,
When the tetrarch shall abjure Him
The thief blaspheme,
And scribe and soldier jostle
About the shameful tree,
And even an Apostle
Demand to touch and see?—
But she hath kissed her Flower where the Wounds
are to be.

ODE FOR A MASTER MARINER ASHORE.

There in his room, whene'er the moon looks in,
And silvers now a shell, and now a fin,
And o'er his chart glides like an argosy,
Quiet and old sits he.
Danger! he hath grown home-sick for thy smile.
Where hidest thou the while, heart's boast,
Strange face of beauty sought and lost,
Star-face that lured him out from boyhood's isle?

Blown clear from dust indoors, his dreams behold
Night-water smoke and sparkle as of old,
The taffrail lurch, the sheets triumphant toss
Their phosphor-flowers across.
Towards ocean's either rim the long-exiled
Wears on, till stunted cedars throw
A lace-like shadow over snow,
Or tropic fountains wash their agates wild.

Awhile, play up and down the briny spar
Odours of Surinam and Zanzibar,
Till blithely thence he ploughs, in visions new,
The Labradorian blue;
All homeless hurricanes about him break;
The purples of spent days he sees
From Samos to the Hebrides,
And drowned men dancing darkly in his wake.

Where the small deadly foam-caps, well descried,
Top, tier on tier, the hundred-mountained tide,
Away, and far away, his pride is borne,
Riding the noisy morn,

Plunges, and preens her wings, and laughs to know
The helm and tightening halyards still
Follow the urging of his will,
And scoff at sullen earth a league below.

Mischance hath barred him from his heirdom high,
And shackled him with many an inland tie,
And of his only wisdom made a gibe

Amid an alien tribe:
No wave abroad but moans his fallen state.
The trade-wind ranges now, the trade-wind roars!

Why is it on a yellowing page he pores?
Ah, why this hawser fast to a garden gate?

Thou friend so long withdrawn, so deaf, so dim,
Familiar Danger, O forget not him!
Repeat of thine evangel yet the whole

Unto his subject soul,
Who suffers no such palsy of her drouth,
Nor bath so tamely worn her chain,

But she may know that voice again,
And shake the reefs with answer of her mouth.

O give him back, before his passion fail,
The singing cordage and the hollow sail,
And level with those aged eyes let be

The bright unsteady sea;
And move like any film from off his brain
The pasture wall, the boughs that run
Their evening arches to the sun,
The hamlet spire across the sown champaign;

And on the shut space and the trivial hour,
Turn the great floods! and to thy spousal bower,
With rapt arrest and solemn loitering,

Him whom thou lovedst, bring:
That he, thy faithful one, with praising lip,
Not having, at the last, less grace
Of thee than had his roving race,
Sum up his strength to perish with a ship.

EDWARD MARTYN.

[Edward Martyn was born at Masonbrook, near Loughrea, county Galway, Ireland, on 31st January, 1859. He was educated at Belvedere College, Dublin; Beaumont College, Windsor; and Christ Church, Oxford; but his only real education was that which he gave to himself. In 1885 he thought of publishing a volume of poems, but destroyed them instead. In 1890 he published a satirical romance called *Morgante the Lesser*. In 1899 his two plays, *The Heather Field* and *Maeve*, with an introduction by George Moore, appeared and immediately gave rise to a storm of controversy in the press. *The Heather Field*, at the inauguration of the Irish Literary Theatre, was produced on the stage in Dublin with brilliant artistic success in May 1899, and in London at Terry's Theatre with the same success in the following June. It has since been translated into German for the German stage.]

THE END OF A DREAM.

(FROM "THE HEATHER FIELD".¹)

[Carden Tyrrell's dream and purpose in life is the reclamation of the Heather Field, a great tract of mountainous bogland. Into

this, despite the growing anger and estrangement of his wife and the fears of his friends, he has put his fortune, his hopes, his happiness, and all his thoughts. After an unsuccessful attempt on the part of his wife, Grace, to put him in a madhouse, the play goes on naturally, inevitably to its tragic close.]

ACT III.

Scene—The same as last, only that the place, by the absence of all drawing-room ornaments, has assumed once more its aspect of a library. A fire of fresh ashwood in the large fireplace burns cheerfully, while sunlight streams in through the window-doors at back. A sheet of the ordnance-map lies on the writing-table. Several months have passed, and it is now spring.

KIT TYRRELL runs in by door at right carrying a child's kite, which he examines as he kneels down in front of the fire. Measuring out the string at arm's length, he appears dissatisfied. Then, as if suddenly remembering, he runs over to the book-case at back, and climbing up on its ledge he takes from behind the books on an upper row a mass of cord. He returns, and, disentangling it, ties its end to the cord attached to the kite, which he then carries to the window-doors at back. These he opens, and stands in a flood of sunlight. Outside is heard the singing of birds.

¹ By kind permission of the author.

CARDEN TYRRELL, *somewhat aged and careworn, enters by door at right.*

Tyr. [half to himself as he watches Kit]. Oh, memories—

Kit [after a short pause, perceiving Tyrrell and running to him]. Father.

Tyr. The little birds are singing in the sunlight to my little bird. Where are you going, Kit?

Kit. I am going to fly the kite. Oh, come out, father, with me to the heather field. There is sure to be a splendid breeze there to-day.

Tyr. [sadly]. Ah, the heather field. No, Kit, I cannot.

Kit. You have not been there for such a long time. Why can't you come?

Tyr. I can't; it is unbearable to be always followed and watched—and in that place above all others.

Kit. But, father, why don't you tell those policemen to go away?

Tyr. I have done so over and over again. They will not go.

Kit. But why must they watch you, father dear?

Tyr. [looks at Kit for a moment, then in an unsteady voice as he turns away]. Do not ask me, boy. You would not understand.

Kit [catching Tyrrell by the arm]. Really? Yet Barry says that I understand so many things better than if I were a man.

Tyr. [thoughtfully]. He is right. Only those who become as you are, can know the rarest joys of life.

Kit. Then why do you think, father, I would not understand the reason they are watching you.

Tyr. Because—because it would appear—well, something incredible to you. There, do not ask, boy. [*He flings himself moodily into the chair on the outside of the writing-table. A short pause.*]

Kit [coming near]. Father dear, you are not angry with me?

Tyr. No, Kit. Only a bit worried by things in general.

Kit. I am sorry if I have ever worried you. I will try not to do it again. I love you. Oh, you don't know how I love you, father.

Tyr. [throwing his arms round Kit]. My darling, you have never worried me. I could not live without you.

Kit [hiding his face on Tyrrell's neck]. Oh, father, father!

Tyr. Yes, Kit, you are a little elf that calls up for me the magic of the heather field. Henceforth we must never be divided, you and I.

Kit. Never, oh never, father dear. You don't know how lonely I feel away from you. I have not been to the heather field for ever so long. It seemed such a sad place when you were not there.

Tyr. Even in spite of its wild-flowers, Kit? It is time for them now to be coming out again.

Kit. Yes, the heather field will be beginning to look lovely now.

Tyr. How I wish I were free to walk among its flowers on this soft spring day!

Kit. Poor father—but would you like me to fetch you some of them? Shall I go?

Tyr. Yes, do, Kit. I should like some flowers from the heather field.

BARRY USSHER *enters at back.*

Kit. Oh, there's Barry.

Tyr. What—Barry! It is an event when I see anyone now.

Uss. As if it were not your own doing.

Tyr. [somewhat ruffled]. You may say what you like for all I care.

Uss. [shrugging his shoulders]. Heigh-ho! Well, Kit, are you glad the winter is over?

Kit. Oh, yes, how horrid and dark it was!

Uss. I wonder how you ever managed to exist through it. And you never got the pony after all?

Kit. No—you see when father promised me one he thought he could afford it. But now he cannot, until he lets the heather field. I must wait a while longer. Is not that so, father?

Tyr. Yes, Kit, we must wait.

Kit. You know, Barry, I could not think of worrying him any more about the pony.

Uss. You good little son, there is no need to wait any longer. I have just brought you such a nice pony.

Tyr. What is this, Barry? What is this?

Kit. Oh, where is he, Barry?

Uss. Out in the yard waiting for you—bridle, saddle and all.

Kit. Oh, thank you, Barry. Father, is he not nice and kind?

Tyr. [looking at Ussher]. Yes, always the kind friend. Always the same.

Kit. Father, I shall ride the pony off to the heather field at once, and get you those flowers. [*Exit at back.*]

Uss. How happy the little fellow is!

Tyr. You have indeed made him so by your kindness, Barry.

Uss. Bah!—a selfish kindness at most. I tell you, I have not felt for a long time such real happiness as just now, when I saw myself looked at like some good spirit by that little face.

Tyr. And to think that you who are so lucky, to whom most things come so easily, should say this! Why, even I with all my troubles, could hardly speak more despondingly. What would you do if you were imprisoned as I am here since those evictions?

Uss. Your health will be ruined by your obstinacy.

Tyr. What can I do? The police have orders never to lose sight of me if I go out. They say I should be shot at otherwise.

Uss. Ha!

Tyr. And you know I never could bear to be followed by a guard. It makes me feel like a criminal. I would much rather stay indoors.

Uss. [*after thinking for a moment*]. Look here, Carden, you ought to leave this place for a while. We will go together. We will travel.

Tyr. Impossible. The drainage of the valley could never go on in my absence.

Uss. Why not? You haven't been near it for ever so long.

Tyr. Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. I can direct it just as well from this room. There on the writing-table is my map with all the drains marked upon it. The superintendent comes to me at stated intervals, reports the progress of each man's work, and takes the fresh orders which I give him from the map. I assure you it gives me greater pleasure to conduct operations in this way scientifically, than if I were to go on the ground. One can imagine oneself in such a situation, like Moltke fighting battles from his study.

Uss. [*gives a quick look at Tyrrell. Then after a short pause*]. Well, if you won't leave here, at all events try and settle with those peasants, so that you may dispense with police and be able to go about again.

Tyr. Settle? How could I settle with them? The only settlement they would hear of I could never grant. Oh no—a nice ending, indeed, that would be to our battle!

Uss. Is there no compromise you will come to?

Tyr. I will reinstate the evicted, if they pay in full their rents and the costs I have incurred on their account.

Uss. Oh, that is no compromise at all.

Tyr. Well, it is as much as I can agree to. I told these people when they struck, that I could not afford to give abatements on rents which had already been reduced so much by the Land Commission, and I can less afford to give any now with pressing mortgagees who have not been paid for so long.

Uss. But would it not be better to get some rent for that land instead of leaving it idle? Others, you know, will not dare to take it from you.

Tyr. I cannot help that. I must work it myself.

Uss. Meanwhile, how are you going to pay the mortgagees their interests?

Tyr. Oh, there is the great difficulty. The chief mortgagee is most pressing, and threatens to foreclose immediately. I have implored of him again and again to wait until I can let the heather field, but in vain. Miles, whom I expect home this evening, was to have made a final appeal to him in Dublin last night. I can only hope for a favourable result.

Uss. I think you had better come to terms with those tenants, Carden.

Tyr. I shall never give in to them. I shall never voluntarily reduce the value of my property. Besides, if the worst should come, I have always the great resource.

Uss. What is that?

Tyr. The heather field!

Uss. Carden, take care. It is a dangerous thing—trusting to only one resource.

Tyr. [*a little irritated*]. What do you mean? Are you too going to join the enemy?

Uss. [*uneasily*]. No, no, Carden, you do not understand me; but—

Tyr. But what?

Uss. Oh, I should so like to see you on good terms with your people again. I am sure the remembrance of all that friendship with them in the past must make this quarrel unbearable to you.

Tyr. Yes, indeed that is true.

Uss. And this continual watch upon your movements too must be dreadful.

Tyr. Dreadful, it is gradually wearing me out. I know I cannot stand it much longer. And most of the long dreary winter I had no one about me whom I could confide in or consult, for Miles has been away at College as you know.

Uss. Yes, carrying everything before him. I see he has won a scholarship. He is sure of his gold medal now.

Tyr. Miles is of the stuff to succeed. I am so fond of Miles. He was always such good company.

Uss. Of course, a most charming boy. I am glad he is to be at home to-day.

Tyr. Indeed his companionship will make a great difference to me, now that I can never get about.

Uss. [*anxiously*]. Oh, but, Carden, you cannot continue in this way. You have always been used to so free a life in the open air. I say this imprisonment will kill you. Already I see a very marked change in your appearance.

Tyr. [*doggedly*]. I cannot help it. My past demands that I must suffer.

[*With a sigh, he passes to the right of doors at back, where he looks out in a reverie.*]

Uss. [*watching him*]. For heaven's sake, Carden, do not be so fatally unreasonable.

Tyr. [*after a pause, still looking in the same direction*]. No—I am not so; you think those remedies you suggest would avail to relieve me—but they would not.

Uss. Why not?

Tyr. You ask—you who are such a philosopher? Can you not understand that the only remedy for me must be something that has no relation whatever with those circumstances that may affect me ill or otherwise.

Uss. You mean that improvement of circumstances has little to do with bringing contentment.

Tyr. I mean that the only remedy must be something which would make me forgetful that I am myself. [*Mysteriously*] Barry, would you believe it, often in moments of darkest anxiety, I am arrested by the sight of some flower or leaf, or some tiny nook in the garden out there. And oh!—I become then at once so peaceful that I care not what may happen to me. I think it is only when we turn to them in our misery that we can really see the exquisite beauty of these things.

Uss. Ah, Carden, nature is a marvellous sedative. How infinite her ingenuousness amidst all our pains and fears!

Tyr. Yes; and just this moment when I looked upon the ocean there and the land awakening with such freshness from its winter sleep, I felt something that no improvement of circumstances could bring. [*Then, with a strange enthusiasm*] Oh, to feel that despite all suffering one has the firmament, the earth, the sea! What more can one really require from the world?

Uss. Ay—true enough. “For all things were made from these,” to quote the great mediæval philosopher. Nevertheless, I think I might bring you another and very real sort of relief from this present trouble, if you would but allow me.

Tyr. And what if you might? It would only be succeeded by some further trouble. That is the only sort of relief you could ever bring. Ah! there is a trouble past all your remedies.

Uss. Alas, I fear there are many. How could I pretend otherwise? But will you tell me this particular one?

Tyr. I wonder will you understand me?

Uss. Why not, Carden?

Tyr. Well then, have you ever seen on earth something beautiful beyond earth—that great beauty which appears in divers ways? And then have you known what it is to go back to the world again?

Uss. [*sadly*]. I know. I know—the pain of loss.

Tyr. Is it not misery? But you have seen the great beauty, have you not? Oh, that immortal beauty—so far away, always so far away.

Uss. Yes, yes; our ideal of beauty that for ever haunts and eludes us through life. [*With a movement of resignation.*] But let us not speak of it any more.

Tyr. Why, Barry?

Uss. Because, as you say, it makes one so miserable in the world, and it is such a hopeless phantom after all.

Tyr. How can you say so? You who know that it is alone the reality in the world.

Uss. [*cautiously*]. Hush, Carden, I do not know.

Tyr. [*laughing bitterly*]. There—just like you, Barry, careful never to let yourself go.

Uss. No—no, Carden, but you brood too much on these thoughts. You are overworked—you ought really to come away from here. Do let us travel somewhere together for a change.

Tyr. Ah, not now—at some future time, perhaps—but not now. My difficulties are gathering before me. I must stand and hew them from my path.

GRACE TYRRELL enters hurriedly and excitedly by door at right.

Gr. [*pauses when she sees Ussher, then to Tyrrell*]. Oh, but I suppose as you have no secrets from him—

Tyr. [*starting*]. Well, what is the matter?

Gr. [*holding out a paper*]. A dreadful-looking man has just handed me this.

Tyr. Let me see [*takes paper*]. Ah—

Gr. I have so often asked you for money to pay this person.

Tyr. I am very sorry. I had nothing to give you.

Gr. Alas, you always had plenty to squander on that mountain.

Tyr. That was Government money, and it could not honestly be expended except on the object for which it was advanced.

Gr. I am afraid I must have some of it now. I cannot be left in this condition.

Tyr. Indeed you shall not have one penny of it.

Gr. What—you mean to leave me under the stigma of such an insult?

Tyr. [*impatiently*]. There is no particular urgency. I will see if I can possibly meet this writ by some money of my own. [*With a painful distracted look.*] Oh, this worry—this worry! [*Exit by door at right.*]

Gr. Well, Mr. Ussher, I hope you are satisfied now. We are ruined; and my husband is becoming stranger in his behaviour every day. But for you, he might have been cured by this, and the estate in a very different condition.

Uss. I have nothing, Mrs. Tyrrell, to reproach myself with. I did all for the best.

Gr. Yes, of course. That is the only satisfaction one ever receives for injuries done through gratuitous interference.

Uss. Nothing has since happened to convict me of having acted wrongly. I have done you no injury.

Gr. No injury? Well!

Uss. You cannot lay to my account this quarrel with the tenants, which is the cause of your present difficulties. Goodness knows I have done my best to mend it.

Gr. [*impatiently*]. Oh, that is only a temporary difficulty. But the estate will be ruined for ever by the great debt from which we should have saved it, if you had not interfered. [*Pause.*] Yes—I see now how it will all be. The child and I will be driven out, ruined, to battle with the world.

Uss. Oh, don't think of such a thing, Mrs. Tyrrell. It can never come to that.

Gr. [*sadly*]. Ah yes. You destroyed my last chance of saving our home. I might have kept it lovingly for Kit until he grew to be a man; but now I see it must go from us. I shall have to bid everything farewell—the

familiar rooms, the garden where I found an occupation for my life—even those common useless things about the house I have been accustomed to look at for years. Oh! you don't know what it is—this parting from those everyday things of one's life.

Uss. Yes, yes—indeed I do—and from my heart I feel for you.

Gr. And yet you could have acted as you have?

Uss. I acted only in good faith. Heaven knows that is the truth.

Gr. The injury remains still the same.

Uss. [*with strong emotion*]. If it is I who have injured you, Mrs. Tyrrell, you must allow me to make amends.

Gr. Alas, what amends are possible?

Uss. Who can tell? I promise you at least you shall never, *never* bid farewell to your home.

Gr. [*in a trembling voice*]. If only what you say might come true.

LADY SHRULE, LORD SHRULE, and CARDEN TYRRELL enter by door at right.

Lord S. Carden, I believe your servant was actually going to say “not at home” to us, if I had not caught sight of you in the hall. Ha, ha!

Lady S. What a shame, Mr. Tyrrell, to try and prevent me from seeing Grace. How do you do, Grace dear? [*Giving her hand apathetically to Ussher*]. How do you do?

Lord S. [*shakes hands with Grace and Ussher*]. We should have been so disappointed.

Tyr. I assure you, Lord Shrule, my attempt to escape is purely an imagination on your part.

Lord S. Oh, you sly fellow, you think I do not know. You are just like your father when people used to call—although he would never run away from me, I can tell you.

Tyr. No more did I. I was only surprised to see you; that was all. When I heard the bell I thought it was Miles come from Dublin. I am anxiously expecting him now at any moment.

Lord S. Ah, it will be a pleasure to see Miles again. We have all heard of his University triumphs. How proud your poor father would have been!

Tyr. Yes, and how delighted to share his satisfaction with you.

Lord S. Poor Marmaduke, we were such friends—at our very last interview he asked

me to keep you and your brother always in mind after he was gone. So I have always felt somehow like a father towards you both, you know, and with a father's privilege occasionally have given advice.

Gr. Yes, Lord Shrule, and how I wish your good advice occasionally had been followed.

Lord S. Ah, we cannot help that, Mrs. Tyrrell. Nothing will ever teach the young save bitter experience.

Gr. I am sure there has been enough bitter experience, but it seems to have taught nothing at all.

Lord S. Well, well; I hope it won't be so. Eh, Carden?

Tyr. I do not see how my experience can teach me to act differently from my present way of acting. [*Aside to Ussher.*] Miles ought to have arrived by this. Oh, I am nearly dead with anxiety to know the news he will bring.

Uss. [*aside to Tyrrell.*] I hope there will be good news.

Lord S. Never mind, Mrs. Tyrrell. Carden will come by degrees to see his mistakes.

Gr. I fear we are now in so bad a way that it does not much matter whether he sees them or not.

Lady S. No—really, Grace, you do not say so?

Gr. Oh, Lilian, we are ruined.

Lord S. Come, come; I am sure it cannot be as bad as that.

Tyr. Goodness me, of course not, Lord Shrule. On the contrary, in the near future we shall make a fortune.

Gr. I say we are ruined—utterly, irretrievably.

Tyr. No—no—

Uss. What noise is that? [*Listens, then opens door at right.*] Why, Miles has arrived!

Tyr. Miles—oh!

Uss. There, Carden; for goodness sake be calm.

Enter MILES TYRRELL by door at right.

Mil. Carden. [*He grasps his brother by the hand, then greets all the rest.*]

Tyr. What news, Miles? Will he wait?

Mil. [*turning away dejectedly.*] I did my best, Carden. There is no hope, I fear.

Gr. No hope. What is this new misfortune? Who won't wait?

Mil. The chief mortgagee.

Gr. Is he going to foreclose?

Mil. He says so.

Lord S. Ha—this is a most serious matter.

Tyr. But Miles, didn't you explain to him all about the heather field?

Mil. Yes.

Tyr. Didn't you assure him that it would soon bring in what would more than pay his interest?

Mil. Indeed I did, Carden.

Tyr. Well?

Mil. That only seemed to make him impatient with me. But I used every argument I could think of, and pleaded with him for nearly an hour in his office, until at last he had to get rid of me almost brutally.

Tyr. [*with a look of humiliation and despair.*] Oh ruin! ruin!

Uss. No, no, Carden—it is not yet that. We must see how we can help you through this difficulty.

Tyr. [*quietly.*] With all your good-will, Barry, what can you do now?

Uss. Who knows? Just keep quiet, and do not distress yourself. Leave it all to me.

Tyr. [*almost staggering.*] Yes—such a severe blow—this. It has quite upset me. I am sure you will all excuse me. You, Barry, will see what you can do, won't you? Yes— [*He goes to door at right.*]

Uss. Yes, Carden, I hope all will come well.

Lord S. How much of the property does this mortgage cover?

Gr. Oh, pretty nearly all, I should think.

Tyr. [*suddenly turning.*] All, do you say? No—not all. This vulture cannot touch the heather field! My hope—it is my only hope now, and it will save me in the end. Ha, ha! these wise ones! They did not think the barren mountain of those days worth naming in their deed. But now that mountain is a great green field worth more than all they can seize, [*with a strange intensity*] and it is mine—all mine!

[*Exit by door at right.*]

Lord S. [*throwing up his hands.*] Oh dear, oh dear, what infatuation!

Gr. Yes indeed, it has caused us all to be cast adrift in the world. Oh, what is to become of me—what is to become of me? [*She sobs in her handkerchief.*]

Lady S. Grace, you must not lose heart.

Gr. Ah, the final misfortune has come.

Lady S. We shall try and help you, dear—there.

Uss. Yes, we must lose no time now to see what can be done for Carden.

Lady S. You should indeed bestir yourself,

Mr. Ussher, and save him, for we have you to thank that he was left in a position to ruin himself.

Uss. And have not you too, Lady Shrule, to thank yourself for the same thing?

Lady S. I? How so, pray?

Uss. Why did you and Lord Shrule disappear so suddenly on that day the doctors were here? Your advocacy would doubtless have made them heedless of my objections—

Lady S. Ha—why indeed? You know, Shrule, I wanted you to—

Lord S. Well, well. I could not bear to act in such a way to the son of my old friend. But I suppose in my weakness I did wrong.

Uss. No, Lord Shrule, you did right. You never could be suspected by anyone of doing otherwise.

Lord S. I hope not, Ussher! Still, I am inclined to think it might have been wiser then to have taken some definite step.

Lady S. I should think so. Just see what has happened since.

Gr. Nothing less than the ruin of a helpless woman and her child.

Lady S. You have, indeed, incurred a nice responsibility, Mr. Ussher.

Gr. [to *Ussher*]. What—what right had you to do my child and me this wrong?

Uss. I only prevented what I thought a grievous wrong from being done to my friend.

Gr. It was no wrong—it was for his good—for all our good. In your heart you must know I was right.

Uss. I have often said, Mrs. Tyrrell, I know nothing of the sort.

Lady S. Still, you must admit that his actions since have more than justified Mrs. Tyrrell in the course she adopted.

Lord S. Alas, I fear that is the case.

Uss. I admit he is very wilful and extravagant, but no more. I cannot discover any mental infirmity. His mind has a perfect grasp of ideas.

Gr. Don't talk of ideas. I have heard enough about them since I was married to give me a horror of them for the rest of my life.

Lady S. They certainly have caused the wreck of this household.

Lord S. Oh, I hope not. We must not be too pessimistic.—Who can tell? Perhaps the heather field may turn out a success after all.

Gr. [with contempt]. The heather field!

Lord S. If it were to, there can be no doubt but that all would be saved. I wonder how it is going on. Have you been there lately, Mrs. Tyrrell?

Gr. Of course not, Lord Shrule. The very thought of the place fills me with despair.

Mil. That is a pity, Grace—a great pity, when so much depends upon the success of the heather field.

Gr. No good can ever come of that abominable work.

Mil. You must not speak such words; no luck can come from such words.

Gr. I cannot help it.

Mil. Oh, I know you have much to endure, but I cannot remain here and listen to such denunciation of what my brother holds nearest to his heart.

Gr. I have only said the truth.

Mil. You cannot be certain of this truth. It is not right to speak such words.

[Exit by door at right.]

Lady S. My poor Grace.

Gr. Oh, Lilian.

Lady S. These troubles are driving you to distraction. You had better leave this place for a while. Will you not come and stay with us?

Lord S. Oh yes, won't you stay with us, Mrs. Tyrrell? You might be saved much annoyance and worry.

Gr. You are both so kind—I should like to for a little while, certainly. This house has become unbearable of late with debts and difficulties on every side.

Lady S. Oh dear, how terrible! You had better leave at once, Grace. Perhaps you might have some of your things seized. Anyhow, bring with you those that you most value. We will take care of them.

Gr. Thanks, Lilian.

Lord S. Well then, that is agreed, Mrs. Tyrrell. I am so glad we may be of use to you.

Lady S. We shall expect you this evening, dear.

Gr. Yes, I shall get ready at once.

Lady S. And it is time for us to return home. Good-bye, Mr. Ussher.

Uss. Good-bye, Lady Shrule.

Lord S. Good-bye.

[Exit *Lady Shrule*, *Grace Tyrrell*, and

Lord Shrule by door at right.]

Uss. [gloomily]. Heaven help her—help them all. What is to be done?—Stay—I might go security, I would do anything to help them.—But would it really be of use?

Other difficulties must follow these, so that my whole fortune would not suffice. I will think the matter over.—I wonder how the heather field is going on. No one seems to have been there lately.

KIT TYRRELL, *carrying a small white bundle, enters through door at back.*

Kit [*placing the bundle on sofa*]. Barry, the pony is splendid. I had such galloping over the heather field.

Uss. Well, did you bring back any flowers?

Kit. They have not yet come out. All I could find were these little buds in my handkerchief. [*Unties the bundle.*] Look.

Uss. [*with a start*]. What—buds of heather? Has your father seen these, Kit?

Kit. Yes, I told him I found them growing all over the heather field.

Uss. You did, boy—and what did he say?

Kit. Nothing for a while. But he looked—he looked—well, I have never seen him look like that before.

Uss. Ha—and then—?

Kit. Oh, then he seemed to forget all about it. He became so kind, and, oh, Barry, what do you think, he called me? “his little brother Miles.” So I am really his brother, he says, after all—

MILES TYRRELL, *in haste and violent trepidation, enters through door at back.*

Mil. Barry, for pity's sake—[*sees Kit and suddenly checks himself, then brings Ussher over to fireplace*].—Barry, something dreadful has come over Carden. He does not know me.

Uss. [*in a trembling voice, as he gazes fixedly before him*]. The vengeance of the heather field.

Mil. Oh! for pity's sake, come to him. Come to him—

Uss. Where is he?

Mil. Wandering helpless about the garden. Oh, heavens, what shall we do?

Uss. [*with suppressed terror*]. Let us find him. [*He turns to go.*]

CARDEN TYRRELL *appears outside doorway at back. He has a strange, collected look.*

Uss. [*starting*]. Carden!

Tyr. [*coming in*]. Well, Barry?—Why, what has happened to you since yesterday? My goodness, you look at least ten years older. [*Glancing at Miles*] Who is that? He was annoying me about something just now in the fuchsia walk.

Mil. Oh, I cannot stand this torture. Carden, dear Carden, look at me—

Tyr. [*retreats like a frightened animal towards Ussher, keeping always his eyes fixed on Miles*]. Barry, what is the matter with him? Don't leave me alone with him, Barry. Get him to go away.

Uss. You need not fear him, Carden. [*He signs to Miles, who retires with an inconsolable expression and stands by fireplace.*]

Tyr. [*after a moment, mysteriously*]. Barry—

Uss. Yes, Carden.

Tyr. [*looking cautiously around*]. You remember our conversation yesterday.

Uss. [*puzzled*]. Yesterday? I did not see you yesterday.

Tyr. [*with impatience*]. We did not walk together on the cliff yesterday, when you advised me not to marry Grace Desmond? What do you mean?

Uss. [*suddenly recollecting*]. Oh, I remember, I remember. [*Then in a trembling voice*] But Carden—Carden, that was ten years ago. Don't you know that you are now married to her?

Tyr. [*with a surprised baffled look*]. I am?

Uss. [*very gently*]. Yes, indeed.

Tyr. Oh! [*His expression for a moment grows vaguely painful, then gradually passes into one of vacant calm. After a short pause*] Barry, you are quite right.

Uss. [*joyfully*]. I knew you would understand me, Carden.

Tyr. Yes, I will take your advice. I will not ask her to be my wife.

Uss. [*with cruel disappointment*]. Hopeless—I see it is hopeless now.

Tyr. [*unheeding*]. I do not care for her any more. I know now I never cared for her.

Uss. Do you? Why?

Tyr. [*distressfully*]. Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream.

Uss. A dream.

Tyr. I must tell it to you. Let me see, what was it? No—I cannot remember—no—it has gone completely from me before the beauty of the morning. [*Looks out at back and stretches his arms.*] Oh, is not this spring morning divine?

Uss. But—Carden, can you not see that it is evening?

Tyr. Ah, I must have been a long time asleep—a long, long time. Yet it looks like the morning. Yes, it seems as if it would always be morning now for me.

Uss. [*with interest*]. Indeed—is that so?

Tyr. Yes—its genius somehow is always about me.

Uss. And what do you call this genius of the morning?

Tyr. [*with a strange ecstasy*]. Joy! Joy!

Uss. [*after looking at him for a while in wonder*]. Then you are happy, Carden?

Tyr. Oh, yes—so happy! Why not?

Uss. [*with hesitation*]. You have no troubles, have you?

Tyr. Troubles—? No, except sometimes in dreams—but oh, when I awake to the joy of this great beauty—

Uss. Yet—great beauty—is it not for ever far away?

Tyr. No—it is for ever by me. [*Then as if suddenly recollecting*] Ah, now I can tell you my dreadful dream. [*Slowly*] I dreamed that my lot was to wander through common luxurious life—seeing now and then in glimpses, that beauty—but so far away! And when the vision left me—ah, you do not know the anguish I felt in looking again at my lot in life.

Uss. And this was only a dream?

Tyr. [*fervently*]. Thank heaven—only a dream! [*He goes to the sofa, where Kit all this time has been playing with the heather buds.*]

Uss. [*meditatively sorrowful*]. And are beauty and happiness mere illusions after all? [*Goes towards Miles*] I am dazed in the presence of this awful misfortune.

Mil. [*approaching Ussher*]. Oh, the misery of seeing him like this! He thinks he is living in the old days.

Uss. It has come upon him again—that eerie ethereal youth I remember so well.

Mil. And for which he would yearn with such fond regret. But Grace and the child—oh, what is to become of them? I fear their ruin is now certain and complete.

Uss. [*as if suddenly awakened*]. Not so—It may be possible to save them now that there is no danger of further expenditure. And I will save them. I will be security for the payment of all their debts. I will save the estate, if it costs me every penny I have in the world.

Mil. [*grasping Ussher by the hand*]. Oh, Barry, this is good of you. [*They go towards the fireplace in earnest discourse.*]

Tyr. [*placing a heather wreath on Kit's*

head]. There—you are like a young field-faun now.

Kit. What sort of thing is that?

Tyr. Why, one of the field-fairies, fresh and clean as those soft heather-shoots around your hair.

Kit [*delighted*]. What—the fairies that live in green hillocks, and dance by the river bank, in the valley over there? Oh, tell me of them again.

Tyr. Yes, beautiful child-fairies that play with the water nymphs—those sirens, you know, who sing in the wistful depths of the stream. [*With a sudden transport*] Oh, we must go to Lorlei as last year, where the river is lit with their gold. [*Pointing out at back*]. See, even now the sky is darkening as in that storm scene of the old legend I told you on the Rhine. See, the rain across a saffron sun trembles like gold harp-strings, through the purple Irish spring!

MRS. GRACE TYRRELL *enters by door at right, dressed for going out, with her face thinly veiled, and looking altogether younger and more handsome.*

Gr. [*to Tyrrell*]. I am just starting to visit the Shrutes for some days.

Tyr. [*turns surprised*]. Miss Desmond—Oh—[*With emotion and signs of struggle*]. Oh, where is that beauty now—that music of the morning? [*Suddenly arrested*]. Such strange solemn harmonies. [*Listens*]. The voices—yes, they are filling the house—those white-stoled children of the morning. [*His eyes after a moment wander slowly to the doorway at back*]. Oh, the rainbow. [*To Kit*]. Come quick! see the lovely rainbow! [*They go to watch it hand in hand*]. Oh, mystic highway of man's speechless longings! My heart goes forth upon the rainbow to that horizon of joy! [*With a fearful exaltation*]. The voices—I hear them now triumphant in a silver glory of song!

Gr. [*looking bewildered from Miles to Ussher*]. What—what is all this?

Uss. Ah, your fears have come true, Mrs. Tyrrell. You have not heard—

Gr. No. What has happened? For heaven's sake speak!

Uss. The wild heath has broken out again in the heather field.

REV. DENIS MURPHY, S.J.

BORN 1833—DIED 1896.

[Father Denis Murphy was born at Newmarket, Co. Cork, in 1833. Before his sixteenth year he became a Jesuit novice. He had a passion for the antiquities and history of his country. In recognition of his distinguished scholarship the Royal University of Ireland conferred on him the degree of LL.D. His *Life of Hugh O'Donnell*, translated from the Irish, is an accurate rendering, and his *Cromwell in Ireland* shows the finest qualities of the historian. At the time of his death he was engaged on a *History of the Irish Martyrs*. Among his other works are the *History of Holy Cross Abbey*, the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, and the *Compendium of Irish History*. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a Vice-President of the Royal Academy, and during the later years of his life was the editor of the *Kildare Archaeological Journal*. He died suddenly, May 18, 1896. The following passage is given by kind permission of his literary executor.]

THE FLIGHT OF RED HUGH.

(FROM THE "LIFE OF HUGH O'DONNELL.")

As for Hugh O'Donnell, he was just like the rest, in chains for the space of three years and three months, hearing of the ignoble bondage in which the Irish were. It was anguish and sickness of mind and great pain to him to be as he was, and it was not on his own account, but because of the great helplessness in which his friends and kinsmen, his chieftains and leaders, his clerics and holy ecclesiastics, his poets and learned men, his subjects and whole people were, owing to their expulsion and banishment to other territories throughout Erin. He was always meditating and searching how to find a way of escape. This was no easy thing for him, for he was put each night into a well-secured apartment in the castle for security until the morning of the next day came. That castle was situated thus. There was a broad, deep trench full of water all round it, and a solid bridge of boards over it opposite the castle, and a grim-visaged

party of the English outside and inside the gate to guard it, so that no one should pass them, in or out, without permission from the party of foreigners. However, there is no watch of which advantage may not be taken at last. One time, just at the end of winter, that Hugh was with a number of his companions, in the very beginning of the night, before they were put into the well-secured cells in which they used to be every night, they planned to attach a very long rope to the window near them, and let themselves down by the rope until they alighted on the bridge outside the door of the castle. There was a very strong iron chain on the door to draw it out to one's self when desirable. They put a bar of solid wood, a palm thick, through the chain, so that no one should come in haste out of the castle to pursue them. There was a young man of Hugh's own people awaiting their escape, and he met them after coming out. He had two well-tempered swords under his cloak, and these he placed in Hugh's hands. Hugh gave one of these swords to a certain famous hero of the Lagenians of the race of Cathaido Mor, son of Feidhlimidh Ferurglas, *i.e.* Art Cavanagh. He was a champion in battle and a leader in conflict. He then covered the flight of the youths through the streets and roads of the town. As for the guards, they did not perceive the escape immediately; and when they perceived that the youths had got off, they went at once to the gate of the castle as fast as they could, for they thought they would catch them instantly. When they came to the gate it was impossible for them to open it, or draw the gate in; so they set to call to them the people who happened to be in the houses near the gate on the other side of the street. After coming at their call these took out the bar which was through the chain, and they raised up the gate for the people of the castle. A great crowd of the city people went in pursuit of the youths who had escaped from them. This was not easy, for those were outside the walls of the town before they were noticed, as the gates of the royal city were wide open then. They went after them and leaped over fences and enclosures and walls

outside the town until they stopped at the slope of the mountain opposite due south. This mountain is long and very wide; it was the boundary between the Irish of the province of Leinster and the English of Dublin. The roads and ways were numerous, but fear did not allow them to go by the usual roads. Moreover, they did not delay on their way till they crossed Slieve Roe before that morning, though fatigued by the journey and travelling all the night. As they were tired and weary, they went into a dense wood which happened to be on their way, and they remained in it till early dawn. They prepared to go on after that, for they did not think it safe to remain in the wood owing to the fear and great dread of being sought after and looked for by their enemies.

His flight was not a cloak before a shower for Hugh O'Donnell, for he could not go on with his companions from where he was, because his white-skinned, tender feet were wounded and pierced by the furze and thick briars, and the roughness and intricacy of the road by which he had come, as his shoes had fallen off his feet owing to the loosening of the seams and ties, from the wet, which they had not met with up to that time. It was a great sorrow and affliction to his companions that they had not him with them farther, and as they could do nothing for him they took leave of him and left him their blessing. Wherefore he resolved after awhile, when some of the party had left him, to send one of his people to a certain nobleman of the free-born tribes of Leinster, who happened to be in a castle in the neighbourhood, to see if he could obtain refuge or protection from him. Phelim O'Toole was his name; he was a friend of Hugh before this time (as he thought), for he had once gone to visit him when he was in prison in Dublin, and they formed a friendship with each other, whenever either of them should seek the other's aid. So it was fitting he should go for protection to Phelim on account of that friendship which they had contracted. The messenger went off to the place where Phelim was, and told him the business on which he had come. He was rejoiced at his coming, and promised to aid Hugh in every way he needed, so far as he could. However, neither his friends nor his relatives allowed him to conceal or hide him, through fear of the power of the law of the English revenging it on him. It became known to them afterwards that he was in the wood, as we

have said, and everyone who heard it went to look for him, and they set off with their followers in search of him. As it was evident to Phelim and to his relatives that anyone else might find him, they resolved to take him themselves and bring him back to the city to the Council. He did so. When he came to Dublin the Council were delighted thereat, and they made little or no account of all the hostages or pledges who escaped from them, and they were thankful for the visit which restored him to them again. Though great their cruelty and enmity to him the first time, they were greater the second, on account of his escape from them, and iron gyves were put on him as tight as he could bear, and they put him in the same prison, and they watched and guarded him the best way they could.

His escape in this way was heard of throughout the land of Erin, and his recapture. There came a great gloom over the Irish, and the courage of their soldiers, and the minds of their champions, and the hearts of their heroes were confounded at hearing that news. . . .

He was in this way in the same prison for the space of a year up to the end of winter, to Christmas night exactly, in the year 1592. When it seemed to the Son of the Virgin full time that he should escape, he and some of his companions found an opportunity, on the part of the guards in the very beginning of that night before they were taken to the refectory, and they took off their fetters. They went after that to the priory, having a long rope, and they let themselves down by means of the rope through the priory till they came to the deep trench which was around the castle. After that they climbed to the opposite bank, till they were on the edge of the trench at the other side. The hostages who escaped with Hugh were Henry and Art, the two sons of Shane, son of Conn Bocagh, son of Conn, son of Henry, son of Eoghan. There was a certain faithful servant who visited them in the castle, a horse-boy, to whom they imparted their secret, so that he met them face to face when they wanted him to be their guide. They went off after that through the crowded streets, near the castle, without being known or overheard by anyone, for they were not noticed while thus engaged, but like everyone else of the city people, as they did not stop to converse with or visit anyone whatever in the houses of the

fortress at that time, for it was the beginning of the night exactly, and the gates of the city were not yet closed. They went out through the city in that manner. They leaped over the enclosure and impediment of the surrounding fences and of the strong, firm palisade which was outside the city, until they came to the slopes of Slieve Roe, where Hugh had come before, the first time he escaped. The darkness of the night and the hurry of the flight separated him who was the oldest of the party from them. This was Henry O'Neill. Hugh was the youngest of the nobles. They were not pleased at the separation. They went away, however, their attendant leading the way. The night came on with a drizzle and a violent downpour of rain and slippery slime of snow, so that it was not easy for the high-born nobles to walk on account of the inclement weather and the want of clothing, for they had hardly any upper garments, having left them in the priory through which they had come.

This hurried journey, strange and unusual, was more severe on Art than on Hugh, and his gait was feeble and slow, for he was corpulent, thick-thighed, and he had been a long time closely confined in prison. It was not so with Hugh, for he had not passed the period of boyhood, and he had not ceased to grow in size and strength then, and he was active and light on that account, and his gait was quick and nimble. When he perceived Art growing weak and his step heavy, what he did to him was to place one hand of his on his own shoulder and the other hand on the shoulder of the servant. They went on in this way across the upper part of the slope of the mountain. They were tired and weary after that, and they could not bring Art farther with them. As they could not, they went under the shelter of a lofty cliff of the mountain which was in front of them. After stopping there they sent the servant away with the news to Glenmalure, the place where Fiach Mac Hugh was. This was a secure impregnable valley, and the English of Dublin were accustomed with their instruments of battle to besiege and assault it in order to plunder and lay it waste. This Fiach maintained it valiantly against them, so that many heads were left behind with him, and they could do nothing against him; but though their attacks were many and various, and though there was strength in their implements of war, he was not submissive to them so long as he lived. Every

hostage and every prisoner who escaped from them did not halt or go away but went to him, and his first journey was to go to Glenmalure, the place where Fiach was, as we have said, for it was his strong dwelling. So, too, the hostages aforesaid addressed themselves to him, and sent their servant to him. When he came where Fiach was he told his story to him, and the state in which he had left the youths who had escaped from the city, and that they would not be overtaken alive if he did not go to their assistance immediately.

Thereupon, Fiach selected a party of his people (of those trusted by him) and he bade them go with the servant to the youths. They rose up at once as they were ordered, and went off with one honey food and another ale and beer, until they came to the mountain. The place where the men had been left. Alas! truly the state and position of these nobles was not happy or pleasant to the heroes who had come to seek for them. They had neither cloaks nor plaids, nor clothing for protection under their bodies, to save them from the cold and frost of the sharp winter season, but the bed-clothes under their fair skins and pillows under their heads were supports heaped up, white-bordered of hailstones freezing all round them, and attaching their light coats and shirts of fine linen threads to their bodies, and their large shoes and the fastenings to their legs and feet, so that they seemed to the men who had come not to be human beings at all, but just like sods of earth covered up by the snow, because they did not perceive motion in their limbs, but just as if they were dead, and they were nearly so. Wherefore the heroes raised them from where they lay and bade them take some of the food and of the ale, and they did not succeed, for every drink they took they let it out of their mouths again. However, Art died at last, and was buried in that place. As for Hugh he retained the beer after that, and his strength was on the increase after drinking, except in his two feet, for they were like dead members without motion, owing to the swelling and blistering from the frost and snow. The men carried him to the valley of which we have spoken. He was put into a house hidden in a remote part of the thick wood. He had medical skill and care in every way he needed until the arrival of a messenger in secret to inquire and get news about him from his brother-in-law,



FATHER RUSSELL

From a Photograph by CHANCELLOR

Hugh O'Neill. He prepared to set off after the messenger had come to him. It was painful to him to go on that journey, for the physicians could not heal his feet all at once after being pierced by the frost, as we have said, and someone else was needed to put him on horseback and to take him between his two hands again whenever he alighted. He was so until the physicians cut off his two great toes after a while, when he came to his own country. Fiach sent a troop of horse with him in the night to escort him across the river Liffey; this is a river on the confines of the province of Leinster and of Meath. There were ambuscades and watches from the English of Dublin on the shallow fords of the rivers, and on the usual roads since they heard that Hugh O'Donnell was in Glenmalure, that he might not escape by them to the province of Conor, and that the

prisoners too might not escape who had fled with him out of the castle; so that it was necessary for the youths for that reason to go very near the castle, over a difficult and deep ford which was on the river, and they came without being perceived or overheard by the English till they were at the rear of the castle in the very beginning of the night. The people by whom he had been abandoned formerly, after his first escape, were among the troop, *i.e.* Phelim O'Toole, with his brothers who had come to escort him and protect him like the others, to establish and cement their friendship and amity with him. This friendship lasts still, and will last to the end of time between the tribe of Conall, son of Niall, and the race of Cathaoir Mor, son of Fedhlim Feruglas. They bade farewell and gave their blessing, each to the other, after strengthening their friendship in this way.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

[Father Russell is the younger son of Arthur Russell of Newry and Seafield House, Killowen. His elder brother was Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England. Father Russell was born in 1834. His life, so much of it as does not belong to religion, is devoted to literature. Few men have deserved so well of that small body of Irishmen who care whether literature live or die in their midst. To his *Irish Monthly* he has gathered all the beginnings of the Irish literature of his day. All classes and creeds hail one another in this pleasant meeting-place. Everywhere in the magazine one finds the influence of the gracious and beneficent personality that presides over its fortunes. The little periodical has real distinction apart from the names, distinguished and to be distinguished, that are ever among its contributors. Father Russell has published several volumes of poems. From *Idylls of Killowen* the following extracts are taken by kind permission of the author.]

THE OLD SPOT.

The robins sing, the river flows,
The leaves are just as green;
But, ah! but, ah! my heart, God knows,
Is not as it has been.
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Kind faces smile through cheerful tears,
Kind voices murmur round,
And hands, far sundered all these years,
The warm old clasp have found.

Again my yearning steps have strayed
Back to the dear old spot;
But where the mates that with me played?
I seek, and find them not.

The boy, so thoughtless, free, and bold,
Plays in the world his part;
The childish heart I knew of old
Is now a woman's heart.

The breeze blows keen, the sun shines on,
The waves rush up the shore;
But, ah! but, ah! old times are gone,
And home is home no more.

It matters not. We are too fain
To nestle here below,
Until the harsh winds and the rain
Arouse us. Better so!

MONOTONY AND THE LARK.

A PROSE IDYLL.

"How strange one never tires of the lark!" We were strolling round and round the garden, he and she, and little Mary and

I—he and she arm-in-arm, and I hand-in-hand with little Mary,—and the singing of the lark overhead seemed a part of the August sunshine. And my gentle cousin Annie said: “How strange one never tires of the lark!”

Yes, although it is so monotonous; on and on, almost the same always. A mere trill of joy, a mere gush of love and gratitude, a mere trickle of the simplest melody. No triumphant burst, no riotous gurgle, no pathetic murmur, no agonizing spasm, no subtle gradation, no mellow fall from treble down to bass, no splendid leap from bass up to treble. On and on, a few artless, unvarying notes. And yet it never tires us, it is always musical, and fresh, and meekly joyous—image of the one unceasing song of the blessed, image of the rapturous monotony of heaven.

Is there not pain in a restless multiplicity of pleasure? Amidst the whirl of changes, is not the heart haunted by a vague dread that the next change may be sadly for the worse? It is a symptom of disease in the soul to stand in need of such vicissitudes. Only commonplace souls, earthly souls, souls without depth or compass, souls with paltry resources of their own, and slavishly dependent upon outward things—none but these desire, none but these can endure, perpetual variety, excitement, travel, change of scene, change of society, change of employment, change of amusement, change of change. The higher natures are stable, equable, self-contained, self-sustaining, placid, domestic—concentrated in their large memories, and in their larger thoughts and hopes—seeking and finding pleasure in a noble loyalty to duty, and regarding duty, not as a task-mistress to be served coldly for wages during as short a day as possible, but as a queenly mother, to live with, and cherish, and reverence, and love, and serve, day and night, in sunshine and in darkness, for life—at home with them-

selves, at home with their conscience and their God, at home in their own homes, at home with a sinless and happy monotony.

“How strange one never tires of the lark!” said the gentlest of my gentle cousins, Annie. And so, while we talked, and were silent, and smiled, and looked at each other, and at the flowers (alas! there was one of us who could not see the flowers except as memory might paint them), we went round and round the garden walks, he and his sisters and I, unwearied by the sameness, arm-in-arm, and hand-in-hand. And all the while the lark, to his own keen delight and ours, kept up his monotonous carol, high up out of sight, above the field of clover yonder, outside our garden’s hedge; and his singing, like the brightness and the odour of the flowers and of the fruits, almost seemed to be a part of the summer sunshine.

But, ah! there is no sunshine now and no singing. It is winter. Is the lark dead? I know not; but my gentle cousin Annie is with God. And twice the daisies have gleamed in pink and white over the grave of him who could not see the flowers, but who shall see God for ever.

Again, after many years, this withered leaf flutters across my path. Perhaps God may use it as a message to some hearts simple and young as ours were then. Ay, and as theirs are still; for now they are all three gone home to God. Their bodies are in the same tomb, and their souls, I am sure, are in the same heaven; and they are praying, I am sure, for those who remain behind. One of those who remain behind writes: “It feels lonely, having no elder sister, but we get on very well, though we shall have need of many more acts of resignation than we should have had if Mary had been left to us,” she, namely, with whom hand-in-hand I walked round the garden in that August forenoon long ago, while the sun shone and the lark sang overhead.

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

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the pseudonym “Hal Godfrey”, of *The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore*, a delightfully humorous book which has been very successful. She is one of the most industrious of literary workers, and her work, scattered over many periodicals, is very extensive. The

story which follows is a happy specimen of her mingled humour and pathos.]

"KING WILLIAM."¹

A CHRONICLE OF TOOMEVARA.

In Toomevara our political opinions are strong and well defined, and we express them freely.

Such feuds, however, as that between Mrs. Macfarlane, who kept the refreshment-room at the railway-station, and Mr. James O'Brien, the station-master, were rare, since usually Catholics and Protestants live on very neighbourly terms in our part of Ireland. They had taken a dislike to each other from the first, and after-events served to intensify it.

Mrs. Macfarlane was a tall, thin, and eminently respectable woman of fifty, possessed of many rigid virtues. She was a native of the North of Ireland, and at the time our story opens had been for two years proprietress of the buffet, and made a decent living by it, for Toomevara is situated on the Great Eastern and Western Railway, and a fair amount of traffic passes through it.

The station-master, familiarly known as Jim O'Brien, was Toomevara born, and had once been a porter on that very line. He was an intelligent, easy-going, yet quick-tempered man of pronounced Celtic type, with a round, good-natured face, a humorous mouth, shrewd twinkling eyes, and immense volubility. Between him and Mrs. Macfarlane the deadliest warfare raged. She was cold and superior, and implacably in the right. She pointed out Jim's deficiencies whenever she saw them, and she saw them very often. All day long she sat in her refreshment-room, spectacles on nose, her Bible open before her, knitting, and rising only at the entrance of a customer. Jim had an uneasy consciousness that nothing escaped her eye, and her critical remarks had more than once been reported to him.

"The bittther ould pill!" he said to his wife. "Why, the very look av her 'ud sour a crock o' crame. She's as cross as a bag av weasels."

Jim was a Catholic and a Nationalist. He belonged to the "Laygue", and spoke at public meetings as often as his duties allowed.

He objected to being referred to by Mrs. Macfarlane as a "Papish" and a "Rebel".

"Papish, indeed!" said he. "Ribbil, indeed! Tell the woman to keep a civil tongue in her head, or 'twill be worse for her."

"How did the likes av her iver git a husban'?" he would ask distractedly, after a sparring match. "Troth, an' 'tis no wonder the poor man died."

Mrs. Macfarlane was full of fight and courage. Her proudest boast was of being the grand-daughter, daughter, sister, and widow of Orangemen. The comparative lukewarmness of Toomevara Protestants disgusted her. She often told her intimates that in the little town where she was born no Papist was allowed to settle. Every evening the fife and drum band used in her childhood to march through the streets playing "Protestant Boys", when the inhabitants were expected to rush to their windows and join in the chorus, unless there was a good excuse, such as illness. Otherwise the windows were broken. She looked on herself in Toomevara as a child of Israel among the Babylonians, and felt that it behoved her to uphold the standard of her faith. To this end she sang the praises of the Battle of the Boyne with a triumph that aggravated O'Brien to madness.

"God Almighty help the woman! Is it Irish at all she is—or what? To see her makin' merry because a parcel o' rascally Dutchmen— Sure, doesn't she know 'twas Irish blood they spilt at the Boyne, an' to see her takin' pride in it turns me sick, so it does. If she was English, now, I could stand it; but she callin' herself an Irish-woman—faith, she has the bad dhrop in her, so she has, to be glad at her country's misfortunes."

Jim's rage was the greater because Mrs. Macfarlane, whatever she said, said little or nothing to him. She passed him by with lofty scorn and indifference, affecting not to see him; and while she did many things that O'Brien found extremely annoying, they were things strictly within her rights.

Matters had not arrived at this pass all at once. The feud dated from Mrs. Macfarlane's having adopted a little black dog, a mongrel, on which she lavished a wealth of affection, and which—as the most endearing title she knew—she had named "King William". This, of course, was nobody's concern save Mrs. Macfarlane's own, and in a world of philosophers she would have been allowed to

¹ From the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

amuse herself unheeded; but Jim O'Brien was not a philosopher.

Unlike most Irishmen he had a great love for flowers. His garden was beautifully kept, and he was prouder of his roses than anything on earth save his eldest daughter Kitty, who was nearly sixteen. Picture, then, his rage and dismay when he one day found his beds scratched into holes, and his roses uprooted by "King William", who had developed a perfect mania for hiding away bones under Jim's flowers. O'Brien made loud and angry complaints to the dog's owner, which she received with unconcern and disbelief.

"Please, Misther O'Brien," she said with dignity, "don't try to put it on the poor dog. Even if you *do* dislike his name, that's no reason for saying he was in your garden. He knows better, so he does, than to go where he's not wanted."

After this it was open war between the station-master and the widow.

Jim, with many grumblings, invested in a roll of wire netting, and spent a couple of days securing it to his garden railings, Mrs. Macfarlane protesting the while that she did not believe a word he had said, that he had trumped up a charge just out of spite, that it was only what might be expected from one of his kind, that for her part she had always lived with gentry, and had no patience with low agitators, and that she was quite sure it was his own children, and none else, that he had to thank for the state of his garden—if, indeed, there was anything wrong with it at all, which she doubted.

Under the windows of the refreshment-room were two narrow flower-beds. These Jim took care never to touch, affecting to consider them the exclusive property of Mrs. Macfarlane. They were long left uncultivated, an eyesore to the station-master; but one day Kelly, the porter, came to him with an air of mystery, to say that "th' ould wan"—for by this term was Mrs. Macfarlane generally indicated—"was settin' somethin' in the beds beyant."

Jim came out of his office, and walked up and down the platform with an air of elaborate unconsciousness. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Macfarlane gardening. She had donned old gloves and a clean checked apron, and trowel in hand was breaking up the caked earth, preparatory, it would seem, to setting seeds.

"What the dickens is she doin'?" asked Jim, when he got back.

"Not a wan av me knows," said Kelly. "She's been grubbin' there since tin o'clock."

From this time Mrs. Macfarlane was assiduous in the care of her two flower-beds. Every day she might be seen weeding or watering, and though Jim steadily averted his gaze, he was devoured by curiosity as to the probable results. What on earth did she want to grow? The weeks passed. Tiny green seedlings at last pushed their way through the soil, and in due course the nature of the plants became evident. Jim was highly excited, and rushed home to tell his wife.

"Be the Hokey, Mary," he said, "'tis lilies she has there; an' may I never sin, but it's my belief they're Orange lilies; an' if they are, I'll root ev'ry wan av thim out, if I die forrit."

"Be quiet now," said Mary, a pacific creature who spent much of her time soothing her quick-tempered husband. "Sure she wouldn't do the likes o' that on ye. 'Tis too hasty y'are, Jim. How d'ye know they're lilies at all? For the love o' God keep her tongue off ye, an' don't be puttin' yersel' in her way."

"Whist, woman, d'ye think I'm a fool? 'Tis lilies th'are annyways, an' time'll tell if they're Orange or no; but faith, if th'are, I won't shtand it. I'll complain to the Boord."

"Sure the Boord'll be on her side, man. They'll say why shudden't she have Orange lilies if she likes."

"Ah, Mary, 'tis too sinsible y'are inthirely. Have ye no sperrit, woman alive, to let her ride rough-shod over uz this way? 'Make a mouse o' yerself an' the cat'll ate ye' 's a thrue sayin'. Sure Saint Pether himself cudn't shtand it—an' be the Piper that played before Moses, I won't."

"Ye misforthunit man, don't be dhrawin' down ructions on yer head. Haven't ye yer childher to think about? An' don't be throublin' yerself over what she does. 'Tis plazin' her y'are, whin she sees you're mad. Take no notice, man, an' p'raps she'll shtop."

"The divil fly away wid her for a bittther ould sarpint. The vinom's in her sure enough. Why should I put up wid her, I'd like to know?"

"Ah, keep yer tongue between yer teeth, Jim. 'Tis too onprudent y'are. Not a word ye say but is brought back to her by some wan. Have sinse, man. You'll go sayin' that to Joe Kelly, an' he'll have it over the town in no time, an' some wan'll carry it to her."

"An' do ye think I care a thrawnnee for the likes av her? Faith, not a pin. If you got yer way, Mary, ye'd have me like the man that was hanged for sayin' nothin'. Sure I never did a hand's turn agin her, an' 'tis a mane thrick av her to go settin' Orange lilies over foreninst me, an' she knowin' me opinions."

"Faith, I'll not say it wasn't, Jim, if they are Orange lilies: but sure ye don't know rightly yet what they are, an' in God's name keep quiet till ye do."

Soothed somewhat by his wife, O'Brien recovered his composure, and as at that moment Joe Kelly rang the station bell, announcing that the eleven o'clock mail train from Dublin was signalled, he hurried out to his duties.

The days went by. The lilies grew taller and taller. They budded, they bloomed; and, sure enough, Jim had been in the right—Orange lilies they proved to be.

"They'll make a fine show for the Twelfth of July, I'm thinkin'," said Mrs. Macfarlane complacently to Head Constable Cullen, who had stopped "to pass her the time o' day", as she walked by her beds, swinging a dripping watering-pot.

"So they will, ma'am," said the Constable; "so they will. But what does Misther O'Brien say to them?"

"I'm sure I don't know, an' I don't care," replied Mrs. Macfarlane loftily. "I haven't consulted Misther O'Brien. He's nothin' tu me."

"To be sure—to be sure; but bein' *Orange* lilies ye know, an' we have so few of them about here; and him bein' such an out-an'-out Nationalist, an' a Catholic, I just thought it might make a differ between yez."

"An' if it does, it won't be the first. I'm proud tu differ from the likes of him. You've no sperrit down here to make a fellow like that a station-master, him that was a common porter to start with; and as for his low opinions, I scorn them—an ignorant, benighted, Papish rebel."

"Come, come, ma'am: 'twas the Company made him station-master, not uz. Jim isn't a bad soort, an' you're givin' him too hard names, so y'are."

"He's a murtherin' vagabone, like all his kind," said Mrs. Macfarlane with energy; "an' I'm surprised at yu!, Head Constable, so

I am—yu, a decent man, that has had the benefit of the pure gospel, takin' his part."

"But sure, ma'am, the Bible bids uz love our inimies."

"So it does, but it bids us have no part with evil-doers, an' woon text is as good as another, I'm thinkin'. Ah, times is changed when a man like yu, wearin' the Queen's uniform an' all, can be found to wrest the Scriptures to the advantage of a fellow like that."

"Sure, ma'am, I'm for pace an' concord. What's the use of fightin'? We've all got our own idayas, an' maybe in th' ind, wan is as right as another."

"I'm surprised at you, Head Constable, that I am; and if my poor father was alive this day to hear yu, he'd say the same. God be with the time when he marched through Strabane at the head of six hundherd Orangemen in full regalia, playin' 'Croppies lie down'."

Speaking thus Mrs. Macfarlane turned abruptly into the refreshment-room, and banged the door behind her.

The Head Constable smiled and looked foolish, for he was a great man in a small way, and accustomed to be treated with respect; then he walked off whistling to hide his discomfiture.

At the time of the blossoming of the Orange lilies James O'Brien was not at home, having had to go some twenty miles down the line on official business. The obnoxious flowers took advantage of his absence to make a gay show. When he returned, as luck would have it, Mrs. Macfarlane was away, and had shut up the refreshment-room, but had not locked it. No one locks doors in Toomevara unless their absence is to be lengthy. She had left "King William" behind, and told Joe Kelly to take care of the dog, in case he should be lonely, for she had been invited to the wedding of an old fellow-servant, the butler at Lord Dunanway's, who was to be married that day to the steward's daughter.

All this Joe Kelly told the station-master on his return, but he did not say a word about the Orange lilies, being afraid of an explosion; and, as he said, "determined not to make or meddle, but just to let him find it out himself."

For quite a time Jim was occupied over way-bills in his little office; but at last his attention was distracted by the long-continued howling and yelping of a dog.

¹ In the North of Ireland "you" and "two" are pronounced as almost exact equivalents of the French "*yeux*" and "*tu*".

"Let the baste out, can't ye?" he at length said to Kelly. "I can't stand listening to 'um anny longer."

"I was afeard 'twas run over he might be, agin' she came back," said Kelly, "an' so I shut 'um up."

"Sure there's no danger. There won't be a thrain in for the next two hour, an' if he was run over *it* self, God knows he'd be no loss. 'Tisn't meself 'ud grieve for 'um, th' ill-favoured cur."

"King William" was accordingly released.

When O'Brien had finished his task, he stood for a time at the office-door, his hands crossed behind him supporting his coat-tails, his eyes fixed abstractedly on the sky. Presently he started for his usual walk up and down the platform, when his eye was at once caught by the flare of the stately rows of Orange lilies.

"Be the Holy Poker," he exclaimed, "but I was right! 'Tis orange th'are, sure enough. What'll Mary say now? Faith, 'tis lies they do be tellin' whin they say there's no riptiles in Ireland. That ould woman bangs Banagher, an' Banagher bangs the devil."

He stopped in front of the obnoxious flowers.

"Isn't it the murdering pity there's nothin' I can plant to spite her. She has the pull over me intirely. Shamerogues makes no show at all—you'd pass them unbeknownst, —while Orange lilies ye can see a mile off. Now, who but herself 'ud be up to the likes o' this?"

At the moment he became aware of an extraordinary commotion among the lilies, and looking closer perceived "King William" in their midst, scratching as if for bare life, scattering mould, leaves, and bulbs to the four winds, and with every stroke of his hind-legs dealing destruction to the carefully-tended flowers.

The sight filled Jim with sudden gladness.

"More power to the dog!" he cried, with irrepressible glee. "More power to 'um! Sure he has more sinse than his missis. 'King William', indeed, an' he rootin' up Orange lilies! Ho, ho! Tare an' ouns; but 'tis the biggest joke that iver I hard in my life. More power to ye! Good dog!"

Rubbing his hands in an ecstasy of delight, he watched "King William" at his work of devastation, and, regretfully be it confessed, when the dog paused, animated him to fresh efforts by thrilling cries of "Rats!"

"King William" sprang wildly hither and

thither, running from end to end of the beds, snapping the brittle lily stems, scattering the blossoms.

"Be gum, but it's great. Look at 'um now. Cruel wars to the Queen o' Spain if iver I seen such shport! Go it, 'King William'! Smash thim, me boy! Good dog. Out wid thim!" roared Jim, tears of mirth streaming down his cheeks. "Faith, 'tis mad she'll be. I'd give sixpence to see her face. O Lord! O Lord! Sure it's the biggest joke that iver was."

At last "King William" tired of the game, but only when every lily lay low, and Mrs. Macfarlane's carefully-tended flower-beds were a chaos of broken stalks and trampled blossoms.

It was the quietest hour of the afternoon at Toomevara station. Kelly was busy in the goods-store; Finnerty, the other porter, had just sauntered across to Mrs. McGlynn's for a half-glass of whisky, so Jim had all the fun to himself, and grudged losing any by rushing in search of someone to share it. Now, gloating over the destruction wrought, he picked up "King William" by the scruff of the neck, bundled him into the refreshment-room and shut the door, then, beaming with pure joy, rushed off to tell his subordinate the news.

"Joe," he gasped, peering into the dusky goods-store, "I'm fit to be tied. What d'ye think? Th'ould woman's Orange lilies is all knocked into smithereens."

"Be the laws, sir! ye don't say so?" cried Kelly. "Sure, I thought whin ye'd see 'um ye'd go mad an' break thins."

"But, Joe, the fun av it is, I never laid a finger on thim. 'Twas the dog—'twas 'King William', if ye plaze, that did the work; 'King William', begorra, rootin' up Orange lilies! Faith, 'twas like Teague's cocks that fought wan another though they were all of the same breed."

"The dog?" said Kelly, and there was an accent in the interrogation that angered the station-master.

"Amn't I afther tellin' you 'twas the dog: who else? Maybe ye don't b'leeve me?"

"Oh, I do b'leeve ye, sir. Why wouldn't I? On'y I hard ye say ye'd pull thim up if 'twas Orange lilies they was, an' so I thought maybe——"

"There's manny's the thing a man sez, that he doesn't do; an' annyhow I didn't do this, but begad 'twas fine shport all the same, an' I'm not a bit sorry. 'Twould be



KING WILLIAM

more to me than a tin-poun' note this minnit if I could see the face av her whin she finds it out."

"She'll be back soon now," said Kelly, "an' I misdoubt but we'll hear from her before long."

Kelly's words were speedily justified.

As O'Brien in high good-humour, having communicated the side-splitting joke to Mary and Finnerty, was busy over an account-book, Kelly came in.

"She's back," he whispered, "an' she's neither to hold nor to bind. I was watchin' out, an' sure 'twas shtruck all of a hape she was whin she seen thim lilies; an' now I'll take me oath she's goin' to come here, for, begob, she looks as cross as nine highways."

"Letter come," chuckled O'Brien, "I'm ready forrer."

At this moment the office-door was burst open with violence, and Mrs. Macfarlane, in her best Sunday costume, bonnet, black gloves, and umbrella included, her face very pale save the cheek-bones, where two bright pink spots burned, entered the room.

"Misther O'Brien," she said, in a voice that trembled with rage, "will you please to inform me the meanin' of this dastardly outrage?"

"Arrah, what outrage are ye talkin' ov, ma'am?" asked O'Brien innocently. "Sure, be the looks av ye, I think somethin' has upset ye intirely. Faith, you're lookin' as angry as if you were vexed, as the sayin' is."

"Oh, to be sure! A great wonder indeed that I should be vexed. 'Crabbit was that cause had'," interrupted Mrs. Macfarlane with a sneer. "You're not deceivin' me, sir. Full well you know, Misther O'Brien, full well you know that it's good reason to be angry you've given me this day. Full well you know the outrage tu which I am alludin'. I'm not taken in by your pretinces, but if there's law in the land or justice I'll have it of yu."

"Would ye mind, ma'am," said O'Brien imperturbably, for his super-abounding delight made him feel quite calm and superior to the angry woman—"would ye just mind statin' in plain English what you're talkin' about, for not a wan av me knows yit?"

"Oh, yu son of Judas! Oh, yu deceivin' wretch, as if it wasn't yu that is afther destroyin' my flower-beds!"

"Ah, thin it is yer ould flower-beds you're makin' all this row about? Yer dirty Orange lilies? Sure 'tis clared out of the place they

ought t've been long ago for weeds. 'Tis mesel' that's glad they're gone, an' so I tell ye plump an' plain, bud as for me destroyin' them, sorra finger iver I laid on thim. I wouldn't demane mesel'."

"Hould yer tongue before ye choke with lies," cried Mrs. Macfarlane in towering wrath. "Who but yerself would do the like? Is it when I can get witnesses that heard yu swear yu'd pull them up? Don't try to fool me."

"Begorra, you're right enough in that. So I did say it, an' so I might have done it too, on'y it was done for me, an' the throuble spared me. I wasn't nixt or nigh thim whin the destruction began."

"An', if yu please, Misther O'Brien," said Mrs. Macfarlane with ferocious politeness, "will yu kindly mintion, if yu did not do the job, who did?"

"Faith, that's where the joke comes in," said O'Brien pleasantly. "'Twas the very same baste that ruined my roses, bad cess to him; yer precious pet, 'King William'."

"Oh! is it leavin' it on the dog y'are, yu traitorous Jesuit? the poor wee dog that never harmed yu? Sure 'tis only a Papist would think of a mean trick like that to shift the blame."

The colour rose to O'Brien's face.

"Mrs. Macfarlane, ma'am," he said with laboured civility, "wid yer permission we'll lave me religion out o' this. Maybe if ye say much more, I might be losin' me timper wid ye."

"Much I mind what yu lose," cried Mrs. Macfarlane, once more flinging her manners to the winds. "It's thransported the likes of yu should be for a set of robbin', murderin', destroyin' thraytors."

"Have a care, ma'am, how ye spake to yer betthers. Robbin', deceivin', murdherin', destroyin' thraytors indeed! I like that! What brought over the lot av yez, William-ites, an' Cromwaylians, an' English, an' Scotch, but to rob, an' decave, an' desthroy, an' murder uz, an' stale our land, an' bid uz go 'to hell or to Connaught', an' grow fat on what was ours before iver yez came, an' thin jibe uz for bein' poor? Thraytors! Thraytor yerself, for that's what the lot av yez is. Who wants yez here at all?"

Exasperated beyond endurance, Mrs. Macfarlane struck at the station-master with her neat black umbrella, and had given him a nasty cut across the brow, when Kelly interfered, as well as Finnerty and Mrs. O'Brien,

who rushed in attracted by the noise. Between them O'Brien was held back under a shower of blows, and the angry woman hustled outside, whence she retreated to her own quarters, muttering threats all the way.

"Oh, Jim agra! 'tis bleedin' y'are," shrieked poor anxious Mary wildly. "Oh, wirra, wirra, why did ye dhrav her on ye? Sure I tould ye how 'twould be. As sure as God made little apples she'll process ye, an' she has the quality on her side."

"Let her," said Jim. "Much good she'll get by it. Is it makin' a liar av me she'd be whin I tould her I didn't touch her ould lilies. Sure I'll process her back for assaultin' an' battherin' me. Ye all saw her, an' me not touchin' her, the *calliagh*!"

"Begorra, 'tis thrue for him," said Kelly. "She flagellated him wid her umbrelly, an' sorra blow missed bud the wan that didn't hit, and on'y I was here, an' lit on her suddent, like a bee on a posy, she'd have had his life, so she would."

The lawsuit between Mrs. Macfarlane and O'Brien never came off. Perhaps on reflection the former saw she could not prove that the station-master had uprooted her plants, or, what was more probable, the sight of him going about with his head bound up made her realize that he might be able to turn the tables on her. Accordingly, she meditated a scheme by which to "pay him out", as she phrased it, for his conduct, without the intervention of judge or jury. Not for an instant did she forget her cause of offence, or believe O'Brien's story that it was the dog that had destroyed her Orange lilies. After some consideration she hit on an ingenious device, that satisfied her as being at once supremely annoying to her enemy and well within the law. Her lilies, emblems of the religious and political faith that were in her, were gone; but she still had means to testify to her beliefs, and protest against O'Brien and all that he represented to her mind.

Next day, when the mid-day train had just steamed into the station, Jim was startled by hearing a wild cheer.

"Hi, 'King William!' Hi, 'King William!' Come back, 'King William!' 'King William', my darlin', 'King William!'"

The air rang with the shrill party-cry, and when Jim rushed out he found that Mrs.

Macfarlane had allowed her dog to run down the platform just as the passengers were alighting, and was now following him, under the pretence of calling him back. There was nothing to be done. The dog's name certainly was "King William", and Mrs. Macfarlane was at liberty to recall him if he strayed.

Jim stood for a moment like one transfixed.

"Faith, I b'leeve 'tis the devil's grandmother she is," he exclaimed.

Mrs. Macfarlane passed him with a deliberately unseeing eye. Had he been the gatepost she could not have taken less notice of his presence, as, having made her way to the extreme end of the platform cheering for "King William", she picked up her dog, and marched back in triumph.

"I wonder how he likes that?" she said to herself with a defiant toss of the head, and a pleasing conviction that he did not like it at all.

"Oh, say nothin' to her, Jim! Oh, Jim, for God's sake say nothin' to her!" pleaded Mary.

"I won't," said Jim grimly. "Not a word. But if she does id agin, I'll be ready forrer, so I will. I'll make her sup sorrow."

Speedily did it become evident that Mrs. Macfarlane was pursuing a regular plan of campaign, for at the arrival of every train that entered the station that day, she went through the same performance of letting loose the dog and then pursuing him down the platform, waving her arms and yelling for "King William".

By the second challenge, Jim had risen to the situation and formed his counterplot. He saw and heard her in stony silence, apparently as indifferent to her tactics as she to his presence; but he was only biding his time. No sooner did passengers alight and enter the refreshment-room, than, having just given them time to be seated, he rushed up, threw open the door of his enemy's headquarters, and putting in his head, cried:

"Take yer places, gintlemin, immaydiately. The thrain's just off. Hurry up, will yez. She's away."

The hungry and discomfited passengers hurried out, pell-mell, and Mrs. Macfarlane was left speechless with indignation.

"I bet I've got the whip-hand av her this time," chuckled Jim, as he gave the signal to start.

Mrs. Macfarlane's spirit, however, was not

broken. From morning until night, whether the day was wet or fine, she greeted the arrival of each train by loud cries for "King William", and on each occasion Jim retorted by bundling out all her customers before they could touch bite or sup.

If those laugh best who laugh last O'Brien certainly had the victory in this curious contest, for the result of his activity was that, during all the time their feud lasted, Mrs. Macfarlane scarcely made a penny. She began to look worn and anxious, but was still defiant, still indomitable.

"Ah thin! Jim, how can ye keep id up?" asked Mary. "Sure 'tisn't like ye at all to be goin' on that ways. 'Tis you ought to have the sinse, a married man, with yer business to look afther, an' callin' yerself a Catholic too. Faith, I dunno what Father McCarthy'll say to ye whin ye go to yer duty. Givin' bad example like that to yer own childher."

"How can *she* keep id up?" asked Jim. "She began id, and let her shtop first."

"I know she did, but what id ye expect from her? God help her, she's that bitter, gall isn't in it with her. Sure you and her is the laughin'-shtock av iviry wan that comes nigh the shtation. The shmall boys do be crowdin' in to hear her, an' see ye chasin' out her customers afther."

"Let her shtop first," repeated Jim. "In all me born days, Mary, I nivr saw a woman like ye for bein' down on yer own husban'. 'Tis ashamed of ye I am for not shtandin' up betther for yer side. Wasn't it she gave me the provoke? Who else? I done her no harm. Why did she begin at me?"

"Maybe, but yer doin' her harm now."

"So I am, so I am," said Jim with relish. "Faith, she must be sorry she began the game. Troth she's like the tailor that sewed for nothin', and foun' the thread himself. Not much she's makin' these times, I'm thinkin'."

"Oh, wirra, Jim! What's come to ye at all? 'Tis the kind-hearted man ye used to be, an' now I don't—"

But Jim had had enough of conjugal remonstrance, and went out banging the door behind him.

The feud still continued.

Each day Mrs. Macfarlane, gaunter, fiercer, paler, and more resolute in ignoring the station-master's presence, flaunted her principles up and down the platform. Each day

did Jim hurry the departure of the trains and sweep off her customers. Never before had there been such punctuality known at Toomevara, which is situated on an easy-going line, where usually the guard, when indignant tourists pointed out that the express was some twenty minutes late, was accustomed to reply:

"Why, so she is. 'Tis thrue for ye."

One day, however, Mrs. Macfarlane did not appear.

She had come out for the first train, walking a trifle feebly, and uttering her war-cry in a somewhat quavering voice. When the next came no Mrs. Macfarlane greeted it.

The small boys who daily gathered to see the sight—anything is worth looking at in Toomevara—crept away disappointed when the train, after a delay quite like that of old times, at last steamed out of the station. Jim himself was perplexed, and a little aggrieved. He had grown used to the daily strife, and missed the excitement of retorting on his foe.

"Maybe 'tis tired of it she is," he speculated. "Time forrer. She knows now she won't have things all her own way. She's too domineerin' by half."

"What's wrong with th' ould wan, sir?" asked Joe Kelly when he met O'Brien. "She didn't shtir whin she hard the thrain."

"Faith, I dunno," said Jim. "Hatchin' more dishturbance, I'll bet. Faith, she's nivr well but whin she's doin' mischief."

"She looks mighty donny these times," remarked Kelly, but his superior appeared to take no heed.

Secretly, however, he was uneasy, and blustered a little to himself to keep up his spirits.

"'Tis lyin' low she is," he muttered, "to shpring some other divilment on me, but I'm up to her."

It would not do, and after a time he found himself wandering in the direction of the refreshment-room. There was no sign of life visible, so far as Jim could see; but he was unwilling to observe too closely, for fear of catching Mrs. Macfarlane's eye while in the act of taking an undignified interest in her proceedings.

Suddenly he remembered that the windows at the back had the lower panes muffed to imitate ground glass, and that one was scratched in the corner, thus affording a convenient peephole. He stole round as if

on burglary intent, with many cautious glances to right and left; then assured that no one was watching him, peered in. From his position he could not see much, but he discerned a black heap of something lying in the middle of the room, and was sure he heard a groan. Considerably startled, he hastened round to Kelly.

"Joe," he said, "maybe y'ought just to look in an' see if anythin' is wrong wid th' ould woman."

"An' what 'ud be wrong wid her?" said Kelly easily. He hated being disturbed. "She'll be out to meet the nixt thrain as fresh as a thout: see if she doesn't."

"All the same, I think ye'd better go."

"Sure I'll go whin I'm done here. I've a power o' worrk to git through."

"Work indeed! All the work ye do will nivir kill ye. Faith you're as lazy as Finn McCool's dog, that rested his head agin' the wall to bark."

"Tis aisy for ye to talk," said Joe. "Sure I'll go if ye like, sir, bud she'll shnap the head off av me," and he disappeared in the direction of Mrs. Macfarlane's quarters.

A moment more, and Jim heard him shouting, "Misther O'Brien! Misther O'Brien!" He ran at the sound. There, a tumbled heap, lay Mrs. Macfarlane, no longer a defiant virago, but a weak, sickly, elderly woman, partly supported on Joe Kelly's knee, her face ghastly pale, her arms hanging limp.

"Be me sowl bud I think she's dyin'," cried Kelly. "She just raised her head whin she saw me an' wint off in a faint."

"Lay her flat, Joe, lay her flat. Where's the whisky?"

Jim rushed behind the counter, rummaged amongst the bottles, and came back with half a glass of whisky in his hand.

"Lave her to me," he said, "an' do you run an' tell the missus to come here at wanst. Maybe she'll know what to do."

He tried to force the whisky between Mrs. Macfarlane's set teeth, spilling a good deal of it in the process. She opened her eyes for a moment, looked at him vacantly, and fainted again.

Mary came in to find her husband gazing in a bewildered fashion at his prostrate enemy, and took command in a way that excited his admiration.

"Here," said she, "give uz a hand to move her on to the seat. Jim, do ye run home an' get Biddy to fill two or three jars wid boilin'

wather, an' bring thim along wid a blanket. She's as cowl'd as death. Joe, fly off wid ye for the docther."

"What docther will I go for, ma'am?"

"The firrst ye can git," said Mary, promptly beginning to chafe the inanimate woman's hands and loosen her clothes.

When the doctor came, he found Mrs. Macfarlane laid on an impromptu couch composed of two of the cushioned benches placed side by side. She was wrapped in blankets, had hot bottles to her feet and sides, and a mustard plaster over her heart.

"Bravo! Mrs. O'Brien," he said. "I couldn't have done better myself. I believe you have saved her life by being so quick—at least, saved it for the moment, for I think she is in for a severe illness. She will want careful nursing to pull her through."

"She looks rale bad," assented Mary.

"She must be put to bed at once. Where does she live?"

"She lodges down the town," said Mary, "at old Mrs. Smith's in Castle Street; bud sure she has no wan to look afther her there."

"It is too far to move her in her present state. The hospital is nearer; I might try to get her there."

As he spoke Mrs. Macfarlane opened her eyes. Apparently she had understood, for she shook her head with something of her former energy, and exclaimed: "No, NO!"

"What did you say?" asked the doctor. "Don't you like the idea of the hospital?" But Mrs. Macfarlane had again lapsed into unconsciousness.

"What are we to do with her?" said the doctor. "Is there no place where they would take her in?"

Mary glanced at Jim, but he did not speak.

"Sure there's a room in our house," she ventured, after an awkward pause.

"The very thing," said the doctor, "if you don't mind the trouble, and if Mr. O'Brien does not object."

Jim made no answer, but walked out.

"He doesn't, docther," cried Mary. "Sure he has the rale good heart. I'll run off now, an' get the bed ready."

As she passed Jim, who stood sulkily by the door, she contrived to squeeze his hand. "God bless ye, me own Jim. You'll be none the worse forrit. 'Tis no time for bearin' malice, an' our blessed Lady'll pray for ye this day."

Jim was silent.

"'Tis a cruel shame she should fall on uz," he said when his wife had disappeared; but he offered no further resistance.

Borne on an impromptu stretcher by Jim, Joe, Finnerty, and the doctor, Mrs. Macfarlane was carried to the station-master's house, undressed by Mary, and put to bed in the spotlessly clean whitewashed upper room.

The cold and shivering had now passed off, and she was burning. Nervous fever, the doctor anticipated. She raved about her dog, about Jim, about the passengers, her rent, and fifty other things that made it evident her circumstances had preyed on her mind.

Poor Mary was afraid of her at times; but there are no trained nurses at Toomevara, and guided by Dr. Doherty's directions she tried to do her best, and managed wonderfully well.

There could be no doubt Jim did not like having the invalid in the house.

"Here's everythin' upside down," he grumbled,—“Mary up to her eyes in worrk, an' the house an' childer at sixes an' sevens, an' all for an ould hag that cudn't give uz a civil worrd.”

Kitty was wonderfully helpful to her mother, and took care of her brothers and sisters, but her father grumbled at his wife's absence.

"Why on earth should the woman be saddled on uz?" he asked. "Hasn't she anny frinds av her own soort, I'd like to know? Sure, 'tis hard enough for uz to pay our own way, let alone gettin' beef-tay an' port wine for the likes av her, to say nothin' about her wearin' you, Mary, to skin an' bone."

"God help the craythur, sure I do it willin'," said Mary. "We cudn't lave her there to die on the flure."

"Faith, I'm thinkin' 'twould be a long time before she done as much for you."

"Maybe," said Mary, "an' maybe not; but sure, where 'ud we be anny betther than her, if 'twas that plan we wint on?"

"Ah, 'tis too soft y'are intirely," said Jim, going off in a huff.

In his inmost soul, however, he was pleased with his wife, though he kept saying to himself:

"If it had on'y been anyone else besides that ould crow, I wouldn't begrudge it."

When from the unhappy woman's ravings

he learned how the feud had preyed on her mind, and discovered the straits to which she had been reduced, a dreadfully guilty feeling stole over him, which he tried in vain to combat.

"Sure, 'twas her own fault," he said to himself. "Doesn't every wan know I'm the paccablist man goin', if I'm on'y let alone? She deserved to be paid out, so she did, an' I'm not wan bit sorry."

This did not prevent him from feeling very miserable. He became desperately anxious that Mrs. Macfarlane should not die, and astonished Mary by bringing home various jellies and meat extracts that he fancied might be good for the patient, but he did this with a shy and hang-dog air by no means natural to him, and always made some ungracious speech as to the trouble, to prevent Mary thinking he was sorry for the part he had played. He replied with a downcast expression to all inquiries from outsiders as to Mrs. Macfarlane's health, but he brought her dog into the house, and fed it well.

"Not for her sake, God knows," he explained, "but bekase the poor baste was frettin', an' I cudn't see him there wid no wan to look to him."

He refused, however, to style the animal "King William", and called it "Billy" instead, a name to which it soon learned to answer.

One evening, when the whitewashed room was all aglow with crimson light that flooded through the western window, Mrs. Macfarlane returned to consciousness. Mary was sitting by the bedside sewing, having sent out the children in charge of Kitty to secure quiet in the house. For a long time, unobserved by her nurse, the sick woman lay feebly trying to understand. Suddenly she spoke.

"What is the matter?"

Mary jumped.

"To be sure," she said, laying down her needlework. "'Tis very bad you were intirely, ma'am, but thanks be to God, sure you're betther now."

"Where am I?" asked Mrs. Macfarlane after a considerable pause.

"In the Station House, ma'am."

"An' who are you?"

"Sure, don't ye know me? I'm Mary O'Brien."

"Mary O'Brien—O'Brien?"

"Yis, faith! Jim O'Brien's wife."

"An' is this Jim O'Brien's house?"

"Whose else id it be? But there now, don't talk anny more. Sure, we'll tell ye all about it whin you're better. The docther sez you're to be kep' quite."

"But who brought me here?"

"Troth, 'twas carried in ye were, an' you near dyin'. Hush up now, will ye? Take a dhrop o' this, an' thry to go to shleep."

Mrs. Macfarlane lay silent, but she did not go to sleep. She seemed to be fitting things together in her mind like pieces of a Chinese puzzle, as she watched the sunset crimson glow and fade on the opposite wall.

"How long have I been here?" she asked Mary next morning, when she awoke refreshed by a good night's rest.

"Goin' on three weeks, ma'am."

"An' was it you nursed me?"

"Sure I did."

"An' who's goin' to pay you? I've no money."

"Not a wan of me knows," said Mary, with a touch of temper, "nor cares naythur. 'Twasn't for yer money we tuk ye in. Hould up now a minnit till I change yer cap. Docther Doherty's comin'."

Presently Doctor Doherty bustled in—a fresh-coloured, cheery little man.

"That's right, that's right," he said. "Going on finely, so you are. 'Pon my word, Mrs. Macfarlane, you have every reason to thank Mrs. O'Brien here for being alive to-day. It was touch and go, I can tell you, at one time, touch and go; but here you are now, doing beautifully."

When Mary went downstairs to get some beef-tea Mrs. Macfarlane turned anxiously to the doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "who's supportin' me here?"

"Don't worry your head about that yet awhile," replied the doctor. "Wait till you're better."

"But I want tu know. 'Tis preyin' on my mind."

"The O'Briens have taken care of you ever since you fell ill, and have let you want for nothing. A kinder creature than that woman never drew breath."

"But, doctor, I can't pay them back; an' if yu only knew, this is the last house in the kingdom I'd like to be in, an' they are the last people I'd like tu take charity from."

"Now, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Macfarlane, put all that nonsense out of your head. Who's

talking of charity? Time enough to think of this when you're well and strong."

"It's grieved I am intirely that 'twas to them I was brought. Who sent me here at all?"

"I did," said the doctor. "There was no place else to send you to. It was too far to carry you to your lodgings, and they told me there was no one there to nurse you."

"No more there was; but I'd sooner have died, doctor—'tis the truth I'm tellin' yu. 'Twas O'Brien brought me tu this."

"Oh, I heard of all that folly," said the doctor, "and upon my word it seems to me you should both be ashamed of yourselves. Let it pass. It is over and done with now."

"But, doctor, he rooted up my flowers."

"Well, he says he didn't; but sure it wasn't to please him you planted them."

"He said it was the poor dog."

"And perhaps it was; but anyhow, whatever he did, it seems to me his wife has made amends, and you ought to live like decent, peaceful neighbours for the future."

"Where is my dog? I suppose he killed it."

"Not he. Your dog is downstairs, as fat as a fool: I'll tell them to let it in here presently. But now lie down and sleep, like a good creature, for you're talking far too much. Take that bottle every two hours, and as much nourishment as you can swallow, and you'll soon have no need for me."

By and by said Mrs. Macfarlane to Mary, "The doctor thinks I'm doin' nicely."

"So he does," said Mary. "Praise be to God, but you're gettin' stronger every minnit."

"I think, Mrs. O'Brien, 'tis time for me tu be movin' back to my lodgin's. Perhaps I could manage it to-morrow. I'm sure I'm greatly obligated to yu for all yu've done, but it's a shame to be beholden to yu any longer."

"Is it movin' you're talkin' ov?" asked Mary. "Why, woman alive, you're as wake as wather. You won't be fit to shtan' for another tin days, not to talk o' lavin' the house."

"I'd sooner go," said Mrs. Macfarlane obstinately.

"Now, don't be talkin' foolishness. You'll kill yerself wid yer nonsinse."

"An' if I do," said Mrs. Macfarlane bitterly, "who is tu grieve?"

At this moment in rushed "King William" in wild excitement, leaped on the bed, licked

his mistress's face, wagged his tail, and whined for sheer joy.

"There's wan that loves ye annyways," said Mary smiling; and she noticed two big tears start suddenly from Mrs. Macfarlane's hard eyes, and drop on the dog's coat, as she bent her head to conceal them.

"Sure, she has a heart, afther all," was Mrs. O'Brien's unspoken comment. Then she tucked in her patient, and left her lying wearily back on the pillow, her thin hand resting on "King William's" back, as he snuggled beside her.

Next day, when she came upstairs, carrying a glass of milk with a fresh egg beaten into it, what was her dismay to find Mrs. Macfarlane, a long thin figure in her white nightgown, had got out of bed, and was trying to make her way across the room by clinging to tables and chairs.

"God be good to uz! what are ye about?" cried Mary in dismay. "Why didn't ye ring the bell I left beside ye, if ye wanted annythin'? I'd have been up to ye before ye cud say 'Jack Robinson'."

"Thank yu," said Mrs. Macfarlane, "I only wanted to find my clothes. I'm a deal better and stronger, and 'tis tu bad tu be lyin' here any longer."

"Yer clothes, is it? Why, I hung thim in the room beyant. Ye won't be wantin' thim for another week, sure."

"But I do," said Mrs. Macfarlane. "I'll not stay here any longer. I'm goin' away."

"Goin' away, an' you not fit to walk! Ah, thin, where 'ud ye be goin' to? Now get back to your bed again, *alanna*, an' don't be foolish."

Mrs. Macfarlane would have resisted, would have resented being called foolish, but a sudden weakness came over her. Before she knew she was caught in Mary's strong arms, and half-supported, half-carried back to the bed that was so gratefully warm. There she lay exhausted.

At last she found voice.

"Yu've been very good to me, Mrs. O'Brien, an' I'm not unmindful of it; but I cannot stay any longer under this roof, and beholden to your husband. I must go."

"Sure ye'll go whin you're able."

"I'm able now."

"Deed you're not, an' as for bein' beholden, God knows we don't grudge it to you, and you shouldn't grudge takin' it."

"Praps yu don't, but 'tis *his* money."

"Whisht, now," said Mary. "Sure, Jim

isn't as bad as ye make out. I tell ye what, I've been his wife this seventeen year, an' his heart's as soft as butther."

"I've not found it so."

"That was bekase you wint provokin' him; but me b'leef is of both of yez that yer bark's worse than yer bite, but I won't shtay here argying anny longer. You ax the docther to-morrow, an' see what he thinks."

When Jim came in to supper his wife said to him: "That craythur upstairs is mad to get away. She thinks we begrudge her the bit she ates."

Jim was silent. Then he said: "Sure, annythin' that's bad she'll b'leeve av uz."

"But ye've niver been up to see her. Shlip into the room now, an' ax her how she's goin' on. Let bygones be bygones in the name of God."

"I won't," said Jim.

"Oh yes, ye will! Sure afther all, though ye didn't mane it, you're the cause av it. Go to her now."

"I don't like."

"Ah, go! 'Tis yer place, an' you sinsibler than she is. Go an' tell her to shtay till she's well. Faith, I think that undher all that way of hers she's softer than she looks. I tell ye, Jim, I seen her cryin' over the dog, bekase she thought 'twas th'only thing that loved her."

Half-pushed by Mary, Jim made his way up the steep stair, and knocked at the door of Mrs. Macfarlane's attic.

"Come in," said a feeble voice, and he stumbled into the room.

When Mrs. Macfarlane saw who it was, a flame lit in her hollow eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said with grim politeness, "that ye find me here, Misther O'Brien; but it isn't my fault. I wanted tu go a while ago, an' your wife wouldn't let me."

"An' very right she was; you're not fit for it. Sure, don't be talkin' av goin' till you're better, ma'am," said Jim awkwardly. "You're heartily welcome for me. I come up to say—to say, I hope ye'll be in no hurry to move."

"Yu're very good, but it's not to be expected I'd find myself easy under this roof, where I can assure yu I'd never have come of my own free will, an' I apologize to yu, Misther O'Brien, for givin' so much trouble—not that I could help myself."

"Sure, 'tis I that should apologize," blurted out Jim. "An' rale sorry I am—though

maybe ye won't b'leeve me—that ever I dhruv the customers out."

For a long time Mrs. Macfarlane did not speak.

"I could forgive that easier than your routin' up my lilies," she said in a strained voice.

"But that I never did. God knows an' sees me this night, an' He knows that I never laid a finger on thim. I kem out an' foun' the dog there scrattin' at thim, an' if this was me last dyin' word, 'tis thrue."

"An' 'twas really the dog?"

"It was, though I done wrong in laughin' at him, an' cheerin' him on; but sure ye wouldn't mind me whin I told ye he was at me roses, an' I thought it sarved ye right, an' that ye called him 'King William' to spite me."

"So I did," said Mrs. Macfarlane, and she added more gently, "I'm sorry now."

"Are ye so?" said Jim brightening.

"Faith, I'm glad to hear ye say it. We was both in the wrong, ye see, an' if ye bear no malice, I don't."

"You have been very good to me, seein' how I misjudged you," said Mrs. Macfarlane.

"Not a bit av it; an' 'twas the wife annyhow, for begorra I was hardened against ye, so I was."

"An' you've spent yer money on me, an' I—"

"Sure don't say a word about id. I owed it to you, so I did, but begorra ye won't have to complain av wantin' custom wanst you're well."

"I hadn't taken a shillin' for a fortnight," said Mrs. Macfarlane in a low voice.

Jim got very hot, and shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another.

"Sure, I was a brute baste," he said, "an' you a woman."

"No; I see now I drew it on myself. 'Twas I provoked you; I was set against you because—because—"

"Oh, sure I know why, an' there's too much of it in the world, God help uz, espically in this misfortunit counthry, but we'll live and let live. Sure people isn't half as bad as ye think whin ye don't know thim."

"I tell you what," said Mrs. Macfarlane; "I won't call the dog 'King William' any more."

"An' why not?" said Jim in his repentance. "Sure I don't mind, as long as 'tisn't done to anger me. 'Tis as good a name as another."

"I had no right ever to call him that, an' you objectin'."

"Begorra," said Jim, "I'll tell ye what: I think mesel' King William was a betther man anny day than King James—to his own side,—but 'twas the feelin' av the thing that vexed me. An' now I want to tell ye not to be down-sperrited. You'll soon be about an' makin' heaps o' money."

Mrs. Macfarlane smiled wanly.

"No chance o' that, I'm afraid. What with my illness an' all that went before it, business is gone. Look at the place shut up this three weeks an' more."

"Not it," said Jim. "Sure, sence ye've been sick I put our little Kitty, the shlip, in charge of the place, an' she's made a power o' money for ye, an' she on'y risin' sixteen, an' havin' to help her mother an' all. She's a clever girl, so she is, though I sez it, an' she ruz the prices all round. She couldn't manage with the cakes, not knowin' how to bake thim like yerself; but sure I bought her plenty av biscuits at Connolly's, and her mother cut her sandwidges, and made tay, an' the dhrinks was all there as you left them, an' Kitty kep' count av all she sould."

Mrs. Macfarlane looked at him for a moment queerly; then she drew the sheet over her face and began to sob.

Jim, feeling wretchedly uncomfortable, crept downstairs.

"Go to the craythur, Mary," he said. "Sure she's cryin'. We've made it up,—an' see here, let her want for nothin'."

Mary ran upstairs, took grim Mrs. Macfarlane in her arms and actually kissed her; and Mrs. Macfarlane's grimness melted away, and the two women cried together for sympathy.

Now, as the trains come into Toomevara station, Jim goes from carriage to carriage making himself a perfect nuisance to passengers with well-filled luncheon-baskets. "Won't ye have a cup o' tay, me lady? There's plinty av time, an' sure we've the finest tay here that you'll get on the line. There's nothin' like it this side o' Dublin. A glass o' whisky, sir? 'Tis on'y the best that's kep'; or sherry wine? Ye won't be shtoppin' agin anywheres that you'll like it as well. Sure if ye don't want to get out—though there's plenty o' time—I'll give the ordher an' have it sent to yez. Cakes, ma'am, for the little ladies? 'Tis a long journey, an' maybe they'll be hungry—an' apples. Apples

is mighty good for childher. She keeps fine apples, if ye like them."

Mrs. Macfarlane has grown quite fat, is at

peace with all mankind, takes the deepest interest in the O'Brien family, and calls her dog "Billy".

THOMAS W. ROLLESTON.

[T. W. Rolleston was born in 1857 near Shinrone, King's County, the youngest son of Charles Rolleston Spinner, Q.C., County Court Judge of Tipperary. He was educated at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He has lived much abroad. He has written *The Teaching of Epictetus* and a *Life of Lessing*; has contributed poems to *The Academy*, *The Speaker*, and other reviews, and is represented in every modern Irish anthology. He was first Hon. Secretary of the London Irish Literary Society, and is a Vice-President of the National Literary Society of Dublin.]

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS.¹

(FROM THE IRISH.)

In a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair.
And the warriors of Erin in their famous genera-
tions
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the Clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching
Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the Sons of Cairbre sleep—
Battle-banners of the Gael, that in Kieran's plain
of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teflia,
And right many a lord of Breagh.
Deep the sod above Clan Creidé and Clan Conaill,
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-
Fighter

In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

¹ This and the following poems are given by kind permission of the author.

THE SPELL-STRUCK.

She walks as she were moving
Some mystic dance to tread,
So fall her gliding footsteps,
So leans her listening head.

For once to fairy harping
She danced upon the hill,
And through her brain and bosom
The music pulses still.

Her eyes are bright and tearless,
But wide with yearning pain;
She longs for nothing earthly.
But O! To hear again

The sound that held her listening
Upon her moonlit path!
The rippling fairy music
That filled the lonely rath.

Her lips, that once have tasted
The fairy banquet's bliss,
Shall glad no mortal lover
With maiden smile or kiss.

She's death to all things living,
Since that November eve;
And when she dies in autumn
No living thing will grieve.

FOR A READING LESSON.

"Papa, did you make that song?"
Said my Una: "Much too long
Are those words for me to spell.
Make a little song as well,
Full of little words for me,
'To' and 'by' and 'of' and 'the'—
'Mamma' must be in it too—
Then I'll read it all for you."

"Una, if that song were made
As you bid me," Papa said,
"Full of love and little words,
Who would listen to the birds?
Could I make it right for you,
All the world would read it too."

TWO CHAMBERS HATH THE HEART.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Two chambers hath the heart :
There dwelling,
Live Joy and Pain apart.

Is Joy in one awake?

Then only
Doth Pain his slumber take.

Joy, in thine hour, refrain—
Speak softly
Lest thou awaken Pain.

M. P. SHIEL.

[Matthew Phipps Shiel was born on the 21st of July, 1865. He has published *The Rajah's Sapphire*, *Shapes in the Fire*, *Prince Zaleski*, *The Yellow Danger*, *Cold Steel*, and other stories. Each of Mr. Shiel's books has shown a distinct advance in workmanship. His later novels deal with action, but those in which he treats of mystery and terror are very remarkable. In this class *Prince Zaleski* is perhaps his most distinguished success. *Prince Zaleski* was published by Mr. John Lane as one of his *Keynotes Series*.]

SIR JOCELIN SAUL'S DIARY.¹

(FROM "PRINCE ZALESKI.")

Sir Jocelin Saul, a man of intense nervousness, lived his life alone in a remote old manor-house in Suffolk, his only companion being a person of Eastern origin, named Ul-Jabal. The baronet had consumed his vitality in the life-long attempt to sound the too fervid Maelstrom of Oriental research, and his mind had perhaps caught from his studies a tinge of their morbidness, their esotericism, their insanity. He had for some years past been engaged in the task of writing a stupendous work on Pre-Zoroastrian Theogonies, in which, it is to be supposed, Ul-Jabal acted somewhat in the capacity of secretary. But I will give *verbatim* the extracts from his diary :

"June 11.—This is my birthday. Seventy years ago exactly I slid from the belly of the great Dark into this Light and Life. My God! my God! it is briefer than the rage of an hour, fleetier than a mid-day trance. Ul-Jabal greeted me warmly—seemed to have been looking forward to it—and pointed out that seventy is of the fateful numbers, its

only factors being seven, five, and two: the last denoting the duality of Birth and Death; five, Isolation; seven, Infinity. I informed him that this was also my father's birthday; and *his* father's; and repeated the oft-told tale of how the latter, just seventy years ago to-day, walking at twilight by the churchyard-wall, saw the figure of *himself* sitting on a grave-stone, and died five weeks later riving with the pangs of hell. Whereat the sceptic showed his two huge rows of teeth.

"What is his peculiar interest in the Edmundsbury chalice? On each successive birthday, when the cup has been produced, he has asked me to show him the stone. Without any well-defined reason I have always declined, but to-day I yielded. He gazed long into its sky-blue depth, and then asked if I had no idea what the inscription 'Has' meant. I informed him that it was one of the lost secrets of the world.

"June 15.—Some new element has entered into our existence here. Something threatens me. I hear the echo of a menace against my sanity and my life. It is as if the garment which enwraps me has grown too hot, too heavy for me. A notable drowsiness has settled on my brain—a drowsiness in which thought, though slow, is a thousandfold more fiery-vivid than ever. Oh, fair goddess of Reason, desert not me, thy chosen child!

"June 18.—Ul-Jabal?—that man is *the very Devil incarnate*!

"June 19.—So much for my bounty, all my munificence, to this poisonous worm. I picked him up on the heights of the Mountain of Lebanon, a cultured savage among cultured savages, and brought him here to be a prince of thought by my side. What though his plundered wealth—the debt I owe him—has saved me from a sort of ruin? Have not *I* instructed him in the sweet secret of Reason?

¹ By kind permission of author and publisher.

'I lay back on my bed in the lonely morning watches, my soul heavy as with the distilled essence of opiates, and in vivid vision knew that he had entered my apartment. In the twilight gloom his glittering rows of shark's teeth seemed impacted on my eyeball—I saw *them*, and nothing else. I was not aware when he vanished from the room. But at daybreak I crawled on hands and knees to the cabinet containing the chalice. The viperous murderer! He has stolen my gem, well knowing that with it he has stolen my life. The stone is gone—gone, my precious gem. A weakness overtook me, and I lay for many dreamless hours naked on the marble floor.

"Does the fool think to hide aught from my eyes? Can he imagine that I shall not recover my precious gem, my stone of Saul?"

"June 20.—Ah, Ul-Jabal—my brave, my noble Son of the Prophet of God! He has replaced the stone! He would not slay an aged man. The yellow ray of his eye, it is but the gleam of the great thinker, not—not—the gleam of the assassin. Again, as I lay in semi-somnolence, I saw him enter my room, this time more distinctly. He went up to the cabinet. Shaking the chalice in the dawning, some hours after he had left, I heard with delight the rattle of the stone. I might have known he would replace it; I should not have doubted his clemency to a poor man like me. But the strange being!—he has taken the *other* stone from the *other* cup—a thing of little value to any man! Is Ul-Jabal mad or I?"

"June 21.—Merciful Lord in Heaven! he has *not* replaced it—not *it*—but another instead of it. To-day I actually opened the chalice, and saw. He has put a stone there, the same in size, in cut, in engraving, but different in colour, in quality, in value—a stone I have never seen before. How has he obtained it—whence? I must brace myself to probe, to watch; I must turn myself into an eye to search this devil's-bosom. My life, this subtle, cunning Reason of mine hangs in the balance.

"June 22.—Just now he offered me a cup of wine. I almost dashed it to the ground before him. But he looked steadfastly into my eye. I flinched; and drank—drank.

"Years ago, when, as I remember, we were at Balbec, I saw him one day make an almost tasteless preparation out of pure black nicotine, which in mere wanton lust he afterwards gave to some of the dwellers by the

Caspian to drink. But the fiend would surely never dream of giving to me that browse of hell—to me an aged man, and a thinker, a seer.

"June 23.—The mysterious, the unfathomable Ul-Jabal! Once again, as I lay in heavy trance at midnight, has he invaded, calm and noiseless as a spirit, the sanctity of my chamber. Serene on the swaying air, which, radiant with soft beams of vermil and violet light, rocked me into variant visions of heaven, I reclined and regarded him unmoved. The man has replaced the valueless stone in the modern-made chalice, and has now stolen the false stone from the other which *he himself* put there! In patience will I possess this my soul, and watch what shall betide. My eyes shall know no slumber!

"June 24.—No more—no more shall I drink wine from the hand of Ul-Jabal. My knees totter beneath the weight of my lean body. Daggars of lambent fever race through my brain incessant. Some fibrillary twitchings at the right angle of the mouth have also arrested my attention.

"June 25.—He has dared at open mid-day to enter my room. I watched him from an angle of the stairs pass along the corridor and open my door. But for the terrifying, death-boding thump, thump of my heart, I should have faced the traitor then, and told him that I knew all his treachery. Did I say that I had strange fibrillary twitchings at the right angle of my mouth, and a brain on fire? I have ceased to write my book—the more the pity for the world, not for me.

"June 26.—Marvellous to tell, the traitor, Ul-Jabal, has now placed *another* stone in the Edmundsbury chalice—also identical in nearly every respect with the original gem. This, then, was the object of his entry into my room yesterday. So that he has first stolen the real stone and replaced it by another; then he has stolen this other and replaced it by yet another; he has beside stolen the valueless stone from the modern chalice, and then replaced it. Surely a man gone rabid, a man gone dancing, foaming, raving mad!

"June 28.—I have now set myself to the task of recovering my jewel. It is here, and I shall find it. Life against life—and which is the best life, mine or this accursed Ishmaelite's? If need be, I will do murder—I, with this withered hand—so that I get back the heritage which is mine.

"To-day, when I thought he was wander-

ing in the park, I stole into his room, locking the door on the inside. I trembled exceedingly, knowing that his eyes are in every place. I ransacked the chamber, dived among his clothes, but found no stone. One singular thing in a drawer I saw: a long, white beard, and a wig of long and snow-white hair. As I passed out of the chamber, lo, he stood face to face with me at the door in the passage. My heart gave one bound, and then seemed wholly to cease its travail. Oh, I must be sick unto death, weaker than a bruised reed! When I woke from my swoon he was supporting me in his arms. 'Now,' he said, grinning down at me, 'now you have at last delivered all into my hands.' He left me, and I saw him go into his room and lock the door upon himself. What is it I have delivered into the madman's hands?

"July 1.—Life against life—and his, the young, the stalwart, rather than mine, the mouldering, the sere. I love life. Not *yet* am I ready to weigh anchor, and reeve halliard, and turn my prow over the watery paths of the wine-brown Deep. Oh no! Not yet. Let *him* die. Many and many are the days in which I shall see the light, walk, think. I am averse to end the number of my years: there is even a feeling in me at times that this worn body shall never, never taste of death. The chalice predicts indeed that I and my house shall end when the stone is lost—a mere fiction *at first*, an idler's dream *then*, but now—now—that the prophecy has stood so long a part of the reality of things, and a fact among facts—no longer fiction, but Adamant, stern as the very word of God. Do I not feel hourly since it has gone how the surges of life ebb, ebb ever lower in my heart? Nay, nay, but there is hope. I have here beside me an Arab blade of subtle Damascene steel, insinuous to pierce and to hew, with which in a street of Bethlehem I saw a Syrian's head cleft open—a gallant stroke! The edges of this I have made bright and white for a nuptial of blood.

"July 2.—I spent the whole of the last night in searching every nook and crack of the house, using a powerful magnifying lens. At times I thought Ul-Jabal was watching me, and would pounce out and murder me. Convulsive tremors shook my frame like earthquake. Ah me, I fear I am all too frail for this work! Yet dear is the love of life.

"July 7.—The last days I have passed in carefully searching the grounds, with the

lens as before. Ul-Jabal constantly found pretexts for following me, and I am confident that every step I took was known to him. No sign anywhere of the grass having been disturbed. Yet my lands are wide, and I cannot be sure. The burden of this mighty task is greater than I can bear. I am weaker than a bruised reed. Shall I not slay my enemy, and make an end?

"July 8.—Ul-Jabal has been in my chamber again! I watched him through a crack in the panelling. His form was hidden by the bed, but I could see his hand reflected in the great mirror opposite the door. First, I cannot guess why, he moved to a point in front of the mirror the chair in which I sometimes sit. He then went to the box in which lie my few garments—and opened it. Ah, I have the stone—safe—safe! He fears my cunning ancient eyes, and has hidden it in the one place where I would be least likely to seek it—in *my own trunk*! And yet I dread, most intensely I dread, to look.

"July 9.—The stone, alas, is not there! At the last moment he must have changed his purpose. Could his wondrous sensitiveness of intuition have made him feel that my eyes were looking in on him?

"July 10.—In the dead of night I knew that a stealthy foot had gone past my door. I rose and threw a mantle round me; I put on my head my cap of fur; I took the tempered blade in my hands; then crept out into the dark, and followed. Ul-Jabal carried a small lantern which revealed him to me. My feet were bare, but he wore felted slippers, which to my unfailling ear were not utterly noiseless. He descended the stairs to the bottom of the house, while I crouched behind him in the deepest gloom of the corners and walls. At the bottom he walked into the pantry: there stopped, and turned the lantern full in the direction of the spot where I stood; but so agilely did I slide behind a pillar, that he could not have seen me. In the pantry he lifted the trap-door, and descended still farther into the vaults beneath the house. Ah, the vaults—the long, the tortuous, the darksome vaults,—how had I forgotten them? Still I followed, rent by seismic shocks of terror. I had not forgotten the weapon: could I creep near enough, I felt that I might plunge it into the marrow of his back. He opened the iron door of the first vault and passed in. If I could lock him in?—but he held the key. On and on he wound his way, holding the

lantern near the ground, his head bent down. The thought came to me *then*, that, had I but the courage, one swift sweep, and all were over. I crept closer, closer. Suddenly he turned round, and made a quick step in my direction. I saw his eyes, the murderous grin of his jaw. I know not if he saw me—thought forsook me. The weapon fell with clatter and clangour from my grasp, and in panic fright I fled with extended arms and the headlong swiftness of a stripling, through the black labyrinths of the caverns, through the vacant corridors of the house, till I reached my chamber, the door of which I had time to fasten on myself before I dropped, gasping, panting for very life, on the floor.

"*July 11.*—I had not the courage to see Ul-Jabal to-day. I have remained locked in my chamber all the time without food or water. My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth.

"*July 12.*—I took heart and crept downstairs. I met him in the study. He smiled on me, and I on him, as if nothing had happened between us. Oh, our old friendship, how it has turned into bitterest hate! I had taken the false stone from the Edmundsbury chalice and put it in the pocket of my brown gown, with the bold intention of showing it to him, and asking him if he knew aught of it. But when I faced him, my courage failed again. We drank together and ate together as in the old days of love.

"*July 13.*—I cannot think that I have not again imbibed some soporiferous drug. A great heaviness of sleep weighed on my brain till late in the day. When I woke my thoughts were in wild distraction, and a most peculiar condition of my skin held me fixed before the mirror. It is dry as parchment, and brown as the leaves of autumn.

"*July 14.*—Ul-Jabal is gone! And I am left a lonely, a desolate old man. He said, though I swore it was false, that I had grown to mistrust him! that I was hiding something from him! that he could live with me no more! No more, he said, should I see his face! The debt I owe him he would forgive. He has taken one small parcel with him—and is gone!

"*July 15.*—Gone! gone! In mazelike dream I wander with uncovered head far and wide over my domain, seeking I know not what. The stone he has with him—the precious stone of Saul. I feel the life-surge ebbing, ebbing in my heart."

Here the manuscript abruptly ended.

Prince Zaleski had listened as I read aloud, lying back on his Moorish couch and breathing slowly from his lips a heavy reddish vapour, which he imbibed from a very small, carved, bismuth pipette. His face, as far as I could see in the green-gray crepuscular atmosphere of the apartment, was expressionless. But when I had finished he turned fully round on me, and said:

"You perceive, I hope, the sinister meaning of all this?"

"Has it a meaning?"

Zaleski smiled.

"Can you doubt it? in the shape of a cloud, the pitch of a thrush's note, the *nuance* of a sea-shell you would find, had you only insight *enough*, inductive and deductive cunning *enough*, not only a meaning, but, I am convinced, a quite endless significance. Undoubtedly, in a human document of this kind, there is a meaning; and I may say at once that this meaning is entirely transparent to me. Pity only that you did not read the diary to me before."

CHARLES GREGORY FAGAN.

BORN 1860—DIED 1885.

[Charles Gregory Fagan was the son of the late Henry Stuart Fagan, Rector of Great Cressingham, Norfolk. He was born at Bath, February 11, 1860; and was educated at the City of London School and at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1884 he became principal of a state college for native students at Calicut,

Madras, and died there in the following August. His poetry, scattered here and there through various periodicals, has never been gathered into a volume; but those fugitive remains persuade one that with his death a career ended untimely that was destined to much honour.]

THE STORY OF CLESSAMNOR.

Friends, I am wounded in the fight :
I shall be dead ere fall the night.

Leave my body to beasts and birds ;
But listen, and cherish up my words.

'Twas long ago, when I was young,
In the slack shroud a gay wind sung.

We had sailed in the early afternoon,
And we sailed still under a sailing moon.

Over the silver sea we sailed
All the night long till the stars paled.

Then the moon sank, and the heaving black
Burst white at the bows and the keel's track.

But still we furrowed through the brute
Motion of water void and mute.

Then the chill water grew to gray,
And we lay in a windless bay.

The yellow wrinkled oak-trees grew
To the rock's edge, and the sea's blue.

A silent river fringed with sedge,
And a white town by the water's edge.

She lay, bay-bosomed, like a gem
Set by some queen in her robe's hem.

She looked like a city of a dream,
In the still time to us in the stream.

For the hush of the gray sea was like death,
And the land-locked air was without a breath.

Not a sight or a sound of any bird
In the steep wood was seen or heard.

And the town was sleeping quietly,
As silent as the silent sea.

Then the sun rose, and we heard the stir
Of labouring men in the heart of her.

And suddenly a lusty thrush
Woke in the early morning hush.

The splash of oars in the silent stream,
And I stepped ashore like one in a dream.

Alone I stood in the king's high hall ;
Said : " I am a chief of King Comhal."

He said, " Thou art welcome, child of the sea,"
And he feasted me royally.

Into the fair feast's song and stir
Suddenly stole the king's daughter.

Have you seen where the sun lies low on the sea,
A golden cloud sail silently ?

It sails and it hangs in the unmoved air ;
Such a gold cloud was her silken hair.

Her half-bare breasts were as white as foam
On the mid sea in the winter gloam.

Her blue eyes were as bright as heaven
Through the wood's roof where the bows are riven,

Her two lips were a red blood stain
Spilled where the snow lies on the plain.

She came, and she stood by the king's chair,
And my heart hung on her standing there.

She bends to the earth her blue bright eyes,
And from red to white her colour flies.

She raised from the earth her eyes of blue,
And there was love in her look, I knew.

What the king spake I could not hear,
My heart's pulse throbbed so loud in my ear.

The sights he showed I could not know,
The tears of love from mine eyes fell so.

Oh, I was ready to give my life
To win the king's child for my wife.

A rebel chieftain lived hard by,
Who ravaged the realm perpetually :

I fought, and brought to the king his head,
And he gave me Moina the White to wed.

Now one of her kinsmen of that land
For many a month had wooed her hand.

In the king's hall as he sat at board
Often he half-unsheathed his sword.

In the king's court by the stream that night
He stood, and challenged me to the fight.

God wot for fight I had then no lust,
But he bared his blade and I needs must.

Hot fight we had by a half-lit moon
For a thrust or two, but I felled him soon.

My sword brake in his breastplate's slit,
And the black blood burst out of it.

His face was white. Sideways he reeled
And then fell forward on his shield.

He writhed and turned him on his side,
And blew a blast of his horn, and died.

A woman's shriek in a courtyard near,
And a rush of footsteps smote mine ear.

Then all sounds merged in some old tune,
And I fell down in a dead swoon.

My men came up from the hissing sea,
To the ship they bore me hurriedly.

And when I came to my mind again,
I was up and down on the moving main.

Hard off the land the wet wind blew,
And the prow plunged and the foam flew.

For a month I had no chance to flee
To my dear in the white town over sea.

And then I knew that her soul took flight,
For it passed close by me one midnight.

And often at dawn, when the hours are long,
Her words came back like an old song—

But I could not see her face aright,
Tho' I strained my eyes in the wall of night.

And I wondered if her babe was born
Ere ever her body died forlorn.

My end draws near; I can see Death's face,
I must hurry on with my tale apace.

Great glory of the fight this day
I have reaped for myself, tho' my hair is gray.

You have seen me slay most gloriously
The chief of the stranger from over sea.

We saw his host leap back to the shore,
But I would that mine eyes were blind before.

Like the leaping foam in the white wave's front
His blade was bright in the battle-brunt.

In the first fierce plunge he bore like a rock
The burst of our brazen-shielded shock.

I can see the gleam of his helmet's top
As his red hand reaped the battle-crop.

Like chaff whipped up in a windy place
The crowd is flying before his face.

I am mad, and I can scarcely see,
But my sword carves out a path for me.

His windy hair was a flame behind,
But the gray eye grew soft and kind.

Small time for thought in the battle-crush!
But a pain shoots into my own heart's hush.

"Thou art old; hast thou no son," he said,
"Stranger, to strike sword in thy stead?"

"I would fain not fight one as old as thou,
Hold back thy sword, I pray thee now."

I cried, with eyes all dim with rage,
"Lo! this hand does not shake with age."

Swiftly he caught my shielded wrist,
And wrenched my sword out of my fist.

I was beneath him on the ground;
He held me fast, and would have bound.

I drew my dagger from my belt
And stabbed his body where he knelt.

I stood up and he lay on the heath,
And spake words from the brink of Death:—

"Moina the White, my mother, died
As soon as my limbs had left her side.

"Her father was king in Balclyth Town;
Now the fox breeds where he wore his crown.

"There is no city of Balclyth now,
Only the wash and the wind's sough.

"My father was gone ere I saw his face,
And I am the last of the king's race.

"Seek my father who dwelt here once,
For my mother's sake and for his son's.

"Lo! my heart stops and my senses swim.
I charge thee give my body to him."

His white face pressed the mountain side,
And he stretched his arms out and he died.

I was down on my face I know;
You thought I was dead when you found me so.

That was my own son whom I slew;
Me, his father, he never knew.

The first time that I knew my son
Was when my knife in his heart was gone.

Bury us here on the heather dun
In one grave, father and son.

We shall go together, I and he,
To the Happy Islands oversea.

SOPHIE MACINTOSH.

[Sophie MacIntosh, before her marriage Sophie Donaclift, was born at Kinsale, Co. Cork, and resided there, in kindly intimacy with the fishing-folk and peasants, till her marriage with Henry MacIntosh, now Headmaster of the Methodist College, Belfast. She has a delightful talent, especially for describing the people of her native town. A few of her stories have been gathered into a

volume called *The Last Forward*. The following is quoted by her kind permission.]

JIM WALSH'S TIN BOX.

"Talkin' about railways," said my friend Pat Hurley to me one July evening, as he sat in the little garden in front of his cot-

tage, "I could tell you a quare wan." Now we were not talking about railways, though we could have found plenty to say about this particular line, which runs from Cork "to the back of God-speed"; we were watching the train go out from a little country station in the South of Ireland. My friend was a porter on the same line, but just at present was on sick-leave for a few days. His tongue was as the pen of a ready writer; and, conscious of his powers as a story-teller, he kept his eyes and ears open for everything which added to his fund of entertainment.

"If ye'll give me lave to light me pipe, sir, I can tell ye something that'll divart ye."

I graciously granted his request, and as he filled a very decent-looking briar he began:

"Och, if Jim Walsh only heard what I'm talkin' about he'd murder me, for the same matther made a hullabaloo in the town, and the laugh that was riz agin the two of us ye never heard the like; not but many of thim that was laughing didn't know betther thir-selves. Wan evenin' when we was clanin' out the carriages afther the thrain was in, we come on the quarest-lookin' tin box; the like of it we never sot an eye on before. There was nather mark nor token on it to tell a body who ownded it.

"'Bedad, that's the onhandiest-lookin' luggage I iver see,' sez Jim.

"'Tis so,' says I, 'an' powerful heavy,' takin' a grip of it an' haulin' it out on the platform.

"There was only three ladies in that carriage, an' in coorse it had to belong to wan o' thim. We argued it somethin' mighty particular from the quare shape of it, let alone belongin' to wan o' the quality, so I contrived to persuade Jim that 'twas the dacint thing to take it home to the craythur, an' lave it wid her that night before she'd be feelin' the want of it. Poor Jim is a very soft-hearted kind of bboy, an' being younger and smarter than me, he shouldered the contrapshin and sthreeled off. Troth, he was back in an hour's time, an' the box wid him.

"'Be jabers,' sez he, 'me back's bruk; ye might as well offer to carry the pyramids of Agypt.' He sot down wake like and wiped the sweat off his face an' round his neck wid his cap.

"'Why didn't ye get shut of it?' sez I.

"'Sure,' sez he, 'ye must be thinkin' it's

for an ornament I'm wearing it; divil a wan o' thim would own up to it at all. I tuk it first to Miss Mary Murphy, an' she was at her tay, but she sent me out word that she had all her thraps right. I wint on thin to Mrs. Barry, an' after her Mrs. Kelly. I was mistook wid thim too, bedad, for they was only in Cork for the day, an' they had no luggage that you might call luggage. I was bate entirely carryin' what might be a quarry o' stones for the weight, an' leppin' wid rage for havin' to do it. I thraced my steps back to Miss Mary Murphy, she bein' the likeliest of the three faymales, an' toul't the girl for God's sake to ax her misthress to have a look at the box, if it wouldn't be throublin' her honour, for I was heart-scalded wid dhraggin' it over land an' say. Miss Mary couldn't talk to me at waunst, be rayson o' company in the parlour, but she sint ordhers that I was to come in an' rest meself, the Lord bless her kind heart. She's a raal lady, is Miss Mary Murphy; there's not her aqual in the town. She sint me out a dhrink o' porter; bedad I was glad to get a houl't of it, an' whin I had me fingers on the glass I was ready to face the ould bboy. After a bit Miss Mary come out, an' took wan look at me weight o' calamity, an' thin she laughed fit to shplit her stays.

"'Och, Jim,' sez she, 'but ye're the omad-haun.'

"'For the love o' the Blessed Vargin, Miss,' sez I, 'say ye own this misfortunit thrunk.'

"'I don't,' sez she, 'but I know who does.'

"'Thin tell me,' sez I, very polite, 'where the blazes am I to take it to?'

"'I'd advise ye,' sez she, 'to take it to the Lost Property Office in Cork,' an' wid that she roared out laughin' agin an' ran away. I could hear 'em all inside screechin' at the fun, whatever it was. So I shouldered the moniment wanst more, an' here I am.'

"Och, wisha! what *ould* fools we were! We sot down to consider what would be our nixt performance. Ye see, sir, at this time the station-master was sick in his bed, an' couldn't be bothered about anybody's lost luggage, so we kep' the thrunk for a couple of days, an' thin we began to get mortal onaisy, be rayson o' no one axin' afther it. Wan mornin' Pat saw in the papers that the Faynians had joined the Roosians, an' some of 'em was took up be the polis for throwin' bombs an' dynamites about in a scandalous way. Bedad, the read-

in' of it would terrify ye, the whole counthry was like to be blown up into bits. All of a suddint it bruk clear into our two minds what the *ontucky* box was, an' the cowl'd water ran down our backs whin we thought what might be happenin' to us that minnit.

"'Mother o' heaven!' sez I, 'our last hour is come.'

"'An' is Miss Mary Murphy a Faynian, or what?' sez Jim; 'faith anyhow we'll take her advice an' sind the bomb in to the Lost Property Office in Cork be the nixt thrain, while sowl and body are in the wan piece. 'Twould be timptin' Providence to kape it here any longer.'

"So we agreed we'd say nothin' for fear the guard would object to have it thraavel

alongside of him, an' small blame to him if he did. So we labelled it 'Lost Property', an' shipped it unbeknownst into the van, behind the passengers, God forgive us! Och! the fools we were! An' now, sir, ye'll hardly believe the news that came to us from Cork the nixt day. Our grand dynamite affair was nothin' but a thing for houldin' hot wather. They puts thim in the carriages in cowl'd weather, foot-warmers they calls thim, an' they tell me they have plinty of 'em in the city, but sorra a wan of 'em was iver sint out here before, so how were we to know? Ay, a foot-warmer, bedad, and it turned the laugh agin us from that day to this. But sure maybe it's betther than what we thought it was."

NORA HOPPER.

[Miss Hopper was born of an Irish father and a Welsh mother at Exeter in 1871. She began to write very early, filling her exercise-books with stories instead of German and French exercises, to the dismay of her governess. Her first verses were published when she was sixteen years old. She has contributed prose and verse to most of the English magazines and newspapers, and has published *Ballads in Prose*, a book of poetical prose and poetry, besides three volumes of verse. She is a most prolific writer, yet her work maintains its high standard. She makes up for her want of residence in Ireland by saturating herself with Irish studies of all kinds; and few poets, hardly Mr. W. B. Yeats himself, have succeeded in becoming more thoroughly Irish.]

THE GRAY FOG.¹

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
It blinds my eyes, mavrone; and stops my breath,
And I travel slow that once could run the swiftest,
And I fear ere I meet Mauryeen I'll meet Death.

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
And a gray fog dogs my footsteps as they go,
And it's long and sore to tread, the road to Connaught.

Is it fault of brogues or feet I fare so slow?

¹ This and the following poems are given by kind permission of the author.

There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
But the Connaught wind will blow it from my way,
And a Connaught girl will kiss it from my memory
If the Death that walks beside me will delay.

(There's a gray fog over Dublin of the curses,
And no wind comes to break its stillness deep:
And a Connaughtman lies on the road to Connaught
And Mauryeen will not kiss him from his sleep—
Ululu!)

THE CUCKOO SINGS IN THE HEART OF WINTER.

The cuckoo sings in the heart of winter,
And all for Mauryeen he tunes his song;
How Mauryeen's hair is the honey's colour.
(He sings of her all the winter long!)

Her long loose hair's of the honey's colour,
The wild sweet honey that wild bees make.
The sun herself is ashamed before her,
The moon is pale for her gold cool's sake.

She bound her hair, of the honey's colour,
With flowers of yarrow and quicken green:
And now one binds it with leaves of willow,
And cypress lies where my head has been.

Now robins sing beside Pastheen's doorway,
And wrens for bounty that Grania gave:
The cuckoo sings in the heart of winter;
He sings all day beside Mauryeen's grave.

RED CLAY.

You shall not meet in kindness
 Any more :
 I strike your loves with blindness
 And shut a stubborn door,
 That will not open, Mauryeen, at your cry.
 That will not open, Terence, till you die.
 I have the bearing of my own heart's pain,
 Dear pain that Terence gave :
 But here I softly lay betwixt you twain
 Clay from a grave.

So small a grave lies yonder,
 Inishkea
 Holds it; and sea-gulls wander
 There from the open sea.
 Cry out upon the sea-gulls from your door,
 Mauryeen, they bode no good so far inshore.
 The sea-gulls heard you, Terence; and the sea
 Surely some day shall fling you back to me,
 And then, maybe,
 Mauryeen will not desire you, dear black head,
 A drowned man dead.

You shall not meet, my storeen,
 At dawn nor dark—
 Crossing the shadowy breen
 Where the red lark
 Cries to his hid wife from the windy sky,
 Deeming *his* love at least shall never die.
 I cast between your hands that shall not meet
 To serve nor yet to save,
 I cast red clay between your wandering feet
 From my child's grave.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.

Now all away to Tir na n'Og are many roads that
 run,
 But he has ta'en the longest lane, the King of
 Ireland's son.

There's roads of hate, and roads of love, and many
 a middle way,
 And castles keep the valleys deep where happy
 lovers stray—

Where Aongus goes there's many a rose burns red
 mid shadows dun,
 No rose there is will draw his kiss, the King of
 Ireland's son.

And yonder, where the sun is high, Love laughs
 amid the hay,
 But smile and sigh have passed him by, and never
 make delay.

And here (and O! the sun is low!) they're glad
 for harvest won,
 But naught he cares for wheat or tares, the King
 of Ireland's son!

And you have flung love's apple by, and I'm to
 pluck it yet :
 But what are fruits of gramarye with druid dews
 beset?

Oh what are magic fruits to him who meets the
 Lianan-sidhe
 Or hears athwart the distance dim Fionn's horn
 blow drowsily!

He follows on for ever when all your chase is done
 He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's
 son.

EDMUND LEAMY.

[Edmund Leamy was born in Waterford, on Christmas-day, 1848. He studied for the law and entered the profession as a solicitor, but was subsequently called to the Irish Bar. In 1880 he entered Parliament as one of the representatives of the city of Waterford, and became an adherent of the late Mr. Parnell, whom he continued to support to the close of that statesman's career. He contested Galway unsuccessfully in 1900, but was returned for North Kildare later in the same year. As an orator he is simple, passionate, direct. He has written *Irish Fairy Tales*, *The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalur*, besides many uncollected stories in Irish newspapers and magazines.]

THE GOLDEN SPEARS.

(FROM "IRISH FAIRY TALES"¹.)

Once upon a time there lived in a little house under a hill a little old woman and her two children, whose names were Connla and Nora. Right in front of the door of the little house lay a pleasant meadow, and beyond the meadow rose up to the skies a mountain whose top was sharp-pointed like a spear. For more than half-way up it was clad with heather, and when the heather was in bloom it looked like a purple robe falling from the shoulders of the mountain down to

¹ By kind permission of the author.

its feet. Above the heather it was bare and gray, but when the sun was sinking in the sea, its last rays rested on the bare mountain top, and made it gleam like a spear of gold, and so the children always called it the "Golden Spear".

In summer days they gambolled in the meadow, plucking the sweet wild grasses—and often and often they clambered up the mountain side, knee-deep in the heather, searching for *frechans* and wild honey; and sometimes they found a bird's nest—but they only peeped into it, they never touched the eggs or allowed their breath to fall upon them, for next to their little mother they loved the mountain, and next to the mountain they loved the wild birds who made the spring and summer weather musical with their songs.

Sometimes the soft white mist would steal through the glen, and creeping up the mountain would cover it with a veil, so dense that the children could not see it, and then they would say to each other: "Our mountain is gone away from us". But when the mist would lift and float off into the skies, the children would clap their hands and say: "Oh, there's our mountain back again!"

In the long nights of winter they babbled of the spring and summer time to come, when the birds would once more sing for them, and never a day passed that they didn't fling crumbs outside their door, and on the borders of the wood that stretched away towards the glen.

When the spring days came they awoke with the first light of the morning, and they knew the very minute when the lark would begin to sing, and when the thrush and the blackbird would pour out their liquid notes, and when the robin would make the soft, green, tender leaves tremulous at his song.

It chanced one day that when they were resting in the noontide heat, under the perfumed shade of a hawthorn in bloom, they saw on the edge of the meadow, spread out before them, a speckled thrush cowering in the grass.

"Oh, Connla! Connla! Look at the thrush—and look, look up in the sky, there is a hawk!" cried Nora.

Connla looked up, and he saw the hawk with quivering wings, and he knew that in a second it would pounce down on the frightened thrush. He jumped to his feet, fixed a stone in his sling, and before the whirl of the stone shooting through the air was silent,

the stricken hawk tumbled headlong in the grass.

The thrush, shaking its wings, rose joyously in the air, and perching upon an elm-tree in sight of the children, he sang a song so sweet that they left the hawthorn shade, and walked along together until they stood under the branches of the elm; and they listened and listened to the thrush's song, and at last Nora said:

"Oh, Connla, did you ever hear a song so sweet as this?"

"No," said Connla, "and I do believe sweeter music was never heard before."

"Ah," said the thrush, "that's because you never heard the nine little pipers playing. And now, Connla and Nora, you saved my life to-day."

"It was Nora saved it," said Connla, "for she pointed you out to me, and also pointed out the hawk which was about to pounce on you."

"It was Connla saved you," said Nora, "for he slew the hawk with his sling."

"I owe my life to both of you," said the thrush. "You like my song, and you say you have never heard anything so sweet; but wait till you hear the nine little pipers playing."

"And when shall we hear them?" said the children.

"Well," said the thrush, "sit outside your door to-morrow evening, and wait and watch until the shadows have crept up the heather, and then, when the mountain top is gleaming like a golden spear, look at the line where the shadow on the heather meets the sunshine, and you shall see what you shall see."

And having said this, the thrush sang another song sweeter than the first, and then saying "Good-bye!" he flew away into the woods.

The children went home, and all night long they were dreaming of the thrush and the nine little pipers; and when the birds sang in the morning, they got up and went out into the meadow to watch the mountain.

The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and no shadows lay on the mountain, and all day long they watched and waited; and at last, when the birds were singing their farewell song to the evening star, the children saw the shadows marching from the glen, trooping up the mountain side, and dimming the purple of the heather.

And when the mountain top gleamed like

a golden spear, they fixed their eyes on the line between the shadow and the sunshine.

"Now," said Connla, "the time has come."

"Oh, look! look!" said Nora; and as she spoke, just above the line of shadow a door opened out, and through its portals came a little piper dressed in green and gold. He stepped down, followed by another and another, until they were nine in all, and then the door swung back again. Down through the heather marched the pipers in single file, and all the time they played a music so sweet that the birds, who had gone to sleep in their nests, came out upon the branches to listen to them. And then they crossed the meadow, and they went on and on until they disappeared in the leafy woods.

While they were passing the children were spellbound, and couldn't speak, but when the music had died away in the woods, they said:

"The thrush is right; that is the sweetest music that was ever heard in all the world!"

And when the children went to bed that night the fairy music came to them in their dreams. But when the morning broke, and they looked out upon their mountain and could see no trace of the door above the heather, they asked each other whether they had really seen the little pipers or only dreamt of them.

That day they went out into the woods, and they sat beside a stream that pattered along beneath the trees, and through the leaves tossing in the breeze the sun flashed down upon the streamlet, and shadow and sunshine danced upon it. As the children watched the water sparkling where the sunlight fell, Nora said:

"Oh, Connla, did you ever see anything so bright and clear and glancing as that?"

"No," said Connla, "I never did."

"That's because you never saw the crystal hall of the fairy of the mountains," said a voice above the heads of the children.

And when they looked up, who should they see perched on a branch but the thrush.

"And where is the crystal hall of the fairy?" said Connla.

"Oh, it is where it always was, and where it always will be," said the thrush. "And you can see it if you like."

"We would like to see it," said the children.

"Well, then," said the thrush, "if you would, all you have to do is to follow the nine little pipers when they come down

through the heather, and cross the meadow to-morrow evening."

And the thrush having said this, flew away.

Connla and Nora went home, and that night they fell asleep talking of the thrush, and the fairy and the crystal hall.

All the next day they counted the minutes, until they saw the shadows thronging from the glen and scaling the mountain side. And, at last, they saw the door springing open, and the nine little pipers marching down.

They waited until the pipers had crossed the meadow and were about to enter the wood. And then they followed them, the pipers marching on before them and playing all the time. It was not long until they had passed through the wood, and then what should the children see rising up before them, but another mountain smaller than their own, but, like their own, clad more than half-way up with purple heather, and whose top was bare and sharp-pointed, and gleaming like a golden spear.

Up through the heather climbed the pipers, up through the heather the children clambered after them; and the moment the pipers passed the heather a door opened and they marched in, the children following, and the door closed behind them.

Connla and Nora were so dazzled by the light that hit their eyes when they had crossed the threshold, that they had to shade them with their hands; but after a moment or two they became able to bear the splendour, and when they looked around they saw that they were in a noble hall, whose crystal roof was supported by two rows of crystal pillars rising from a crystal floor; and the walls were of crystal, and along the walls were crystal couches, with coverings and cushions of sapphire silk with silver tassels.

Over the crystal floor the little pipers marched, over the crystal floor the children followed; and when a door at the end of the hall was opened to let the pipers pass, a crowd of colours came rushing in, and floor, and ceiling, and stately pillars, and glancing couches, and shining walls, were stained with a thousand dazzling hues.

Out through the door the pipers marched, out through the door the children followed; and when they crossed the threshold they were treading on clouds of amber, of purple, and of gold.

"Oh, Connla," said Nora, "we have walked into the sunset!"

And around and about them everywhere were soft, fleecy clouds, and over their heads was the glowing sky, and the stars were shining through it, as a lady's eyes shine through a veil of gossamer. And the sky and stars seemed so near that Connla thought he could almost touch them with his hand.

When they had gone some distance, the pipers disappeared, and when Connla and Nora came up to the spot where they had seen the last of them, they found themselves at the head of a ladder, all the steps of which were formed of purple and amber clouds that descended to what appeared to be a vast and shining plain, streaked with purple and gold. In the spaces between the streaks of gold and purple, they saw soft, milk-white stars. And the children thought that the great plain, so far below them, also belonged to cloudland.

They could not see the little pipers, but up the steps was borne by the cool sweet air, the fairy music; and lured on by it step by step they travelled down the fleecy stairway. When they were little more than half-way down there came mingled with the music a sound almost as sweet—the sound of waters toying in the still air with pebbles on a shelving beach, and with the sound came the odorous brine of the ocean. And then the children knew that what they thought was a plain in the realms of cloudland was the sleeping sea, unstirred by wind or tide, dreaming of the purple clouds and stars of the sunset sky above it.

When Connla and Nora reached the strand they saw the nine little pipers marching out towards the sea, and they wondered where they were going to. And they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw them stepping out upon the level ocean as if they were walking upon the land; and away the nine little pipers marched, treading the golden line, cast upon the waters by the setting sun. And as the music became fainter and fainter as the pipers passed into the glowing distance, the children began to wonder what was to become of themselves. Just at that very moment they saw coming towards them from the sinking sun a little white horse, with flowing mane and tail and golden hoofs. On the horse's back was a little man dressed in shining green silk. When the horse galloped on to the strand the little man doffed his hat, and said to the children:

"Would you like to follow the nine little pipers?"

The children said "Yes".

"Well then," said the little man, "come up here behind me; you, Nora, first, and Connla after."

Connla helped up Nora and then climbed on to the little steed himself; and as soon as they were properly seated, the little man said "Swish!" and away went the steed, galloping over the sea without wetting hair or hoof. But fast as he galloped the nine little pipers were always ahead of him, although they seemed to be going only at a walking pace. When at last he came up rather close to the hindmost of them the nine little pipers disappeared, but the children heard the music playing beneath the waters; the white steed pulled up suddenly and wouldn't move a step farther.

"Now," said the little man to the children, "clasp me tight, Nora, and do you, Connla, cling on to Nora, and both of you shut your eyes."

The children did as they were bidden, and the little man cried:

"Swish! Swash!"

And the steed went down and down until at last his feet struck the bottom.

"Now open your eyes," said the little man.

And when the children did so, they saw beneath the horse's feet a golden strand, and above their heads the sea like a transparent cloud between them and the sky. And once more they heard the fairy music, and marching on the strand before them were the nine little pipers.

"You must get off now," said the little man, "I can go no farther with you."

The children scrambled down, and the little man cried "Swish!" and himself and the steed shot up through the sea, and they saw him no more. Then they set out after the nine little pipers, and it wasn't long until they saw rising up from the golden strand and pushing their heads up into the sea above, a mass of dark-gray rocks. And as they were gazing at them they saw the rocks opening, and the nine little pipers disappearing through them.

The children hurried on, and when they came up close to the rocks, they saw sitting on a flat and polished stone, a mermaid combing her golden hair, and singing a strange sweet song, that brought the tears to their eyes; and by the mermaid's side was a little sleek brown otter.

When the mermaid saw them she flung her golden tresses back over her snow-white shoulders, and she beckoned the children to her. Her large eyes were full of sadness;

but there was a look so tender upon her face that the children moved towards her without any fear.

"Come to me, little one," she said to Nora; "come and kiss me!" and in a second her arms were around the child. The mermaid kissed her again and again, and as the tears rushed to her eyes, she said:

"Oh, Nora, avourneen, your breath is as sweet as the wild rose that blooms in the green fields of Erin, and happy are you, my children, who have come so lately from that pleasant land. Oh, Connla! Connla! I get the scent of the dew of the Irish grasses and of the purple heather from your feet. And you both can soon return to Erin of the Streams, but I shall not see it till three hundred years have passed away, for I am Liban the Mermaid, daughter of a line of kings. But I may not keep you here. The Fairy Queen is waiting for you in her snow-white palace and her fragrant bowers. And now, kiss me once more, Nora; and kiss me, Connla. May luck and joy go with you, and all gentleness be upon you both!"

Then the children said good-bye to the mermaid, and the rocks opened for them and they passed through, and soon they found themselves in a meadow starred with flowers, and through the meadow sped a sunlit stream. They followed the stream until it led them into a garden of roses, and beyond the garden, standing on a gentle hill, was a palace white as snow. Before the palace was a crowd of fairy maidens pelting each other with rose-leaves. But when they saw the children they gave over their play, and came trooping towards them.

"Our queen is waiting for you," they said; and then they led the children to the palace-door. The children entered, and after passing through a long corridor they found themselves in a crystal hall, so like the one they had seen in the mountain of the Golden Spear that they thought it was the same. But on all the crystal couches fairies, dressed in silken robes of many colours, were sitting, and at the end of the hall, on a crystal throne, was seated the Fairy Queen, looking lovelier than the evening star. The queen descended from her throne to meet the children, and, taking them by the hands, she led them up the shining steps. Then sitting down, she made them sit beside her, Connla on her right hand and Nora on her left.

Then she ordered the nine little pipers to come before her, and she said to them:

"So far, you have done your duty faithfully, and now play one more sweet air and your task is done."

And the little pipers played, and from the couches at the first sound of the music all the fairies rose, and, taking partners, they danced over the crystal floor as lightly as the young leaves dancing in the wind.

Listening to the fairy music, and watching the wavy motion of the dancing fairies, the children fell asleep. When they awoke next morning and rose from their silken beds, they were no longer children. Nora was a graceful and stately maiden, and Connla a handsome and gallant youth. They looked at each other for a moment in surprise, and then Connla said:

"Oh, Nora, how tall and beautiful you are!"

"Oh, not so tall and handsome as you are, Connla!" said Nora, as she flung her white arms round his neck and kissed her brother's lips.

Then they drew back to get a better look of each other, and who should step between them but the Fairy Queen.

"Oh, Nora, Nora," said she, "I am not as high as your knee! and as for you, Connla, you look as straight and as tall as one of the round towers of Erin!"

"And how did we grow so tall in one night?" said Connla.

"In one night!" said the Fairy Queen. "One night indeed! Why, you have been, fast asleep, the two of you, for the last seven years!"

"And where was the little mother all that time?" said Connla and Nora together.

"Oh, the little mother was all right. She knew where you were; but she is expecting you to-day, and so you must go off to see her, although I would like to keep you if I had my way—all to myself here in the fairy-land under the sea. And you will see her to-day; but before you go, here is a necklace for you, Nora; it is formed out of the drops of the ocean spray, sparkling in the sunshine. They were caught by my fairy nymph, for you, as they skimmed the sunlit billows under the shape of sea-birds, and no queen or princess in the world can match their lustre with the diamonds won with toil from the caves of earth. As for you, Connla, see, here's a helmet of shining gold fit for a king of Erin,—and a king of Erin you will be yet,—and here's a spear that will pierce any shield, and here's a shield that no spear can pierce

and no sword can cleave as long as you fasten your warrior cloak with this brooch of gold."

And as she spoke she flung round Connla's shoulders a flowing mantle of yellow silk, and pinned it at his neck with a red gold brooch.

"And now, my children, you must go away from me. You, Nora, will be a warrior's bride in Erin of the Streams. And you, Connla, will be king yet over the loveliest province in all the land of Erin; but you will have to fight for your crown, and days of battle are before you. They will not come for a long time after you have left the fairy-land under the sea, and until they come, lay aside your helmet, shield, and spear, and warrior's cloak and golden brooch. But when the time comes when you will be called to battle, enter not upon it without the golden brooch I give you fastened in your cloak, for if you do, harm will come to you. Now kiss me, children; your little mother is waiting for you at the foot of the Golden Spear; but do not forget to say good-bye to Liban the Mermaid, exiled from the land she loves, and pining in sadness beneath the sea."

Connla and Nora kissed the Fairy Queen, and Connla, wearing his golden helmet and silken cloak, and carrying his shield and spear, led Nora with him. They passed from the palace through the garden of roses, through the flowery meadow, through the dark-gray rocks, until they reached the golden strand; and there sitting, and singing the strange sweet song, was Liban the Mermaid.

"And so you are going up to Erin," she said, "up through the covering waters. Kiss me, children, once again; and when you are in Erin of the Streams, sometimes think of the exile from Erin beneath the sea."

And the children kissed the mermaid, and with sad hearts, bidding her good-bye, they walked along the golden strand. When they had gone what seemed to them a long way, they began to feel weary, and just then they saw coming towards them a little man in a red jacket leading a coal-black steed.

When they met the little man, he said:

"Connla, put Nora up on this steed, then jump up before her."

Connla did as he was told, and when both of them were mounted—

"Now, Connla," said the little man, "catch the bridle in your hands, and you, Nora, clasp Connla round the waist, and close your eyes."

They did as they were bidden, and then the little man said "Swash, swish!" and the steed shot up from the strand, like a lark from the grass, and pierced the covering sea and went bounding on over the level waters; and when his hoofs struck the hard ground, Connla and Nora opened their eyes and they saw that they were galloping towards a shady wood.

On went the steed, and soon he was galloping beneath the branches that almost touched Connla's head. And on they went until they had passed through the wood, and then they saw rising up before them the "Golden Spear".

"Oh, Connla," said Nora, "we are at home at last!"

"Yes," said Connla, "but where is the little house under the hill?"

And no little house was there; but in its stead was standing a lime-white mansion.

"What can this mean?" said Nora.

But before Connla could reply, the steed had galloped up to the door of the mansion, and in the twinkling of an eye Connla and Nora were standing on the ground outside the door, and the steed had vanished.

Before they could recover from their surprise, the little mother came rushing out to them and flung her arms around their necks, and kissed them both again and again.

"Oh, children! children! You are welcome home to me; for though I knew it was all for the best, my heart was lonely without you!"

And Connla and Nora caught up the little mother in their arms, and they carried her into the hall and set her down on the floor.

"Oh, Nora," said the little mother, "you are a head over me! and as for you, Connla, you look almost as tall as one of the round towers of Erin!"

"That's what the Fairy Queen said, mother," said Nora.

"Blessings on the Fairy Queen!" said the little mother. "Turn round, Connla, till I look at you."

Connla turned round, and the little mother said: "Oh, Connla, with your golden helmet and your spear, and your glancing shield, and your silken cloak, you look like a king! But take them off, my boy, beautiful as they are. Your little mother would like to see you, her own brave boy, without any fairy finery."

And Connla laid aside his spear and shield, and took off his golden helmet and his silken

cloak. Then he caught the little mother and kissed her, and lifted her up until she was as high as his head. And said he:

"Don't you know, little mother, I'd rather have you than all the world!"

And that night, when they were sitting down by the fire together, you may be sure that in the whole world no people were half as happy as Nora, Connla, and the little mother.

HILDA GREGG (SYDNEY C. GRIER).

[Miss Gregg is the granddaughter of Bishop John Gregg of Cork, and niece of the late Primate. She was born in Gloucestershire, 20th June, 1868. She is a B.A. of London. Under her pseudonym she has written *In Furthest Ind, His Excellency's English Governess, An Uncrowned King, Peace with Honour, A Crowned Queen, Like Another Helen, The Kings of the East, The Warden of the Marches, The Prince of the Captivity*. Each book has added to her reputation. Hers is admirable work, distinguished, refined, and full of a certain scholarly painstaking in addition to its imaginative qualities. Miss Gregg has also contributed short stories to many magazines, but has not yet collected them.]

A GOOD TURN.¹

"God made the world good," said Sultan Jân, "but He made women very bad."

Sultan Jân, veteran of many fights, and daffadar in the Khemistan Horse, was sitting smoking on the verandah before his quarters when he uttered this unorthodox sentiment. Its conciseness pleased him so much that he repeated it in a louder tone, for the benefit of any of the garrison of the fort, which was called by the tribesmen Shah Nawaz, but was known to the British authorities as No. 996, that might happen to be within hearing.

"God made the world good, but He made women very bad, so that they are verily but instruments of Shaitan for dragging men down to destruction. What need has a young man like Haycraft Sahib—a very Rustam in fight—to care about women? and yet he is pining away for love of the yellow-haired woman at Alibad, the Colonel Sahib's daughter. He does not eat—for his bearer has told me so—he does not sleep as a young man should, he grows thin and pale, and

when he is not on duty he spends his time in walking on the ramparts where they look towards Alibad, or in writing on pieces of paper and tearing them up. He will not go near her, for she has flouted him, as is the way of women when they perceive that a man has put his strength in their hands, but he longs after her all the more. Now what is to be done for him? Surely it falls to me to do something, for my heart yearns over the lad since I caught him up from among the hoofs of the horses in the skirmish on the border, and saved him from the tulwars of the tribesmen and the knives of their women, and I would not see him continue to grow sick and weak. Shall I send word to my brother across the border to make a raid on the traders from India when next they camp outside the fort? The fight would rouse Haycraft Sahib, and he would pursue the tribesmen and punish them, and forget all about the yellow-haired woman. But no; the tribesmen will not raid in this direction again until they have had time to forget the way in which he carried fire and sword among them the last time. What, then, is to be done? How shall the woman's spell be broken? Why, surely!"—Sultan Jân jumped up from the mat in his excitement—"if he wants the girl, he shall have her! He will not stretch out his hand to take her, because he has eaten the Colonel Sahib's salt, but it is not so with us. The Colonel Sahib is no officer of ours. To-morrow I and the rest of the troopers belonging to my father's house have leave to attend the festival of the tribe, and we will seize the woman with the yellow hair, and bring her here. Then when Haycraft Sahib has her, he will care for her no more, and he will be himself again, and the whole detachment will support him in his blood-feud with the Colonel Sahib, and flee with him across the border if need be."

The more Sultan Jân pondered his new idea, the more it delighted him, and his gray moustaches were curled by most unwonted

¹ Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*.

smiles as he sat revolving the details of his scheme. So confident was he of its entire success that he could not resist saying a word of comfort to the person whom the plan was designed to benefit, when he happened to meet him crossing the courtyard of the fort.

"Be of good cheer, Sahib," he said, as he saluted. "When the night is darkest, the dawn is at hand."

Sultan Jān was a privileged person since saving his young commander's life, but Fred Haycraft could scarcely believe his ears when he heard this unmistakable reference to his private affairs, and his face was red with vexation as the old soldier swaggered away. A moment's reflection, however, showed him that it was scarcely surprising that some rumour as to the cause of his frequent visits to the cantonments at Alibad, and also of their sudden cessation, should have got abroad in the detachment, and he was satisfied with merely denominating Sultan Jān an old meddler as he passed on.

Evening was approaching, and Colonel Graham and his daughter had started for their daily ride in the uninteresting environs of Alibad. Passing the hospital, the colonel remembered that he had something to say to the surgeon in charge, and with an apology to his daughter he dismounted and entered the building, leaving his horse in charge of the groom. He was detained longer than he had expected, and Miss Graham began to ride slowly up and down the road, more in the hope of banishing certain unpleasant thoughts that were tormenting her than because she was impatient of the delay. The place was lonely enough, but there was no reason for alarm, for almost a generation had elapsed since any hostile tribesmen had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Alibad, and the two grooms were close at hand and her father within call. But the surroundings were somewhat doleful, and the nearness of the hospital to the cemetery unpleasantly suggestive, so that the thoughts from which she sought to escape continued to trouble her. Riding in the dim shadow of the grove of trees which bounded the cemetery, she remembered that from the end of the road there was a view of the hilly tract of desert which stretched to the eastward to be obtained, in the direction of Fort Shah Nawaz. The recollection naturally brought with it the thought of Fred Haycraft, and she sighed impatiently as she glanced over the

waste of sand and rock. Fred was such a dear boy, and they had been on the very verge of coming to an understanding, when he had taken it into his foolish head to make a fuss on the subject of Brendon of the Public Works Department. True, Brendon was a prig and a man of mark in his way, and the colonel looked upon him with favour; but Miss Graham was bound to be civil to her father's guests, and she had every right to give him an extra dance at the Queen's Birthday ball if she chose. The unfortunate thing was, that Mr. Haycraft imagined that the dance had been promised to him, and instead of blaming his own memory, or thinking that a mistake had been made, leaped to the conclusion that Miss Graham had shunted him on purpose. Hence a quarrel, conducted chiefly by means of glances, under the very noses of the rest of the dancers, and a strong sense of injury on both sides—so strong, indeed, on Miss Graham's, that the very next morning Haycraft saw her riding with Brendon. Her careless bow to him as she passed completed the effect, and Haycraft returned to Shah Nawaz anathematizing, as is the wont of young men in his position, the whole race of women, and had sulked there persistently ever since. Miss Graham's heart was very sore as she gazed at the desert through a mist of tears. Why was he so blind? Why couldn't he understand that the ride was undertaken with the sole object of driving him to demand an explanation, and thus clearing up the trouble of the night before? But if he preferred to stay away and sulk—why, of course, he must please himself; and Miss Graham turned her back resolutely on the desert, and prepared to canter back to the hospital. But as soon as she was in the shade of the trees again, with her eyes somewhat dazzled by the sunset light, she thought she heard a rustling in the wood. She reined up suddenly, and as she did so, there was a rush from among the trees on both sides of the road, and she found herself surrounded by wild-looking figures wearing the dress of the frontier tribesmen, whose intention was evidently to bar her passage.

Miss Graham was a young woman of nerve and resource, and she perceived at once that not only her own liberty but the safety of Alibad might depend on her escape from this trap. She had her horse well in hand, and bringing down the whip heavily on his flank, she headed him straight at the leader of the

party, a ruffianly old man whose face seemed in some curious way familiar to her. But the old man avoided her onslaught with great dexterity, and as she laid about her gallantly with her whip the horse reared, and she found herself wrenched from her saddle, coming to the ground with considerable force. More frightened than hurt, however, she was looking round in bewilderment when a cloth was flung over her head, blindfolding and gagging her most effectually. She struggled with all her might, but her hands were seized and bound in front of her, and she was lifted on her horse again. Then some sort of cloak was thrown over her, covering both herself and her saddle, and the horse was led away. At first she tried to discover the direction in which she was being taken, but soon perceived that her captors, in order to baffle any such attempt, were changing their course constantly, once or twice even going round and round, as it seemed to her, and she gave up the endeavour, and did her best to realize the state of affairs. That she had been carried off by tribesmen from beyond the border could not be doubted; but the fact that such a daring outrage had been perpetrated almost in sight of the cantonments seemed to threaten a general raid on British territory such as had not occurred for years. But why should the brunt of the attack fall on her? Could it be that she had been seized as a ransom or hostage for the safety of a certain very holy and very troublesome Mullah whom it had been found advisable to detain in safe custody? If this was the case, nothing beyond a good deal of inconvenience was likely to befall her; and Miss Graham began to consider the alleviations of her position.

"I am so thankful that papa was not with me at the moment," she said to herself, "for they might have killed him, or at any rate made him prisoner too; and what would have happened to Alibad then? But now he will come to look for me as soon as he has made things safe. I wonder how long it will be before it will strike Hussein that I am rather a long time riding to the end of the road and back again? He will think that Prince has run away, and he will come to the edge of the desert to look for me. Then he will find the marks of a struggle on the sand of the road, and he will rush back and give papa a dreadful fright by telling him that the Miss Sahib has been carried off by the tribes. Then they will send out scouts, and get a force together,

and I suppose the people in the cantonments will have to take refuge in the fort in case of an attack on the place, and they will have to make arrangements in view of all sorts of things, and—oh, dear! I'm afraid papa will never come up with us to-night." A few unwilling tears forced themselves from her eyes, though she struggled hard to restrain them. "They will be sure to overtake us in the morning—they must."

By her horse's frequent stumbles on rocky ground she now judged that her captors were taking her across the desert. The cloth over her head covered her so closely that she could scarcely hear their words when they exchanged a few muttered remarks, and could not distinguish anything they said. Once they stopped, and apparently talked a little with someone they met, and Miss Graham did her best to call out, but in vain. She heard the stranger laugh grimly as he went on his way, and guessed that he had been told she was the runaway wife of one of the party, who had been retaken, and was being brought home to suffer the due reward of her deeds. Her heart sank again as she recalled various frontier tales at which she had shuddered when she heard them—rumours of lost Englishwomen, supposed to have been murdered in some raid, but in reality carried off across the border, whence vague tales of misery and humiliation had filtered back through the talk of friendly tribes. Would her name be added to the roll of those at the mention of whom men's brows darkened, and women trembled and grew pale? With an effort she pulled herself together, and drove away the horror which had seized upon her, forcing back even the tears which would have brought her relief. The tribesmen should find no signs of fear on her face when they removed the wrappings which shrouded it. Still the monotonous march went on, until she almost fell asleep from sheer fatigue and anxiety; but at last she found herself lifted from her horse and led in at what seemed to be a stone doorway. Several passages, alternating with flights of steps, followed, and then the hands which had guided her were suddenly removed from her shoulders, and she heard the closing of a door. It was evident that she had been taken across the border, and was now imprisoned in one of the rude stone forts built by the tribesmen.

"They might have taken this thing off my

head," she said to herself indignantly, trying to unloose the cloth with her bound hands, but it was fastened behind, and she could not raise her arms sufficiently to reach it, although she succeeded in shaking off the veil which had covered her from head to foot. The next step was to try and discover the nature and extent of her prison, and she walked in one direction until she came to the wall, and began to feel along it. The rough stone surface told her nothing, but finding something suspended on it about the level of her face, she raised her hands to it, and to her astonishment discovered it to be a tennis-racquet. That marauding tribesmen occasionally made prize of strange things she knew, but the use or beauty of a tennis-racquet employed exclusively as an object of mural decoration was not very evident. Her surprise was increased when, pursuing her search along the wall, she came next upon a picture in a frame.

"This is the queerest native fort I ever heard of," she said to herself, and leaving the wall, made a bold dash for the opposite side of the room. It scarcely astonished her to come into collision on her way with various boxes, a camp-table, and two cane chairs; and, having passed these perils, she stood still and tried to fix their position in her mind. When she had succeeded in realizing their relative places, a new anxiety seized her. The recollection had come to her mind of a snapshot photograph which Fred Haycraft had once shown her of what he called his "banqueting-hall" at Fort Shah Nawaz; and once more she felt about among the furniture, then heaved a sigh of relief. No, the fort had not been stormed and the defenders killed before she was brought to it. The room was untidy merely with the ordinary untidiness of a bachelor's sitting-room, not as it would have been had the tribesmen looted it. Miss Graham sat down content in one of the chairs she had discovered.

"It's an utterly insoluble mystery," she said, "for I'm sure that the man whose face I thought I knew was the daffadar Sultan Jān. But, at any rate, it's all right now. I wonder when he will come in?" Now, Miss Graham's "he" did not mean Sultan Jān.

Lieutenant Haycraft was returning to his quarters after going the rounds, in no very happy frame of mind. Milton, the junior who shared with him the honours and responsibilities of command at Shah Nawaz, had ridden out to a distant village during

the afternoon to inquire into an alleged case of cattle-lifting, and had not returned. Haycraft had advised him, in case he should be kept late, to remain overnight at the village, since the Khemistan frontier is not exactly a healthy place after nightfall for a British officer with an escort of only two native troopers; but now he felt inclined to regard his absence almost in the light of a personal grievance. If Milton had come back they could at least have talked shop over their supper, or discussed the merits of their respective dogs, whereas now he could only resume his hopeless and monotonous occupation of writing letters to Miss Graham which were never sent. After all, it was her place to make the first step towards a reconciliation, if she cared for one. She had treated him shamefully, done her best to make a fool of him, and he had only himself to thank that she had not succeeded. Probably she was engaged to Brendon by this time—well, who cared? Not Fred Haycraft, at all events. So he assured himself, even while he ground his teeth at the very thought. The sudden appearance of Sultan Jān in his path, with his hand raised to the salute, interrupted his meditations, and he paused to ask after the old soldier's family, whom Sultan Jān had visited that day on the occasion of some tribal festival.

"They are all well, Sahib, and my youngest nephew is coming to enlist in the regiment. Sahib, I think that before long you will find that the day is very near at hand."

Puzzled by the reference to Sultan Jān's mysterious remark of the day before, Haycraft mounted the steps to his quarters, and threw open the door of the sitting-room, then paused in speechless astonishment on the threshold. His surprise was not uncalled-for. In Milton's chair there was sitting a lady in a riding-habit; a native cloth was swathed round her head, with her own helmet set jauntily askew on the top of it, and her hands were tied together at the wrists. Horror kept Haycraft motionless for a moment; then, as the lady lifted her bound hands to him entreatingly, he tore out his knife and dashed towards her. The cord was cut in a moment, and the intricate knots which fastened the head-covering sawn through, and as the cloth fell aside, Haycraft stood astonished and horrified in the presence of Miss Graham.

"What has happened?" he stammered. "Who has dared—?"

"Please get me a little water," said Miss Graham faintly. In spite of the rough treatment she had received, she was far more equal to the situation than her recalcitrant lover; but she felt that she needed all her wits about her if events were not to be allowed to get beyond her management. Haycraft flew for the water, and while she sipped it, began mechanically to chafe her left hand, which was cold and numb, with the wrist deeply marked by the cords.

"Please don't look at me with such a depth of horror in your eyes," she said at last, trying to laugh. "It's all right now."

"But what happened? Who brought you here in this state?"

"I was carried off by tribesmen from the end of the cemetery road."

"And my fellows rescued you and brought you up here, and never thought of setting you free? Oh, the idiots!—the shameful idiots! How anyone could have been such a brute as to tie you up like this! My poor darling, how you must have suffered!" and he pressed his lips involuntarily to the mark on her wrist. But she drew her hand away hastily.

"No; please wait until you have heard all. It's much worse than you think. The men who carried me off were dressed like tribesmen, but they were led by your old daffadar Sultan Jān, the man who saved your life."

Haycraft uttered an exclamation, and then stood silent, all the horrible truth forcing itself in upon his mind. Sultan Jān's mysterious consolations, his sympathetic prophecy of approaching happiness, had meant this—this. "Oh, he shall pay for it!" said Haycraft savagely, picking up his whip and turning to the door. But Miss Graham was before him.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"Murder that old villain."

"You know that if you touch him with a whip he will stab you. And are you going to leave me alone with him and his men?"

"You are right," he answered hoarsely, laying down the whip. "I promise you not to use violence, but send him to the cells I must and will, until I see whether it will punish him most to court-martial him or hand him over to the ordinary courts."

"No, you mustn't do either—at least, you won't if you do as I ask you. If you punish him, you must make an official report on the subject; and if he is tried, all the facts will

be brought out; and do you think it kind to make such a use of my name as that would involve? It is very hard that you should make me say all this. You ought to think of it for yourself."

"Right again. Yes, I am a wretched blunderer, and your name shall not be mentioned. But never mind, I will take it out of him just the same. He may court-martial me if he likes, prove that I have developed a tyrannical and overbearing disposition of late, but nothing shall be said about you."

"Listen to me, Mr. Haycraft. You will do nothing of the kind. You have saved me from the tribesmen—do you understand?—and you will take me back to Alibad to-night, and no one will know anything of the truth, except my father. I must tell him, of course."

"May I ask by what authority you lay these commands on me, Miss Graham?"

"By my own. Surely you must see that my only possible wish is to help you by preventing anyone from thinking—well, keeping them from imagining that you—"

Haycraft started violently. "I hadn't thought of that. Miss Graham,"—with fierce anxiety in his tones,—“you don't think that I had anything to do with this piece of villainy? If you do, say so, and I will blow out my brains on the spot.”

"If I thought so, do you imagine I should be standing here talking to you like this? No, no; I know you far too well to think anything of the kind. But I want to make sure that nobody else shall have the faintest chance of thinking so. There are some people who are not—well, are not exactly your friends, you know,"—she did not name Brendon of the Public Works Department, but Haycraft's thoughts turned to him at once,—“and you can see how disagreeable it would be for my father—and for me—to have anything of that kind said.”

"You are awfully good, Miss Graham, and I will do all I can to keep your name out of the matter, but it is quite impossible to smooth things over as you propose. I can never meet Sultan Jān peaceably again after this. He had better make himself scarce before I catch him."

"Yes, you can meet him peaceably again if I ask you—and I do ask you."

"You don't understand. I tell you it's impossible."

"Oh, very well. I see why you find it so hard to forgive him. But for him I should

not be here to worry you, and you hate me so much that it's impossible to pardon him."

"You know that it is the way he treated you that maddens me."

"Not at all. It is because he brought me here when you were resolved never to see me again."

"But I tell you I was going to ride over to-morrow."

"To renounce me for ever?"

"No, to ask you to forgive me for behaving like a jealous brute."

"Well, I don't say you are not to ride over to-morrow, but you are forgiven now. Pass on the forgiveness to Sultan Jān."

"But do you realize what your forgiveness involves?"

"Perhaps I am not altogether in the dark." She looked smilingly into his eager eyes. "But that is a matter for to-morrow's consideration. This evening we must—"

"My darling!" He took a step forward, as if about to kiss her, then drew back. "No, not now, when you are my guest, under my roof. But to-morrow!"

Miss Graham's firm lips trembled. "I never liked you so well as I do at this moment," she said impulsively, holding out her hand to him. "No, don't be silly; shake hands. And now we must really think of business. My father will be in a terrible state, so please take me back to Alibad at once. We shall meet the rescue-party on the way, no doubt, and you can deliver up your unwelcome charge. While the escort is getting ready, you might summon Sultan Jān, and let us work on his feelings. You have forgiven him, mind."

"No, no; it can't be done."

"Then I don't forgive you, and you are not to ride over to-morrow. The two things stand or fall together."

With sudden docility Haycraft went out to give his orders, finding, to his great satisfaction, that Milton had braved the nightly terrors of the desert, and had returned. He could therefore be placed in charge of the fort, which it might have been dangerous to leave without an Englishman in command, a difficulty which had not occurred to Miss Graham. Having arranged matters with him, Haycraft returned to his quarters and sent for Sultan Jān, who entered swelling with honest pride, which became positive complacency when he saw his commander standing beside Miss Graham's chair, with what, no doubt, seemed to him an air of

propriatorship. In the fulness of his contentment he even went so far as to bestow a separate salute upon her.

"Sultan Jān," said Haycraft, "look at me."

"I see you, Sahib." Hurt surprise at Haycraft's unsympathetic tone was distinctly audible in Sultan Jān's voice.

"Do I look like a *badmash*, a betrayer of his salt, a contemner of hospitality, Sultan Jān?"

"Nay, Sahib; but"—in a consoling tone—"it is the fate even of the wisest to fall sometimes."

"Did you rescue me from the battle that you might slay my honour in time of peace, Sultan Jān?"

"No man can slay the Lieutenant Sahib's honour save himself."

"Nay; who has sought to do in my name a deed that would brand me with infamy, and rightly, wherever an Englishman is found?"

"Nay, Sahib; no man can know that we were working for you. We laid aside the uniform of the Empress, and became once more like our brethren who call no man master. We placed our heads in jeopardy, but suspicion cannot light upon you."

"Can't you understand, Sultan Jān, that you have done a most shameful and wicked deed, and one deserving of death?" Haycraft's anger was breaking its bounds again, and Miss Graham laid her hand for a moment on his to calm him, while Sultan Jān stood staring at them, utterly taken aback.

"I knew not that the Sahib was blood-brother to the Colonel Sahib," he murmured, after racking his brains to find some possible explanation of Haycraft's wrath.

"All Christians are blood-brothers to one another," interposed Miss Graham hastily, for the sake of peace.

"I knew it not, Miss Sahib," responded Sultan Jān, with unintentional irony.

"See, Sultan Jān," said Haycraft, moderating his tones with difficulty, "when I heard what you had done I was going out with my whip, intending to deal with you as I dealt with the tribesman who stole my pony—you remember?—but the Miss Sahib has asked for mercy for you."

"The Miss Sahib feared for the life of the Lieutenant Sahib," was the calm reply, and Haycraft gave up any further attempt to convey instruction to this singularly impracticable mind.

"I have forgiven you, Sultan Jān, because the Miss Sahib desires it, remembering that you are the man who saved my life. And now go, and see that the escort is ready to ride with us to Alibad."

"The Sahib would take the woman back to her father, when I and my kinsmen risked our lives to obtain her for him?" Sheer amazement had bereft Sultan Jān of his good manners for a moment.

"Certainly, and at once. Go, Sultan Jān. Am I to command twice?"

"God made the English," said Sultan Jān with dignity, "and it may be that He understands them, but verily it is beyond the power of man to do so."

With this parting shot he left the room, no doubt resolving to make no further attempts to do a good turn to such incomprehensible people. Meanwhile Miss Graham smoothed her hair by the aid of a ridiculously small looking-glass which Haycraft brought out, and drank a cup of tea which Milton brewed for her special benefit by means of a spirit-lamp, and then announced herself as ready, and indeed eager, to start. When the little party had left the fort, it was still necessary to give some further directions to Sultan Jān, and Haycraft called him up.

"Understand, Sultan Jān, that nothing is ever to be said of this plot of yours."

"Nay, Sahib," in a sulky voice; "I have already laid that charge upon my kinsmen who helped me. No man cares to be made a laughing-stock to the world."

"The Miss Sahib and I will not betray you. We shall say that she was carried off by tribesmen—as is true, since you and yours had forgotten your duty and returned to your old ways for the time—and that you brought her into the fort."

"True, Sahib; and I will say that we took her by force from the tribesmen, and that three of them were killed and not one left unwounded when they fled before us."

"That won't do, Sultan Jān. The Colonel Sahib would wish to see the battle-field. You had better stick to the truth."

"And I would have said that the Lieutenant Sahib proved himself a veritable Dilir Jang, and cut down the chief man of the robbers!" murmured Sultan Jān regretfully, as he fell back to his place.

After less than an hour's riding the party from Shah Nawaz fell in with the rescue expedition from Alibad, and after a narrow escape of being fired upon—for in the belief

that a general invasion of the frontier was in progress, people were inclined to see a tribesman in every rock—succeeded in restoring Miss Graham to her father. Great was the excitement among the Alibad force, and the simple and matter-of-fact statement of the heroine of the occasion could do little to allay it.

"I found myself surrounded by tribesmen, and I was tied and gagged, and then I don't remember very much until I found Mr. Haycraft setting me free," she said.

"God bless you, Haycraft!" said Colonel Graham, wringing the young man's hand. "How can I ever thank you properly?"

"Really, sir, I did nothing but cut the cords and things," was the truthful disclaimer, which was universally attributed to modesty. "I only wish I had come up in time to do some good; but whatever credit there is belongs to the daffadar Sultan Jān. He and his cousins and nephews were returning from leave, and happened on the spot at the psychological moment. There was no fighting," he added vindictively, as he caught sight of Sultan Jān, looking modestly conscious of solid worth.

"Could you identify any of the villains if they were caught, Miss Graham?" asked Brendon, who had accompanied the force as a volunteer.

"There are one or two that I really think I should know again," she responded.

"It's the most mysterious thing I ever heard of," Brendon went on. "A body of hostile tribesmen appearing out of the very ground, as it were, in this way, and then turning tail after all without making a fight for it." His wonder fell on deaf ears, for Miss Graham was not listening to him.

"May I come and see you to-morrow, sir?" she heard Haycraft saying to her father, and then muttering something about hoping that the fright would do Miss Graham no harm.

"I was intending to ride out to you, Haycraft," said the colonel; "but if you have business in town, pray come to us."

"Then I must tell papa to-night," thought Miss Graham, and as soon as she reached home she insisted on unfolding her story, regardless alike of her fatigue and the lateness of the hour. The recital awakened alternate disgust and irrepressible amusement in the hearer.

"We must keep the secret, I suppose," he said at last. "We should set the empire in a roar if we confessed that we had built

up a full-grown frontier scare on such a foundation."

"Yes, papa, and you must ride over to Shah Nawaz, and call Sultan Jān out before the troop, and compliment him on his bravery, and give him a sword or a robe of honour or something—for saving me, you know."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" broke from the colonel. His daughter held up a reproachful finger.

"Papa, you really shouldn't. I'm shocked at you. But you can reward Sultan Jān with a clear conscience, for after all, he has done a good turn to your daughter as well as to his commander, you see."

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

[F. A. Fahy was born at Kinvarra, county Galway, 29th Sept., 1854. He began writing early. A little play acted locally was written at the age of sixteen, and the same year his first poem appeared in *The Nation*. Three years later Mr. Fahy became a civil servant, and went to live in London. His exquisitely artless poems have happily suffered nothing at all from being produced in an alien atmosphere. Mr. Fahy has always prominently identified himself with Irish matters. He was one of the founders of the Irish Literary Society, and is one of its busiest honorary officials. His songs, which not only sing themselves incomparably well but dance to their own music, have been largely drawn upon by composers. To hear *The Donovans* or *Maureen* is indeed to smell an Irish hillside no matter how far away one may be. None of our Irish poets is quite so simple, winning, and altogether Irish as Mr. Fahy.]

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY.¹

Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery,
And the reason that I am not now the boy I used to be;
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
And sure half the country-side is as lost for her as me.
Travel Ireland up and down, hill, village, vale, and town,
Fairer than the "cailin donn" you'll be looking for in vain;
Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy,
Than emperor without her be, o'er Germany or Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,
And heard her sing the "Droighnean Donn",
till tears came in my eyes,
And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and night of her;
The devil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.
Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never laves my mind;
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people fight about,
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her eye?
Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right-about,
If I thought the curly head would be resting there by'n' bye.
Take all I own to-day—kith, kin, and care away,
Ship them across the say, or to the frozen zone:
Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me Mary Cassidy,
I never would feel lonesome with the two of us alone.

NORA.

Oro, Nora agra,
Give over now your joking!
Faith, I never saw
A *cailin* more provoking.
Come and sit down by me,
And listen now to raison,
Sure, hung and drawn I'd be
If loving you was high treason.

¹ By kind permission of the author.

CHORUS. Oro, Nora machree,
I don't know for the life o' me
How I'll aisy be
Until I make my wife o' ye!

Haven't we courtin' been
Since we were stand-aloneens,
Roaming the fields so green,
Picking the haws and noneens?
Often we'd stray away,
No one taking care of us;
And oh! do you mind the day
We fell in the bog, the pair of us?
Oro, Nora, &c.

And do you forget the night
That snug in your little shawleen,
We watched the lightning bright,
Sheltered behind the walleen?
Although it howled and growled,
'Tis little it did appal us,
I told you my stories ould,
And sang you my come-all-yes.
Oro, Nora, &c.

Many and many's the day
We've left since then behind us;
Still, as they pass away,
True friends they always find us.
Now you're a *cailin* grown
With lovers around you many one,
But I know by a way of my own
You'd rather have me than anyone.
Oro, Nora, &c.

Whether I rest or rise,
Of you alone I'm thinking,
I'd rather a glance from your eyes
Than the best of aiting and drinking.
I'm tired of a lonely life,
An empty hearth's so dreary;
Oh! the face of a darling wife
Would make the place quite cheery.
Oro, Nora, &c.

Don't mind what gossips say,
But scorn all their warning,
For Love would turn to May
The darkest winter morning.
You've beauty, youth, and health—
I'm hopeful, strong, and willing:
Oh, sure we'll rowl in wealth
Without another shilling!
Oro, Nora, &c.

My cabin's nate as a pin,
And after all my labours,
'Twould be a cruel sin
To disappoint the neighbours.
Just whisper the word in my ear,
I'm dying to be hearing,
We'll give them a night, never fear,
That'll never be bate in Erin.
Oro, Nora machree,
I don't know for the life o' me
How I'll aisy be
Until I make my wife o' ye!

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

[Shan F. Bullock was born at Crom, county Fermanagh, 17th May, 1865. He was educated at Farra School, county Westmeath, and King's College, London. He is a civil servant, but he has nevertheless found time to work, with a single purpose, at literature. His *Thrasna River* recalls to one a long sunny day spent amid the bleaching corn-fields of Ulster, with the reek of the turf in the air, and the mountain for ever in sight. His *Ring o' Rushes*, *The Charmer*, and *The Awkward Squads* have in less measure this quality of truth and realization. The close of 1899 saw the publication of a new book by Mr. Bullock, *The Barrys*; and in 1901 he published *Irish Pastorals*, which is full of manifest truth and beauty. Mr. Bullock is the only writer we have at present who represents adequately and faithfully life in the north of Ireland.]

THE TURF-CUTTERS.¹

(FROM "IRISH PASTORALS".)

It was the first real day of spring; a living, heartsome day. The great sun looked down joyously on an awaking earth; the air had a freshness as of the sea; from every hedgerow the birds piped out; the hills were alive, the valleys jubilant; far away my lord, the mountain, stretched himself lazily in the sunshine; everywhere beneath the glad sky ran a riot of life, the earth thrilled with it, the wind came throbbing with its mad fervour.

In the valley which lies between Emo and Rhamus hill, the turf-cutters were out; and now, the clang of the one o'clock bell in Louth farmyard having died away among the hills, sat squatted round their fires among

¹ By kind permission of the author.

the heather. All the morning, from a score of mounds, the blue smoke had streamed up, had run its tattered skirts together above the level of the hilltops, swept before the stress of the wind out over Thrasna River, and gone trailing for the shining roofs of Buun. All the morning it had filled the valley and lain stretched like a blue veil upon the distant hills; wherever you went, all the morning, the pungent smell of it (bringing to you memories of mud walls, soot-blackened rafters, and clacking groups round cottage hearthstones) had come to you, now thin and faint (like the whiff from a peasant's coat as he slouches up the aisle o' Sundays), now gratefully wholesome and refreshing as the breath of whins, now hot and reeking as from the mouths of wattled chimneys. All the morning, in all your wanderings, the wind had brought to you the sound of laughter, the shouts of the men, the songs of the women, the skirls of the children; now and then, as the smoke lifted, you had glimpse of the crowd of workers, had seen the flash of the spades and the glint of the shawls and handkerchiefs, the sudden popping of the peat from black bog-holes, the going and coming across the banks of the shrieking barrows; so, all the morning, it had been; now silence held the valley, the smoke went up thin and clear, and, scattered among the willow clumps, you had sight of the turf-cutters gathered in groups round the twinkling fires.

At the top of the bog, not far from the Curleck road, burned the fire of the Dalys; and round it, sitting squat on the dry peat bank, was a party of ten: three men, three women, and four little Dalys—a family group gathered from neighbouring bog-holes to make merry over the potatoes and salt.

As lord of the fire, and tenant, moreover, of an elegant mud-house (the same, in fact, that, in the old days, had sheltered Pete Coyne), James Daly held chief seat at the feast, well shielded from the wind by a willow clump, his back to a stump, his legs crossed luxuriously. Beside him, on the one hand, his brother-in-law, Mike Brady, a thin, sour-looking man, sat propped against a creel; on the other, his old father sat bent forward like over-ripe corn, his eyes fixed wearily on the fire and his old gums wagging. Facing these, cook and hostess in one, squatted the buxom Mrs. Daly (known thereabouts as Fat Anne), having on this side her sister-in-law, Mrs. Judy Brady, a woefully thin and

yellow little woman, and on that her cousin Lizzie Dolan, young, fresh, bouncing, the belle of the bog.

These six almost ringed the fire; but behind the broad back of Mrs. Daly, the lesser ring of four shockheaded children kept themselves in a fine state of excitement by jouking under the elbows of their elders for a chance glimpse at the fire, by scrambling for the potatoes that occasionally came flying over their mother's shoulder, peeling them with their fingers (in slavish imitation, be it said, of the ways of their elders), and throwing the skins to the dog. All were bare-legged and bare-footed, and what garments they wore were coarse and ragged; the men were mud-spattered from head to foot, the women peat-stained to the ankles and elbows, the children shining like niggers through their tatters. The grip of winter was still fast in their bones, its hardships cut deep on their faces. Not a man there had sixpence in his pocket or a pound in the world: you might have weighed (and valued) the bulk of them against half a ton of hay. Truly an uncouth party enough, and a motley, striving there, on the fat earth, beneath the glad sky, to appease stern hunger with offerings of potatoes and salt and libations of buttermilk!

"Well, glory be to God," said Lizzie, the bouncer, as she cooled a potato by deftly throwing it from hand to hand; "glory be to God, but it's grand to feel that warm sun on the small o' your back."

"Yis," said Anne Daly, and turning over on her knees, began drawing a fresh cast of roasted potatoes from the fire with a pair of wooden tongs. "Yis, an' whin, forby that, the fire's scorchin' the face on ye, it's like as if ye were stretched between two mustard plasters. There ye are, childer," cried she, and began dropping the potatoes one by one over her shoulder; "an' God send they may fatten ye."

The children skirled and scrambled excitedly; the dog yelped and jumped.

"Stop yir throats over there, dang ye!" shouted Mike Brady.

"An' stop yours, Mike," retorted Anne Daly, and held out a potato. The milk-noggin went round; Lizzie, the bouncer, wiped her lips on her bare arm, and gave another little sigh of content.

"Och, but it's a heavenly day, anyway," she went on, and looked up at the sky. "Luk how far away the sky has gone—an' it as blue as blue. Aw, me. An' to think

that only yisterday, or the day before, we were shiverin' in our stockin's, an' now—an' now we're as warm as warm. Aw, sure, it's powerful to be alive!"

Mike Brady leant forward towards Lizzie.

"Ay, it's well to be alive. It'd take more'n the sun to warm ye if ye were below," said Mike, and pointed downwards with his finger. "Sun or moon," he went on grimly, when he had blown his potato cool, "is all one when the worms are in your bones."

"Ugh, listen to the man," said Lizzie, with a shrug. "Lord sees, it's ducked in a bog-hole ye should be, Mike Brady. Such talk on such a day!"

"An' what ails the talk? An' what ails the day, will ye tell me?" answered Mike, and, looking up, fixed his bright little eyes on Lizzie's face. "Jist because you feel like a filly on grass, is that any reason why I should? Eh?"

Anne Daly sat back on her heels, leant on the tongs, and bent forward towards Mike.

"I say, Mike Brady," said she, "it'd be manners in ye to keep your foolishness till ye've filled your stomach. Man alive, what ails ye? Or did ye sleep on nettles last night? You an' your bones an' worms. Ach!"

"She's right there," says James Daly, with a wag of his head. "Keep such talk till ye're like the ould man here. Time enough to talk o' graves, Mike, when your head's white."

"Ay, ay," groaned old Daly; "ay, ay. Och, ay!"

"An' isn't it jist that," snapped Mike; "isn't it jist because I'm travellin' fast to white hairs meself that I say such things?"

"White hairs your granny!" sneered Anne Daly. "An' you with ivery tooth in your head. Arrah, whisht wi' your bleather, Mike Brady."

"Arrah, whisht wi' yours," retorted Mike; "d'ye think ye can tell me about meself? A lot o' good the sun or the spring does any man when the blood's cowl'd in him. Look at Lizzie, bloomin' over there like a meadow daisy, an' as full o' life as a kitten. D'ye think I'm iver goin' to feel like that again?"

"Ach, whisht, Mike," said Lizzie, and dropped her face.

"It's God's truth," moaned James Daly, and wagged his head; "it's God's truth. I mind when the sight o' the spring sun 'd make me jump like a salmon an' go struttin' along in me glory like a full-feathered pea-

cock. Ay, I do. But it doesn't now. Na, na. It doesn't now. Ay, but it's well to be young. Yis!"

"It is so," groaned old Daly. "It is so."

"Aw, ay," sighed poor yellow Judy Brady. "It is so."

Dole seemed come upon the party; almost might you have expected to see them turn from the feast and sob among the heather. Of the six making the inner ring (the other ring and the dog had already gone scampering across the bog in quest of diversion) only Anne Daly kept from groaning.

"Well, divil take me," cried she, "but it's the lively party we're gettin'. Faith, if we only had a hearse we could make a dacent funeral between us. Here, dang your eyes," she shouted, and scattered fresh potatoes over the turf bank; "stop your croakin' wi' them!"

James, her husband, took out his pipe, and with his little finger began probing the bowl in search of tobacco.

"Me belt's tight," said he; "but I'll croak no more."

"Thank God for that same," replied Anne.

"For all that," continued James, and looked at Lizzie, "I'm free to remark, I suppose, that it's well to be young."

Lizzie raised her head.

"An' who's denyin' it?" she asked, not very softly.

"Divil a sowl," answered James, and reached for a coal.

"To hear ye, an' more'n you, ye'd think ye were all grudgin' me me youth."

"Faith, an' so I am," answered James, and through his pipe smoke winked gravely at Judy Brady; "so I am, for I wish to glory, Lizzie, I was young meself an' had ye this mortal minit i' the inside o' me arm."

Lizzie tittered and flushed; Judy Brady put her hand on her wizened lips; Mike sniffed twice, which was as near laughter as he usually got; Mrs. Daly looked across the fire at her husband.

"Aw, thank ye, Mister Daly," said she, with a toss of her head.

"Arrah, not at all, Mrs. Daly," answered James, and waved his pipe stem; "not at all. Woman, dear, ould married people like us are used to these wee things. Sure, ye needn't thank me. Sure, one o' these fine days some tight fella (we all know *who*) 'll be sayin' as much to Lizzie herself over the coals."

Again James the wag winked at Judy Brady; Lizzie reddened and bridled up. "Will he, indeed?" snapped she.

"Aw, 'deed he will, me girl; 'deed he will."

"An' supposin' he doesn't, Mister Daly?"

"The Lord sen', child; the Lord sen'."

"Then suppose he *does*, Mister Daly?" Lizzie persisted. "What'll happen then?"

"Aw, the Lord knows, child; the Lord knows."

"Ye think," said Lizzie, and bent towards her tormentor, "ye think I'll sit here like Anne an' listen to him?"

"I'm thinkin' so," drawled James. "Supposin' you're wise, I'm thinkin' so."

"An' supposin' I'm not wise?"

"Then there'll be the devil to pay, I'm fearin'."

"That's what ye think o' marryin'?" cried Lizzie.

"That's it," answered James, and looked at his wife; "that's me experience. But niver fear, acushla; take things aisy. Marryin' like all else; ye get used to it in the course o' time. Ye do so."

"Ye think that?" cried Lizzie. "An' ye think I—I—?"

"I know all about it," answered James, in his driest manner, "all about it. At first, when the hard word comes, ye'll bite your lips; then, after a year or so, when you're seasoned a bit, ye'll flare out angry, an' mebbe go for the tongs; after that, if you're wise, you'll jist notice nothin'. Aw, no. Like an ass's skin, ye'll get dull o' feelin'; sticks'll only rattle on ye; nothin' but prods of a pin'll make ye jump. Aw, no. That's the way o' the world, sirs. We're all the same. At first, if Mary goes out to milk, out Pat must go to carry the candle; after a while, Mary goes be herself, an' Pat sits smokin' up the chimbley; another year or two goes, an' if the cow kicks Mary into the gripe, Pat says it's a damned good job; after that, it's jist waitin' for the end, and when that comes, it's good-bye to the graveyard for Pat or Mary—an' a good riddance, too. Ay, that's how the world goes, sirs; that's the way."

James settled back against his stump, folded his arms, and with the knowing smile of your professional humorist broad on his face, sat waiting for sport. Already, old Daly was nodding over his pipe; with gleaming eyes the rest of the ring bent forward to have a good sight of Lizzie's glowing face.

"That's what ye say," cried Lizzie, and stretched out a quivering arm; "that's what ye tell me to expect? That's the experience has come to *you*, James Daly, after all these years? An' ye sit there tellin' it to me!

But let me tell ye this, James Daly, an' to your face I say it: If I thought your words were true, I'd scorn ye; an', for meself, I'd pray the Lord to keep me always young, an' I'd sooner die this day, nor—"

At loss of a word, perhaps at loss of a thought (for she was speaking in a flurry of excitement), Lizzie paused; and just then the young scarecrows of Dalys began to clamour out in the heather.

"Here's ould Raw-bin!" cried they. "Luk, mammy, at ould Raw-bin an' the ass!"

"Go on," said James Daly to Lizzie. "Ye'd sooner die nor what?"

"Here's ould Raw-bin!" shouted the scarecrows. "Luk, mammy!"

"Ah, be quiet, ye brats ye!" shouted Anne.

"Aw, but here's ould Raw-bin!" persisted the scarecrows. And at the word Lizzie sat back and dropped her arm.

Along the narrow cart-pass which from Curleck road runs down the middle of Emo bog, an old man came slowly, and before him drove an ass and creels. His face was withered, rough, stubbled with iron-gray hair; a battered beaver hat hung precariously on his crown; round his neck was a thick woollen muffler wrapped round and round, the ends hanging outside his greasy waistcoat; a long frieze coat, adorned with many patches everywhere, with brass buttons here and there, and pieces of cord in place of buttons elsewhere, hung from his bent old shoulders to his feeble old knees; his legs were tightly bound in coils of straw rope, and as he walked his great hob-nailed boots slipped up and down on his heels; his eyes were fixed straight before him, his tongue incessantly clicked on his palate, and he walked so close to the ass's heels that he was able to rest his oaken staff on the crupper of the creel-mats.

Now Robin, as he was called, was something of a character and a good deal of a favourite; and as he passed the Dalys' fire, Anne, nothing loath, maybe, in the manner of hostesses, to change the talk among her party, or to bring diversion to it, rose and hailed him.

"Hoi-i, Robin!" she called; "how the sorrow are ye?"

"I'm rightly," answered Robin, and plodded on.

"Is it pass us ye would wi'out a crack?" cried Anne. "Och, man alive, what's the hurry?"

"I want scraws for the fire," came back; "I haven't a spark."

"Ah, sorrow take the fire. Come over here an' share ours, an' ate a roasted pratie; come on, now, wi' ye."

Robin stopped short, scratched his pate, mumbled a word or two to himself; then left his ass to its devices, crossed the ditch which keeps the bog from the cart-track, and stumbled through the heather towards the Dalys' fire.

All welcomed him. James shifted his seat a little and gave him a share of his stump; Anne piled the potatoes before him, set the milk noggin at his elbow, promised him a bite o' bread an' a dribble o' tay later on, and told him to fire away. Without any ado Robin shot a potato from its jacket, dipped it in the salt, and began eating. He gave no time to talk, hardly lifted his eyes from his hands; well within ten minutes of the time of his coming there was not a potato outside his coat.

He put down the milk noggin, gave a sigh of big content, wiped his lips on his coat sleeve, settled back against the stump, and began groping in his pockets for his pipe. Already James Daly, with his elbow resting on the stump and his cheek on his hand, was fast asleep; Mike Brady, flat on his face, and with his forehead on his crossed wrists, was lying like a log; old Daly, still sitting in the old place, had gathered up his legs, laid his arms across his knees, and gone asleep with his head resting on his hands; from the three went up a great noise of snoring.

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for that, Anne," said Robin, as he brought forth his pipe. "Lord love ye for it. Sure it's powerful to feel full again. Ay, ay."

"Aw, not at all, Robin; not at all, man," answered Anne, and set an old black porringer on the fire; "it's a poor heart, sure, wouldn't share a bite wi' a neighbour. Here ye are, me son," and she held out a coal with the tongs. "Light up and have a draw before ye have the tay. It'll be ready in a jiffy."

"I'm obliged to ye, Anne, I'm obliged to ye. Lord love ye, Anne," said Robin; then lit his pipe and fell to smoking. Gradually his eyelids grew heavy; the pipe went out and fell from his lips; his head nodded once or twice, suddenly fell back on the stump—and Robin was with the snorers.

Anne Daly took the porringer from the

fire, poured some black tea into a mug, added a little sugar, and handed the mug to Mrs. Brady.

"Drink, Judy," said she.

"God bless ye, Anne," said Judy; and drank.

"Did iver God make quarer creatures nor the men, I wonder," Anne went on, and passed the mug to Lizzie. "To think o' the four sleepin' there like brute beasts an' good tay goin' beggin'. Lord sees, its wonderful."

"Ay, it's wonderful," said Judy Brady; "aw, sure they're the powerful strange mortals, anyway."

"Strange?" said Anne. "It's not the word. They're *onknowable*."

"There's Mike'd sleep fifteen hours on end, wi'out iver budgin' a limb," said Judy. "Dear knows, but only for the hunger, sometimes I think he'd niver wake."

"Well, he'll get little chance then o' sleepin' for iver in this world," was Anne's comment. "For the likes of us can't get far from the hunger. Aw, no."

"Aw, no," said Judy, and took another sip of the tea. "Aw, 'deed we can't."

"Men are the devils," Lizzie broke in, all suddenly. "To think o' the way *that* James talked! . . . It's—it's not true, I tell ye . . . I tell ye, I'll never get married if . . ."

Anne and Judy opened eyes of wonder. "Lord sees," said they, "Lord sees!"

Then said Anne in the voice of the scorner:

"Ah, quit your foolery, Lizzie Dolan. Troth, it's in short clothes ye should be still. You and your tantrums, an' your threats, an' your bleather about niver marryin'! Niver marry, indeed! Troth, will ye, an' that before harvest next. Here, take another drig o' the tay an' stop your romancin'. Mopin', indeed! An' James only jokin' ye. Mopin', indeed! An' you as good, a'most, as marrit already, wi' a snug house an' a bouncin' boy waitin' for ye; an' you not promised to him more'n a fortnight! Come, sit over here, an' tell us about that weddin' dress ye'll be after gettin'; an' quit your pighin', for God's sake. Come on, I tell ye."

And Lizzie sat over: five minutes afterwards she was herself again, bright-eyed, voluble, as full of spirits and life as that spring day was full of glory.

The talk was of butter, eggs, dresses—dresses, forsooth! and these poor souls with only tatters in their wardrobes—of their little affairs, pleasures, troubles, of men and marriage, and of Lizzie's coming marriage in

particular. Presently it flagged somewhat, and a pause coming, Lizzie's eyes fell upon the woeful figure of ould Robin. She gave a little shiver of disgust at sight of his old, time-beaten face, his ugliness and squalor, his open mouth and dribbling chin. "Lord, the ugly ould man he is," said she; then, the spirit of mischief and of the spring being strong in her, reached over and softly took the old beaver from Robin's head.

"Whisht," said she, as Anne Daly remonstrated; "whisht, till I show ye;" and plucking some sprays of heather she began decorating the hat. Long pieces she fixed all round within the band, and hanging down behind, and sticking forth the holes on top; here and there on the rim she laid a potato skin, and up the front fastened the old man's pipe; then, all being to her fancy, gently replaced the hat on Robin's head, and drew back tittering.

"Lord, the sight he is, the comical ould sight!" cried she; "whisht, Anne, whisht; don't laugh, or ye'll wake him." But already Anne had laughed, and Robin was awake.

He sat forward, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"Faith," said he, in a hoarse croak, "I—I misdoubt I was asleep—so I was."

The women were so near laughter that none dared venture an answer.

"Faith," said Robin again, "I must ha' been asleep, so I must." He yawned wearily, stretched himself; then made as if to rise. "I'll have to be stirrin', so I will," said he. "I wonder where that divil of an ass is, now? Mebbe it's kickin' in a bog-hole the crature is."

With an effort Lizzie choked down her laughter.

"Ah, no, Robin," said she; "ah, no; don't be stirrin' yet. Sure, you're time enough; an' there's the ass grazin' along the pass; an' ye haven't had your tay; an'—an' sure ye'll wait anyway till the men wake up. Sure they'd be ojus glad to see ye again," said Lizzie, and winked knowingly at Anne Daly.

The old man sat back against the stump.

"Very well," said he; "very well. Sure, there's no hurry, so there's not. It's a long day till night yet; an' there's no one waitin' for me now at home. Aw, no."

Robin gathered up his knees, clasped them with his hands, and sat looking towards Thrasna River. "Aw, no," he moaned, "there's no one waitin' now."

Again Lizzie turned to him.

"Tell me, Robin," said she; "what age might ye be, now?"

"If God spares me, I'll be seventy-five come next Hollentide, so I will. Yis, seventy-five years."

"It's a big age," said Anne Daly; "a powerful big age."

"Arrah, not at all," said Lizzie; "sure it's only a trifle, an' it lies like a feather on him. I say, Robin, isn't it near time ye thought o' marryin' again?"

The old man turned his head slowly and looked full at Lizzie.

"What's that?" said he.

"Aw, now ye heard me well enough," said Lizzie, with a coy look. "That's only your little way. Come, now, Robin, out wi' it. Who's the lassie?"

"Is it o' marryin' you're axin' me?" asked Robin; and before the solemnity of his face Lizzie dropped her eyes.

"It is," said she.

Slowly Robin turned his head and looked out over the heather.

"I was married only once," said he, very deliberately; "only once; an' I wish to God I was married yit, for it's meself is the lone-some man this day."

The women looked soberly at each other. Across the fire, old Daly awoke and sat staring in wonderment at Robin's hat. Mike Brady turned over on his back and began to yawn.

"I dunno if ye know it," said Robin, turning again to Lizzie, "but yisterday twelve months to a day it was that I buried Mary."

Lizzie flushed crimson, and cast down her eyes.

"Aw, aw," was all she could say.

"Yisterday twelve months to a day," Robin went on. "An' would ye believe me, it's jist the same wi' me the day as it was twelve months ago—just as lonesome an' bewildered."

Mike Brady sat upright and, like old Daly, in sleepy amaze watched Robin slowly rise to his feet.

"It's a mortal curious kind o' feelin' comes over a man," said Robin, still very deliberately, and with his eyes fixed straight before him, speaking to no one in particular, "when he loses somethin' that he's got used to. If it's only an ould 'baccy knife he kind o' frets over losin' it; an' the longer he had it the more he misses it; an' when it's somethin' livin' that goes, an' ould dog, mebbe, or an ass, or somethin'—aw, sure, the feelin's

woeful, woeful. It's lek as if the world was different, somehow, an' one's self, an'—an' iverything. Aw, yis, it's a mortal curious kind o' feelin'. An', if so be it's God's will that a man loses a child or a sister, or—

or—

Robin paused, and, looking down at his boots, began rubbing his chin with his fingers. One or two of the potato skins and a spray of heather fell from his hat, but he never saw them fall. Like logs the three women and the two men sat watching him. James Daly still slept. Out in the heather, the children were shouting. From the fires here and there among the willow clumps, came the sounds of song and laughter.

"Nigh fifty years," Robin went on, and raised his face, "I lived wi' Mary—nigh fifty years; an' all the time, 'cept one day an' night I spent in Glann witnessin' to a lawsuit, I was niver parted from her. Fifty year; sure it must be we got well used to each other. Aw, ay, it must be. Sure it stands to sense when two people eat for fifty years at the same table, an' work together, an' sleep together, an' do iverything together, that—that one's not one's self at all but jist as much one as t'other. Sure it must be. Aw, I know it; well I know it."

Again Robin paused. James Daly awoke; yawned; slowly raised his eyes; all at once caught sight of Robin's heather-decked hat.

"Why—why," he began; "what in glory, Robin—"

"Ah, whisht, ye *bodach*, ye!" snapped Anne, his wife; "whisht wi' ye!"

Robin fixed his eyes on Rhamus hill, and went on:

"Ay, but it's wonderful the grip a woman has on a man when he's lived wi' her for fifty years. Ay, it's astonishin'. An' ye never know how astonishin' it is till ye lose her. Naw, ye niver know till then. Losin' anythin' else in the world's nothin' to it; nothin' at all. Ye get used to that, in a week, or a month, or so; but niver, niver do ye get used to th' other. Niver, niver! Ah, well I know it. . . . Twelve months ago, an' a day more, I buried Mary. That's a longish time, ye'd think, long enough anyway to get used to missin' her. But, somehow, I can't get used to it. How is it, will ye tell me? How does it come that ivery night I start from me sleep an' stretch out me hand to feel if she's there—an' she isn't; an' ivery night I lie awake from that on till mornin', jist lyin' frettin' an' frettin', an' thinkin' an'

thinkin'? An' how is it, will ye tell me, that when I'm lightnin' the fire o' mornin's, or lacin' me boots, or eatin' me breakfast, or doin' anythin' at all, I keep turnin' me head as I used to do when she spoke or I heard her foot? An' what is it sends me wanderin' about the house as if I was lookin' for somethin'—lookin' for somethin', I dunno what? An' then I ramble about the fields, an' do this an' that, an' see this an' that, an' all the time me mind is ramblin', an' I go moonin' an' stumblin' about jist as if I was lookin' for a thing I'd dropped. What makes me carry on like that, now? An' then I come back; an' when I lift the latch, somehow there's a kind o' dread on me, for I know the house is empty as the grave, an' I know I'll keep hearin' things, an' imaginin' things, an' doin' quare things. Aw, it's mighty curious, ojus strange. An' through it all I know I'm foolish; aw, I know it. I know she's dead, an' buried; an' I know I'll niver see her in this world again; an' I keep tryin' to get used to it, an' tryin' to make the best o' things, seein' 'twas God's will an' can't be helped; but it's no use, no use. I can't forget things; I can't get used to the loneliness; an', for all I know, if I was to live to be a hundred it'd be jist the same, an' I'd be as lonely then as I am this mortal day. I'd go home then, jist as I'll go home the day, knowin' that there's an empty house waitin' for me, an' a dark hearth; an' I'd go moonin' about, an' in an' out, an' up an' down, jist as if I was hopin' to see someone or tryin' to find somethin'. An' the foolishness of it, sirs, the foolishness of it! For, sure, there's nothin' to be found, nothin' in the world; an' there, starin' me in the face, iver an' always, is Mary's ould chair, an' there's her boots, an' her shawl, an' her spec's, an' the chair's empty, an' the boots, an' iverythin'. Ay, iverythin's empty, house an' all, house an' all—an' it's meself only feels like a ghost in it."

Robin stopped, rubbed his chin for a moment, then turned to Lizzie. "So ye'll see," he said, and strove to smile a little, "ye'll see that, mebbe, when all's considered, I've had enough o' marryin' to do my time."

"Aw, God help ye," moaned Anne Daly; "God help your ould heart."

But Lizzie, her face all wet with tears, ran to Robin.

"Wait, Robin," said she, and deftly began plucking away the sprigs of heather from his hat; "wait, me son, till I fix the band

on that ould hat o' yours—sure it's all crooked, an' up an' down. There, now it's better; an' may God forgive me this day!"

"Forgive ye for what, child?" asked Robin.

"Aw, for me sins," cried Lizzie; "an' may God be good to you. But aisy, now, till I fix ye up a bit. Aisy now," said she, and knotted his scarf; then buttoned his waistcoat; then stooped and laced up his boots; last of all took the old man by the hand. "An', now, come away wi' me," said she, "till I help ye catch the ass, an' get the scraws for the fire. Come away."

"I will," said Robin. "Good-bye, Anne, ye girl, ye—an' James—an' all. God keep ye."

"Aw, good-bye, Robin," said Anne Daly, and spoke for the rest. "Good-bye, me son, an' may the angels keep ye and comfort ye."

So, hand in hand, Robin and Lizzie started; and just as they set foot on the heather, Lizzie turned her head and flashed a look at James Daly as he sat staring hard into the fire.

"An' now, James Daly," cried she; "*now* what have ye got to say for yourself?"

LIONEL JOHNSON.

BORN 1865 — DIED 1902.

[Lionel Johnson was born at Broadstairs in 1865, the youngest son of Captain William Victor Johnson and grandson of the second baronet. His Irish descent was through the first baronet, Sir Henry Johnson of Ballykilcavan, Governor of Ross Castle. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. Mr. Johnson published one prose volume, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, and two volumes of poems. His criticisms were of the highest order, and when collected from the various journals in which they appeared should form his enduring monument. He was very much beloved and honoured by those who knew him, and to them his early death is an abiding grief.]

THE LAST MUSIC.¹

Calmly, breathe calmly all your music, maids!
Breathe a calm music over my dead queen.
All your lives long, you have not heard nor seen
Fairer than she, whose hair in sombre braids
 With beauty overshades
Her brow broad and serene.

Surely she hath lain so an hundred years:
Peace is upon her, old as the world's heart.
Breathe gently, music! Music done, depart:
And leave me in her presence to my tears,
 With music in mine ears;
For sorrow hath its art.

Music, more music, sad and slow! She lies
Dead: and more beautiful than early morn.
Disrowned am I, and of her looks forlorn:
Alone vain memories immortalize
 The way of her soft eyes,
 Her virginal voice low borne.

The balm of gracious death now laps her round
As once life gave her grace beyond her peers.
Strange! that I loved this lady of the spheres,
To sleep by her at last in common ground:
 When kindly death hath bound
 Mine eyes, and sealed mine ears.

Maidens! make a low music: merely make
Silence a melody, no more. This day,
She travels down a pale and lonely way:
Now for a gentle comfort, let her take
 Such music for her sake,
 As mourning love can play.

Holy my queen lies in the arms of death:
Music moves over her still face, and I
Lean breathing love over her. She will lie
In earth thus calmly, under the wind's breath—
 The twilight wind that saith:
 Rest! worthy fount to die.

GLORIES.

Roses from Paestan rosaries!
More goodly red and white was she:
Her red and white were harmonies,
Not matched upon a Paestan tree.

¹ By kind permission of the author.

Ivories blanched in Alban air!
 She lies more purely blanched than you:
 No Alban whiteness doth she wear,
 But death's perfection of that hue.

Nay! now the rivalry is done,
 Of red, and white, and whiter still:
 She hath a glory from that sun,
 Who falls not from Olympus hill.

TO MORFYDD.

A voice on the winds,
 A voice by the waters,
 Wanders and cries:

*Oh! what are the winds?
 And what are the waters?
 Mine are your eyes.*

Western the winds are,
 And western the waters,
 Where the light lies:

*Oh! what are the winds?
 And what are the waters?
 Mine are your eyes.*

Cold, cold grow the winds,
 And dark grow the waters,
 Where the sun dies:

*Oh! what are the winds?
 And what are the waters?
 Mine are your eyes.*

And down the night winds
 And down the night waters,
 The music flies:

*Oh! what are the winds?
 And what are the waters?
 Cold be the winds,
 And wild be the waters,
 So mine be your eyes.*

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

[Richard Barry O'Brien was born at Kilrush, county Clare, in 1847. He was educated by private tutors and at the Catholic University, Dublin. In 1874 he was called to the Irish bar, and in 1875 to the English. After practising for a time in England he glided into politics and literature, devoting himself mainly to Irish historical studies. He has written the following books:—*The Irish Land Question and English Public Opinion; The Parliamentary History of the Irish Land Question; Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland; Thomas Drummond, Life and Letters; Irish Wrongs and English Remedies; The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell; The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.* He has also edited, with an introduction, a new edition of the *Autobiography of Wolfe Tone*. Mr. O'Brien was one of the founders of the Irish Literary Society, and he has been its chairman since its establishment.]

THE DEATH OF THOMAS DRUMMOND.

(FROM "THE LIFE OF DRUMMOND".¹)

Drummond's labours in Ireland seriously

¹ This and following extracts are given by kind permission of the author.

impaired his health. So anxious was he to promote the welfare of the country that, not content with zealously discharging his own duties, he undertook additional work of a most arduous kind. A commission had been appointed, chiefly upon his suggestion, to consider the advisability of constructing extensive lines of railway, under the control of Government, throughout the country; and he was, at his own solicitation, appointed one of the commissioners.

Drummond's work upon this commission would, if he had never done anything else for Ireland, have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of the Irish people. But the work was too much for him, and he sank under it.

In the winter of 1839 it became evident that Drummond's health was breaking down. His friends urged him to relinquish his duties for a time, and seek rest and change of scene. Yielding to their repeated entreaties, he went to England for a short time. He returned to Dublin in February, 1840.

On April 10 of that year, Mr. McLennan tells us, he entertained a party of friends to dinner. He rode to the Castle as usual on Saturday morning. On Sunday he became seriously unwell. On Monday he grew worse. On Tuesday it became clear that Thomas Drummond had not now long to live.

As pure and noble a soul as ever had been breathed into man was quickly passing away. On Tuesday night he asked to see his children. The doctors felt obliged to deny him this request. He then begged Dr. Johnson to open a drawer, which he pointed out, where there were three small Bibles, each with a history attached to it. "Give these", he said, "to my children, with their papa's blessing. It is the best legacy I can give them."

On Wednesday afternoon Drummond began to sink rapidly. All was nearly over now. Dr. Johnson told his noble-hearted patient that he had not many minutes to live. "Doctor," replied Drummond, "all is peace. Tell my mother that on my death-bed I remembered the instruction I had received from her in childhood." Mrs. Drummond entered the room, and he bade her a last farewell. "Dearest beloved Maria," he said, "you have been an angel of a wife to me. Your admonitions have blessed me long." The last moments had now arrived, and Dr. Johnson asked Drummond where he wished to be buried, "in Ireland or in Scotland?" "In Ireland, the land of my adoption," was the immediate answer; "I have loved her well and served her faithfully, and lost my life in her service." All then ended. One of the best, one of the most unselfish and pure-minded friends Ireland has ever known, was no more.

Drummond's remains rest in Harold's Cross Cemetery, Dublin, and his statue—the only one, it may be truly said, ever erected by the Irish people to an English official—stands in the City Hall, side by side with the sculptured figures of Charles Lucas, Henry Grattan, and Daniel O'Connell. His memory is to-day as green in the hearts of the nation he loved and served so well; his name honoured and revered wherever his life and work are known.

THE CAPTURE OF WOLFE TONE.

(FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TONE.)

Yet another effort was to be made. On September 20th the last French expedition sailed from Brest. It consisted of a fleet of one sail of the line, the *Hocche* (74 guns), eight frigates, *Loire*, *Resolue*, *Bellone*, *Couquette*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*,

Semillante, and one schooner, the *Biche*, under the command of Admiral Bompard, and of an army of 3000 men under General Hardy. Tone was on board the admiral's ship, the *Hocche*. As on the previous occasion, the ships were scattered on the voyage; but on October 10 Bompard arrived at the entrance of Lough Swilly with the *Hocche*, the *Loire*, the *Resolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled from the shore. At day-break next morning a British squadron, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee (60 guns), and two frigates, under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, hove in sight. Bompard signalled the French frigates and the schooner to retreat, and cleared the *Hocche* for action. A boat from the *Biche* came alongside the *Hocche* for last orders. The French officers gathered around Tone, and urged him to escape. "The contest is hopeless," they said. "We shall be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" He answered, "Shall it be said that I fled when the French were fighting the battles of my country? No; I shall stand by the ship." The British admiral having despatched two sail—the razee and a frigate—to give chase to the *Loire* and the *Resolue*, bore down on the *Hocche* with the rest of the squadron. The French ship was surrounded; but Bompard nailed his colours to the mast. For six hours the *Hocche* stood the combined fire of the British ships. Her masts were dismantled; her rigging was swept away; the scuppers flowed with blood; the wounded filled the cock-pit. At length with yawning ribs, with five feet of water in the hold, her rudder carried away, her sails and cordage hanging in shreds, her batteries dismantled and every gun silenced, she struck. Tone commanded a battery, and fought like a lion, exposing himself to every peril of the conflict. The *Hocche* was towed into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. The Earl of Cavan invited the French officers to breakfast. Tone was among the guests. An old college companion, Sir George Hill, recognized him. "How do you do, Mr. Tone?" said Hill. "I am very happy to see you." Tone greeted Hill cordially, and said, "How are you, Sir George? How are Lady Hill and your family?" The police, who suspected that Tone was among the prisoners, lay in waiting in an adjoining room. Hill went to them, pointed to Tone, and said, "There is your man". Tone was called from the table. He knew that his hour had come,

but he went cheerfully to his doom. Entering the next apartment, he was surrounded by police and soldiers, arrested, loaded with irons, and hurried to Dublin.

On November 10 he was put on his trial before a court-martial. He said to his judges: "I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof, to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries."

He made but one request. He asked to be shot like a soldier. The request was refused, and he was ordered to be hanged within forty-eight hours. On the morning of the 12th of November Curran moved the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *habeas corpus*. "I do not pretend," he said, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is stated in this affidavit as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty, and therefore no court-martial could have cognisance of any crime imputed to him whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the Constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a *habeas corpus*, to be directed by the Provost-Marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief-justice — "Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran — "My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

Chief-justice — "Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the Provost-Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

The Sheriff hastened to the prison. The court awaited his return with feverish suspense. He speedily reappeared.

"My lord," he said, "I have been to the barracks, in pursuance of your order. The Provost-Marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis."

Curran — "My lord, Mr. Tone's father has just returned after serving the writ of *habeas corpus*, and General Craig says he will not obey it."

Lord Chief-justice Kilwarden — "Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody, take the Provost-Marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig."

The Sheriff hastened once more to the prison. He returned quickly. He had been refused admittance, and was told that Tone had attempted suicide, and that he lay in a precarious state. A servant was called to corroborate the Sheriff's statement.

Lord Chief-justice — "Mr. Sheriff, take an order to suspend the execution."

At the prison Tone lay on his pallet dying. On the evening of the 11th of November, while the soldiers were erecting the gallows before his window, he cut his throat with a penknife, inflicting a deep wound. At four o'clock next morning a surgeon came and closed the wound. As the carotid artery was not cut, he said that Tone might recover. "I am sorry," said Tone, "that I have been so bad an anatomist." He lingered till the morning of November 19. Standing by his bedside, the surgeon whispered to an attendant that if he attempted to move or speak he would die instantly. Tone overheard him, and, making a slight movement, said: "I can yet find words to thank you, sir. It is the most welcome news you can give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back with these expressions upon his lips, he instantly expired.

So perished Wolfe Tone. So ended the rebellion of 1798.



A DOG AND HIS STORY

L. T. MEADE (MRS. TOULMIN SMITH).

[Mrs. Meade was born at Bandon, county Cork, the daughter of the Rev. R. T. Meade. She married in 1879. She wrote her first book at seventeen; and now she is perhaps the most voluminous of all living writers. The list of her works is a very long one. *Scamp and I*, from which the extract is taken, does not at all equal in literary achievement her later work, but it is dear to the writer as being the first of her books to bring her popularity. Mrs. Meade's lot must be counted happy. She is beloved of little girls, and some girls well on in their teens. She has an immense popularity; and she knows how to write of little girls with great charm and truth. She edited the girls' magazine, *Atalanta*, for six years. In her hands it was an ideal magazine for its purpose. Besides stories for girls, Mrs. Meade is constantly engaged in writing novels.]

A DOG AND HIS STORY.

(FROM "SCAMP AND I".¹)

If ever a creature possessed the knowledge which is designated "knowing", the dog Scamp was that creature. It shone out of his eyes, it shaped the expression of his countenance, it lurked in every corner and crevice of his brain. His career previous to this night was influenced by it, his career subsequent to this night was actuated by it.

Only once in all his existence did it desert him, and on that occasion his life was the forfeit. But as then it was a pure and simple case of heart preponderating over head, we can scarcely blame the dog, or deny him his full share of the great intellect which belongs to the knowing ones.

On this evening he was reaping the fruits of his cleverness. He had just partaken of a most refreshing meal, he had wormed himself into what to him were very fair quarters, and warmed, fed, and comforted, was sleeping sweetly. By birth he was a mongrel, if not a pure untainted street cur; he was shabby, vulgar, utterly ugly and commonplace-looking.

He had, however, good eyes and teeth, and

both these advantages of nature he was not slow in availing himself of.

By the patios of his eyes, and a certain knack he had of balancing himself on the hinder part of his body, he had won Flo's pity, and secured a shelter and a home. He guessed very accurately the feelings of his host and hostess towards him.

Dick's hospitality was niggardly and forced, Jenks made him welcome to his supper, for he regarded him with an eye to business, but Flo gave him of her best, from pure kindness of heart. The wise dog therefore resolved to take no notice of Dick, to avoid Jenks, and as much as possible to devote himself to Flo.

He had passed through a terrible day, had Scamp.

In the morning he had been led out to execution. To avoid the dog-tax, his master, who, truth to tell, had never regarded him with much affection, had decreed that Scamp should be drowned. In vain had the poor faithful creature, who loved his brutal master, notwithstanding the cruel treatment to which he so often subjected him, looked in his face with all the pathetic appeal of his soft brown eyes, in vain he licked his hand as he fastened the rope with a stone attached to it round his neck. Drowned he was to be, and drowned he would have been, but for his own unequalled knowingness. Scamp guessed what was coming, hence that appeal in his eyes; but Scamp was prepared for his fate, rather he was prepared to resist his fate.

As his master was about to raise him in his arms and fling him far into the stream, he anticipated him, and leaped gently in himself, when, the stone being round his neck, he sank at once to the bottom.

His master, well pleased, and thinking how nicely he had "done" Scamp, laughed aloud, and walked away. The dog, not wasting his breath in any useless struggles, heard the laugh as he lay quietly in the bottom of the stream, he heard also the retreating footsteps.

Now was *his* time.

He had managed to sink so near the edge of the stream as to be barely out of his depth, he dragged himself upright, pulled and lurched the heavy stone until his head was above water, and then biting through the

¹ By kind permission of the author.
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rope with those wonderful teeth, was a free dog once more.

Quite useless for him to go home; he must turn his back on that shelter, and come what may, face the great world of London.

So all day long he had wandered, foot-sore, exhausted, and hungry, over many a mile of street, until at last the smell of hot roast goose had so overcome him, that he had in his desperation fastened his teeth into Dick's trousers, thereby ultimately securing for himself a supper, and another home.

Now after all his troubles, hardships, and alarms, he was sleeping sweetly, enjoying the repose of the weary. It was unpleasant to be disturbed, it was truly annoying to have to open those heavy brown eyes, but Scamp had a heart, and sobs of distress had roused him from his pleasant dreams. He cocked his ears, stretched himself, rose, and pushing his big awkward head against Flo's, which was bent low in her hands, began licking her face with his small, rough tongue.

Finding she took no notice of this, he forced her to look up and attend to him, by jumping wholesale into her lap.

"Oh, Scamp!" said the child, putting her arms round him, "does *you* know as Dick isn't an honest boy no more?"

Had Scamp comprehended the words addressed to him, he would not have considered them a subject for sorrow, as any means by which such a supper as they had just eaten was attained would have been thought by him quite justifiable.

It was, however, his wisest course at present to sympathize with Flo, and this he did by means of his tail, tongue, and eyes.

"Oh! you *be* a nice dawg," said the little girl, comforted by his caressing.

She laid her head on his shaggy coat, and in a few moments both were asleep.

Two hours later Jenks and Dick returned. Dick's cheeks were now flushed, and his eyes bright. Jenks, on the contrary, was as cool as usual.

"Shall we take orf the dawg now, or in the mornin'?" asked the little boy of his companion.

"No, no; in the mornin', or maybe to-morrow night; old Maxey's sure ter be shut up afore now."

"How much 'll he give us, Jenks?"

"Well, Scamp's a likely-lookin' tyke, and good size. I 'spect he'll about suit fur 'is young un. Maybe, ef we're lucky, we may get a matter o' a bob, or a bob and a tanner,

but wot I'll count on more, and bargain fur, is a sight o' the fight."

"Oh, Jenks! is it werry jolly?"

"Awful—real pretty sport," said Jenks; "partic'lar ef yer cur 'ave a bit of blood in 'im, as I 'spects this un 'ave."

"Will you bring me to see it, Jenks?"

"I can't rightly say yet, but don't tell nothink to the little un," jerking his thumb over his shoulders at Flo. "Now come to bed, and don't let us talk no more."

They lay down, and soon Jenks was asleep.

Yes, Jenks was asleep—his hardened heart knew no fears, his conscience did not trouble him. Flo, wearied with her sorrow, was also slumbering, and gentle breathings of sweet content and rest came from Scamp, who knew nothing of his impending fate, and felt that he had done his duty.

But Dick could not sleep; he lay in the dark tired enough, but wide awake and trembling.

On that very bed in this cellar had lain not quite a year ago the still, stiff, and cold form of his mother; of the mother who, with her thin arms round his neck, and her beseeching eyes looking into his, had begged of him to keep from bad ways, and to be honest.

He had promised that never, happen what might, would he touch what was not his own, he had promised her solemnly, as even such ignorant little children will promise their dying mothers, that he would ever and always be an honest boy; and until to-day he had kept his word bravely, kept it too in the midst of very great temptations, for he was only a street arab, a gutter child, living on his wits, and for such children to live on their wits without "prigging" off stalls and snatching off counters, is very hard work indeed. He was such a clever little fellow too, and had such a taking innocent face, that he could have made quite a nice living, and have had, as he expressed it, quite a jolly time, if only he had consented to yield to his many temptations, and do as his companions did. But he never had yielded. One by one, as the temptations arose, as the opportunities for thieving came, he had turned from them and overcome them. Not that he thought thieving wrong—by no means. Whatever he might say to Flo, he had in his heart of hearts a strong admiration for those plucky young thieves, his companions, and though they *were* afraid of the "p'leece", and often did disappear for longer or shorter periods altogether from their gay life, yet still they

had a jolly time of it on the whole. Then, how splendidly the robbers acted at those delightful penny gaffs!—oh, yes!—it was nonsense to starve rather than take from those who had more than they could use themselves. Nevertheless Dick had often passed a day from morning to night without food rather than steal—why was that?

Ah! how strongly we cling to our first and tenderest memories! Dick could never forget the time when, poor as they were, when, struggling as they were, he and Flo were rich, as the richest of all children, in love.

He could never forget the pressure of his mother's arms, he could never forget the sweetness of the dry crust eaten on his mother's knee. Had he an ache or a trouble, his mother was sorry for him. Even when he was bad and vexed her, his mother forgave him. She was always working for her children; never resting on account of her children. She stood between them and the cold world, a great shelter, a sure refuge.

They thought it mighty and everlasting, they did not know that it was mortal and passing away.

She grew tired—"awful" tired, as she herself expressed it, so weary that not even her love for Dick and Flo could keep her with them, so exhausted that no rest but the rest of the grave could do her any good. So she went to her grave, but before she went her children had promised her to keep honest boy and girl, to grow up honest man and woman, and this promise was to them both more precious than their lives.

They kept it faithfully,—it was a great principle for right in the minds of these little children.

Yes, they had both kept their promise carefully and faithfully until to-day; but to-day, in a moment of great and sudden temptation, goaded and led on by Jenks, Dick had slipped his clever little hand into a lady's pocket, and drawn out a purse with six bright new shillings in it.

The theft had been most cleverly done, and triumphant with his success, and elated by the praise Jenks had lavished on him, he had felt little compunction until now.

But remorse was visiting him sternly now. He was frightened, he was miserable; he had let go the rudder that kept him fast to anything good,—he was drifting away. But the act of thieving gave him no pain, he was not at all sorry for that smiling, good-natured-looking woman whose purse he had taken;

he was quite sure *she* never knew what hunger was; he quite agreed with Jenks in his remark, that "'Ee and Dick and Flo wanted 'ot roast goose more'n 'er".

No; the agony was the memory of his mother's face.

He was afraid even to open his eyes, afraid, sore afraid, that if he did he should see her standing before him, asking him to answer to her for this day's deed.

He was afraid that tired, "awful" tired as she was, she would get up out of her grave to reproach him with his broken promise, to tell him that on account of him there now could be no more rest for her. And he loved his mother,—oh, how he loved his mother!

A second time that night was Scamp disturbed by sobs, but the sobs did not proceed from Flo this time. The tired little girl was sleeping heavily, her head on the dog's neck. Scamp could only open his eyes, which he did very wide; if he moved the least bit in the world he would wake Flo. The sounds of distress grew louder, he gave a low growl, then a bark, then with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he was off Flo's lap and on the bed with Dick,—he was cuddling down by Dick, fawning on him, and licking the tears off his face.

The boy repulsed him rudely. It was quite beyond the capacity of Scamp, great as his powers were, to comfort him. Nevertheless, Scamp had again done his duty. In his rude exit from Flo's lap he had effectually awakened her. She, too, heard the low, smothered sobs of distress, and rising from her cobbler's stool, she lay down on the straw beside her little brother.

"I'm real glad as you is cryin', Dick," said Flo.

This speech of Flo's was an immense relief to Dick. Of all things he had dreaded telling his sister of his theft.

He dreaded telling her, and yet he longed for her to know. Now by her words he felt sure that in some way she did know. He nestled close to her, and put his arms round her neck.

"Is mother in the room, Flo?"

"No, no, Dick; wot makes you say that? Mother's in her grave, 'avin' a good tidy bit o' a sleep."

"You ain't sure," said Dick, half-defiantly; "you ain't sure but ef you opened yer heyes werry wide you mightn't see mother—just there, acrost our bed and Jenks'—standin' and a-shakin' her 'ead."

"Why, ef she were I couldn't see," said Flo. "It be as dark as dark,—I couldn't see nothink ef I was to look ever so."

"Oh yes, you could," said Dick; "you could see ghosts, and mother's a ghost. I seed ghosts at the gaff, and them is hall in wite, with blue lights about 'em. Ef you opened yer heyes werry wide you could see, Flo."

"Well, I 'as 'em open," said Flo, "and I tell you there ain't no ghosts, nor nothink."

"Are you sure?" asked Dick.

"No doubt on it," responded Flo encouragingly. "Mother ain't yere, mother's in 'er grave, 'avin' a good time, and restin' fine."

"Are you quite sure?" persisted Dick. "Are you quite sartin as she ain't turnin' round in 'er corfin, and cryin'?"

"Oh no; she's restin' straight and easy," said Flo in an encouraging tone, though, truth to tell, she had very grave misgivings in her own mind as to whether this was the case.

"Then she don't know, Flo?"

"It ain't reached 'er yet, I 'spect," said Flo. Then hastening to turn the conversation—

"Wot was it as you took, Dick?"

"A purse," said Dick.

"A purse full o' money?" questioned Flo.

"There was six bobs and a tanner," said Dick, "and Jenks said as I did it real clever."

"That was wot bought us the 'ot roasted goose," continued Flo.

"Yes. Jenks said, as it wor the first time, we should 'ave a rare treat. They cost three bobs, that 'ere goose and taters. I say, worn't they jist prime?"

"'Ave you any more o' that money?" asked Flo, taking no notice of this last query.

"Yes, I 'ave a bob and I 'ave the purse. Jenks said as I was to have the purse, and I means the purse for you, Flo."

"You needn't mean it for me, then," said Flo, raising her gentle voice, "fur I'd rayther be cut up in bits than touch it, or look at it;

and you 'as got to give back that 'ere bob to Jenks, Dick, fur ef we was to starve hout and hout we won't neither of us touch bite nor sup as it buys. I thought as you was sorry, Dick, when I heard you cryin'; but no, you ain't, and you 'ave furgot mother, that you 'ave."

At these words Dick burst out crying afresh. Flo had reserved her indignation for so long, that when it came it took him utterly by surprise.

"No, I 'aven't furgot, Flo,—I be real orfle sorry."

"You won't never do it again?"

"No."

"And you'll give back the purse and bob to Jenks, and tell 'im yer'll 'ave no more to do wid 'is way?"

"Oh! I doesn't know," said Dick; "'ee would be real hangry."

"Very well," replied Flo; "good-night to you, Dick. I ain't goin' to sleep 'long of a thief;" and she prepared to retire with dignity to her cobbler's stool.

But this proposal filled Dick with fresh alarm; he began to sob louder than ever, and promised vigorously that if she stayed with him he would do whatever she told him.

"'Zactly wot I ses?" asked Flo.

"Yes, Flo; I'll stick fast to you and never funk."

"You'll translate the old boots and shoes wid me for the next week?"

"Yes."

"And you'll break off with Jenks, and be his pardener no more?"

"Yes," with a sinking heart.

"Werry well—good-night."

"But, Flo," after a long pause, "is you *sure* as mother isn't ris from her grave?"

"No, I'm not sure," answered Flo slowly; "but I thinks at the most, she 'ave on'y got a sort o' a wake, and I thinks, Dick, ef you never, never is a thief no more, as mother'll 'ave a good longish rest yet."

EDMUND DOWNEY.

[Edmund Downey was born in Waterford, 24th July, 1856. He was educated at the Catholic University School and St. John's College, Waterford. Mr. Downey has been a publisher in London for a good many

years, but happily his business has not prevented him from writing. He has done a deal of excellent work, grave and gay, but nothing quite so important as *The Merchant of Killogue*, from which the following extracts

are taken. It is not easy, however, to make selections from the book, which is a patient, painstaking building-up of a big figure, and the surrounding life of an Irish country-town. *The Merchant of Killogue* places Mr. Downey in the line of succession to Carleton and Banim, and must live when his pleasant drolleries are forgotten.]

IN AN IRISH COUNTRY-TOWN.¹

(FROM "THE MERCHANT OF KILLOGUE".)

The town of Killogue is situated in a thriving part of Munster. It is a market town and an assize town, and prior to 1885 it returned a member to the British Parliament. There is a railway-station at the extreme southern end of the borough; a commodious and hideously ugly workhouse graces the northern end. A short distance from the railway-station, a little to the west of it, stands a rectangular block of buildings—a military barracks capable of accommodating a goodly number of her Majesty's horse, foot, and artillery. A short distance from the workhouse there is a lunatic asylum. The court-house stands in the northern half of the town, the gaol in the southern half. From an architectural point of view, the barracks, the asylum, and the workhouse are the most imposing and the ugliest of Killogue's public buildings. The court-house has a striking and handsome façade, but the gaol is a modest, elderly, retiring structure.

In addition to many other privileges, Killogue glories in a Mayor and Corporation, and in a Board of Guardians. Though not a garrison town, it is generally supplied with a plentiful stock of soldiery.

At the time of the opening of this story—the third week of September, 1870—the population of Killogue (exclusive of the troops in the barracks) was about fifteen thousand. The place had some queer ups and downs in the matter of population. Early in the forties it had reached twenty thousand; early in the fifties it had dwindled to ten thousand; in the sixties it had again slowly mounted to its fifteen thousand.

Killogue had suffered, as all Munster towns had suffered, from the scourges of famine and pestilence which marked the

latter half of the forties, but, unlike most Munster towns, it had gradually recovered. This result was partly attributable to the advent of the iron horse. Killogue had no such expeditious means of communication at its disposal prior to 1860, and the shallow stream which flowed past the town was useless for purposes of water carriage.

Of the fifteen thousand people who dwelt in Killogue, twelve thousand might roughly be put down as Roman Catholics, the remaining three thousand being Protestants and Quakers. Most of the power and wealth and privileges belonged to the Protestants and Quakers; all offices held directly from the Crown had been theirs for generations.

In the beginning of the year 1870 the only Catholic magistrate in the borough was the Mayor, but before the year had grown old the office of Resident Stipendiary Magistrate had been given to a Catholic, and the appointment had caused grave apprehension and jealousy to the Protestants and Quakers, who regarded their Catholic neighbours (with some few exceptions) as creatures of a much lower caste than themselves.

The best business houses, apart from the retail shops, belonged to the religious minority, and most of the professional men who thrived were Protestants or Quakers. The Catholics who held power or place, or who were wealthy, were few—probably they did not number a dozen. The most important was Sir Peter O'Flynn, a local land-owner, a baronet, and a Whig. He had represented the borough for many years, and had come to regard it as his personal property. The Mayor for the year 1870 was a wealthy tanner, Alderman Kelly, and though he professed the Roman Catholic faith, he was a staunch Tory in politics. Then there was Colonel Cleary, the recently-appointed Resident Magistrate already referred to. The minority in Killogue, though they regarded Colonel Cleary's appointment to the important office as a dangerous innovation, were, however, able to comfort themselves with the assurance that their new R.M. was, like their worthy Mayor, a good, honest, uncompromising Tory.

One Catholic doctor and one Catholic solicitor owned lucrative practices; and finally, in enumerating the influential Catholics, John O'Reilly had to be reckoned with. He was Sir Peter O'Flynn's henchman; he was on every important board or committee in the town—he had declined the

¹ By kind permission of the author.

mayoralty; he would have been created a justice of the peace, only for the fact that he was the possessor of a spirit license.

O'Reilly was, perhaps, the only man in Killogue who could and did make common cause with all classes. He was a strict Roman Catholic and a pronounced Whig. Yet his Protestant and Quaker neighbours did not attempt to offer him the cold shoulder. He was one of the few shopkeepers who could afford to reside in a house which did not form a part of his business premises. Union Road, in which he had his private abode, was a long road with good dwelling-houses built mainly in small terraces. It was in itself a hall-mark of respectability to dwell in Union Road.

Speaking generally, the Catholics of Killogue—such of them, at least, as had any political convictions—were either Whigs or Nationalists; the Quakers and the Protestants, to a man, were Tories.

During the height of the Fenian movement there had been stirring times in Killogue, but after the State trials of 1867 a strange and powerful reaction had set in amongst the advanced Nationalists. In the course of a couple of years a real or apparent indifference to politics possessed those who had, during the earlier days of Fenianism, shown any pronounced sympathies with that movement. From being opponents of the policy of physical force the Whigs had developed an utter indifference to politics of any sort or kind. Men who, though belonging to no organization, had been known to possess sympathies with Fenianism, had relapsed into the condition of political apathy in which the early stages of the revolutionary movement had found them; or else they had decided to take their stand once and for all by the Whiggery which had formerly sapped their energies and their Nationalist faith.

Business in the town was fairly good—much better than in some southern towns. Shopkeepers could live, even if they did not make fortunes. What was the use of anything further? Why addle their brains with insoluble problems? The Liberal Government was doing good work. It had just given them a Land Act, and had disestablished the Church—that foreign edifice erected at the cost of oceans of their forefathers' blood. What more could reasonable men desire? Sir Peter O'Flynn, who represented them, was a good and useful Member

of Parliament, and he wasn't at all a bad landlord, as landlords went.

John O'Reilly possessed few political convictions. His whole soul was centred in his business and in his family. Politics was a matter which concerned him only in so far as it could help or retard the process of money-making. He despised Fenians and Fenianism, mainly because Fenianism was a policy which would, in his opinion, interfere with business, and for that reason was an abomination. He was a staunch supporter of Sir Peter O'Flynn and his politics, mainly because Sir Peter was his landlord, and was a most useful person to John O'Reilly. Had he considered that it would pay him to be a Tory, he would have adopted Tory principles, but his business was principally concerned with people who were not Tories. He could, if occasion required it, talk veiled Toryism, or veiled O'Connellism, or veiled Fenianism, to his customers, but for the sake of appearances his public utterances and public conduct had to be Whig. Those who possessed any strong political faith despised O'Reilly as a politician, but even the boldest Tory, or the meekest Whig, or the most robust Nationalist found it hopeless to pick a quarrel with him. If he felt himself cornered in an argument, he turned the conversation sharply with a joke or gibe. Killogueans were fond of a laugh, and especially fond of a laugh which was directed against a neighbour. O'Reilly could play upon his pipe with wonderful ease and effect, and he could even pretend to enjoy the music of another's pipe when the tune was calculated to raise a laugh against himself.

The Main Street of Killogue, which bisected the town, was a broad street of shops. "O'Reilly's Stores" had its principal entrance in the Main Street, and occupied a conspicuous position. The building stood at a corner of the principal artery of Killogue, where a narrow vein, called Conduit Lane, ran at right angles to the Main Street.

"The Stores" projected (for some reason unknown to the oldest inhabitant or the latest member of the Town Council) about six feet from the line of the neighbouring buildings, narrowing the flagged pathway unduly, and affording a bold advertisement to some ancient form of local maladministration as well as to John O'Reilly. The front window was filled in with a screen, on which were printed the words "O'Reilly's Stores". There was no necessity, conjecturally, to in-

dicating that whisky was the chief commodity stored inside. The doorway was furnished with a narrow door, the upper portion panelled in ground glass. This door closed with a spring, and it required considerable muscular exertion to open it fully.

In Conduit Lane, the entrance to O'Reilly's premises was through a doorway the door of which stood wide open during business hours.

In the Main Street there was an utter absence of the public-house exterior about "O'Reilly's Stores", nor did the proprietor term his place of business a public-house. He invariably referred to it as "The Stores"—not out of pride, but simply as a matter of convenience or of tradition. Neither was the place a public-house in the ordinary sense of the word. It opened its doors on week-days at eight o'clock in the morning, and closed them at eight o'clock in the evening, except on Saturdays and Christmas Eves, when the closing hour was extended to ten o'clock. At any rate, John O'Reilly, as the holder of the license, knew best what to term his place of business. If he called it a Store, there was no reason on earth why anyone else should call it a Public-house. If he described himself as a Spirit Merchant, there was no reason why anyone else should call him a Publican, or refer to him by the still more odious term, Licensed Victualler.

The business transacted by the Merchant of Killoge was not of the ordinary public-house character. Beer and wines could be obtained on demand, and could be consumed either on or off the premises at the sweet will of the purchaser, but the sale of these minor commodities was not thrust upon the public. Whisky was the staple commodity. It was considered vulgar to call for beer under O'Reilly's roof, though you might ask for a glass of sherry without risk to your social status.

The retail department—that is to say, the department boldly set aside for retail customers and known as "the shop"—had its entrance in Conduit Lane. The shop was furnished with a plain counter wholly devoid of beer-taps and like paraphernalia. A wooden form stretched itself along the walls, and a small deal table stood in a dark corner.

As a rule, O'Reilly's shop—the proprietor called it "the shop", not as one speaks of his shop in the general or generic sense, but as a particular department of his business—was not much frequented by the people of the

town. It was recognized as a place of call and a house of entertainment for the country folk who visited Killoge sporadically during the week, or in the lump on market days or fair days.

The wholesale department—"The Stores" proper—which you entered by the Main Street door, had about it little, if any, of the appearance of a house licensed for the sale of drinks to be consumed on or off the premises. There was no counter, no display of glasses, or pewters, or jugs, or water-bottles. Whisky-barrels of various sizes, all furnished with bright brass taps, lined the walls, and a few chairs dotted the floor. In one corner of the wholesale department there stood a rectangular wooden enclosure about five feet in height. This was labelled "Office", and when the proprietor sat at his desk in the office, you had the privilege of seeing the top of his head without craning your neck.

Apart from the wholesale trade—the supplying of whisky in quantities to families or to small publicans in town and country—a large and lucrative retail business was transacted in the Main Street end of the building. The customers here were all townsfolk. They were mostly young men, but a sprinkling of the elders might be seen "darting" into O'Reilly's at regular periods during the day. Though there was no absolute foundation for the superstition, it was considered a sort of privilege to be served with whisky in the office. O'Reilly, if he were in the humour, conversed genially with you from the interior of his wooden box, or if you were a special customer, and if he were not specially busy, he stepped out and discussed with you the news of the day, the state of the weather, the dulness of trade, local scandal, or any other topic of current interest. Denis or Pat—never a shopman—brought the privileged customer his glass, or half-glass, of whisky and poured the necessary water into the tumbler as the customer held it in his hand. It was quite respectable to drink whisky in this part of O'Reilly's Stores, but a townsman who would enter the premises by the Conduit Lane door and consume whisky in the shop would lose caste and credit for ever.

The "Shop" department was separated from the "Office" department by a high wooden partition. The "Office" department was always scrupulously bright and clean; the "Shop" department was generally dirty and always dingy. In the "Office", the

young man of the town could sip his whisky delicately, or swallow it at a gulp, out of a clean tumbler, and he could listen to the resonant voice of John O'Reilly, whilst at times his ears would catch murmurs of palavers from beyond the pale—the wooden partition—where the Irish language, as well as the Anglo-Irish, was spoken freely by the agricultural customers of the Merchant of Killogue.

The most remunerative portion of O'Reilly's business was that derived from the farmers who visited Killogue to dispose of produce, to traffic in live-stock, to do their shopping. "O'Reilly's Stores" was the farmer's house *par excellence*. It was not only a place of entertainment for him, but also a place where his most secret affairs were transacted. In a room over the shop—facetiously termed the "Board Room" by the proprietor himself—the agriculturist could get his promissory notes drawn up by Denis or Pat; he could make bargains, secret and otherwise, about his produce and stock; he could address letters to his landlord; and his family affairs and his disputes with his neighbours could be arranged with neatness and despatch. Many a case had been kept out of the Law Courts in the Board Room, O'Reilly acting as Judge, Jury, and Sheriff; and many a matrimonial bargain had been struck, O'Reilly helping to forge the golden fetters.

The shrewd, suave man of whisky could readily enter into the joys and sorrows of his farmer friends. He was a fairly good judge of the weather, and a most trustworthy critic of butter and oats. He knew all that was to be known about top-dressing, and subsoiling, and the feeding of stock. He was a noted authority on artificial manures and on manufactured food for cattle. Give him a fair grip of a pig, and he could tell you its specific gravity to an ounce; and at a glance he could give a pretty fair guess at the weight of a firkin of butter or a load of hay. He knew the distinguishing name of every farm in the neighbourhood of Killogue, and the number of acres it contained. The name of every farmer of consequence in the surrounding district, and his family history, were familiar in his mouth as household words.

Making no apparent effort to obtain power in the town, John O'Reilly, Town Councillor and Poor Law Guardian, was a mighty power in Killogue; and no one was better aware of the fact than himself. He could sway the

Corporation or the Poor Law Board, or any of the Local Charity Boards upon which he sat, with as much ease as he could sway the meanest farmer who purchased "a half wan" at his "Shop" counter. His interest at a parliamentary election was more powerful than the interest of any local land-owner, always excepting the Member for the Borough. Woe betide any unlucky shop-keeper in Killogue who attempted to sit upon any of the local Boards in opposition to O'Reilly's views as to who should be the fit and proper person! There was no ostentation in his exercise of power; and it must be understood that his influence did not extend to the Protestant and Quaker minority, though few Protestants or Quakers would care to go deliberately out of their way to oppose any reasonable scheme of John O'Reilly concerning the conduct of public business in the borough.

In addition to all his Napoleonic qualities, O'Reilly possessed a knowledge which gave him a great grip of his customers, and which was peculiar to himself. He knew (just as a musician knows a tune) the palate of every customer of his whose palate was worth studying. He could tell which of his numerous farmer friends liked their whisky plain and neat; which of them liked it "smothered" in water; which of them preferred it with "a bite" in it; which of them sought for the tang of the cask (for the palate of the whisky-bibber is a strange and wonderful creation); which of them wouldn't give a curse for "the hard stuff", unless it had the full flavour of fusel-oil. Then there was a set of customers who coveted the spirit when its taste was disguised by a modicum of ginger cordial, or with a dash of port-wine, or with a few drops of clove or peppermint. When the whisky reached O'Reilly's bonded warehouse it was of two kinds only—a Dublin whisky well matured, and a raw spirit from Cork—but in the Stores the whisky was arranged in casks which contained decoctions of many qualities and a variety of colours.

Country marriages and the preliminary betrothals, as it has already been noted, were matters in which O'Reilly took an active part; but he also occupied his teeming brain with other and perhaps equally important events in social life—christenings, to wit, and wakes. In many cases, too, he acted as agent between farmer and undertaker—though this was a class of business which he

did not covet, and from which he did not seek to obtain any direct profit—in the matter of the funeral cortège. Neither did he yearn for christenings. As a rule, they ran only into cheap port or sherry, and sometimes they involved his standing sponsor for the child of a customer, or his sending a polite refusal to be a godfather, accompanied by wishes of joy to the parents. To enter into spiritual relations with a neighbour's child was abhorrent to his sense of the fitness of things. He was no lover of babies, and he felt there was something foolish in his undertaking (when he was obliged to accept the invitation) the spiritual charge of a newly-born son or daughter of the soil.

Wakes were a special and a well-beloved feature with him. They ran into money, and gave him an opportunity of displaying certain graduated tokens of sympathy with the afflicted—displays which he felt were holy and wholesome. In connection with wakes he had a set system for showing his public sense (which must not be confounded with his private feelings) of sorrow. He did not measure his mourning by the ordinary standards—by the width of a hat-band or the black border on his note-paper. Nevertheless his public display of sympathetic

grief was—as all such displays must be—regulated by a sliding scale.

When a family ordered a gallon of whisky for a wake, and paid cash, Mr. O'Reilly spoke words of tender condolence. When three gallons were ordered, he put up one shutter on his Main Street window on the day of the funeral, in addition to speaking the words of sympathy. When five gallons were ordered, he put up three shutters, and went very near to the brink of tears when receipting the bill. When ten gallons of whisky were ordered, he made it his business to go a bit of the way with the funeral, if the place of interment was not outside the limits of a reasonable walk. When twenty gallons were ordered for a country wake—few dwellers in the town ever reached the twenty-gallon standard—he attended the funeral accompanied by one of his sons, on an outside car. And on some rare occasions, when forty gallons—the extreme limit—were ordered, the Merchant of Killogue put up all his shutters, closed his stores for a portion of the day, and attended the funeral, accompanied by his two sons, on an outside car, or in a covered car if there was any meteorological excuse for employing a covered vehicle.

DORA SIGERSON (MRS. SHORTER).

[Dora Sigerson is the eldest daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, a distinguished scholar and man of letters, and of Mrs. Hester Sigerson, a woman of fine literary talent. She was born in Dublin, educated at home, and lived in Dublin till her marriage to Mr. Clement Shorter in July, 1896. She has published *Verses* (1894); *The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems* (1897); *My Lady's Slipper and Other Poems* (1899); *Ballads and Poems* (1899); *The Father Confessor* (1900); and *The Woman who went to Hell and Other Poems* (1901).]

THE BANSHEE.¹

God between us and all harm,
For I to-night have seen
A banshee in the shadow pass
Along the dark boreen.

¹ This and the following poems by kind permission of the author.

And as she went she keened and cried,
And combed her long white hair;
She stopped at Molly Reilly's door,
And sobbed till midnight there.

And is it for himself she moans,
Who is so far away?
Or is it Molly Reilly's death
She cries until the day?

Now Molly thinks her man is gone
A sailor lad to be;
She puts a candle at her door
Each night for him to see.

But he is off to Galway town
(And who dare tell her this?),
Enchanted by a woman's eyes,
Half maddened by her kiss.

So as we go by Molly's door
We look towards the sea.
And say, "May God bring home your lad,
Wherever he may be".

I pray it may be Molly's self
The banshee keens and cries,
For who dare breathe the tale to her,
Be it her man who dies?

But there is sorrow on the way,
For I to-night have seen
A banshee in the shadow pass
Along the dark boreen.

THE PRIEST'S BROTHER.

Thrice in the night the priest arose
From broken sleep to kneel and pray.
"Hush, poor ghost, till the red cock crows,
And I a mass for your soul may say."

Thrice he went to the chamber cold,
Where, stiff and still uncoffinèd,
His brother lay, his beads he told,
And, "Rest, poor spirit, rest," he said.

Thrice lay the old priest down to sleep
Before the morning bell should toll;
But still he heard—and woke to weep—
The crying of his brother's soul.

All through the dark, till dawn was pale,
The priest tossed in his misery,
With muffled ears to hide the wail,
The voice of that ghost's agony.

At last the red cock flaps his wings
To trumpet of a day new-born;
The lark, awaking, soaring sings
Into the bosom of the morn.

The priest before the altar stands,
He hears the spirit call for peace;
He beats his breast with shaking hands.
"O Father, grant this soul's release.

"Most Just and Merciful, set free
From Purgatory's awful night
This sinner's soul, to fly to Thee,
And rest for ever in Thy sight."

The mass is over—still the clerk
Kneels pallid in the morning glow.
He said, "From evils of the dark
Oh, bless me, father, ere you go.

"Benediction, that I may rest,
For all night did the banshee weep."
The priest raised up his hands and blest—
"Go now, my child, and you will sleep."

The priest went down the vestry stair,
He laid his vestments in their place,
And turned—a pale ghost met him there,
With beads of pain upon his face.

"Brother," he said, "you have gained me peace,
But why so long did you know my tears,
And say no mass for my soul's release,
To save the torture of all those years?"

"God rest you, brother," the good priest said,
"No years have passed—but a single night."
He showed the body uncoffinèd,
And the six wax candles still alight.

The living flowers on the dead man's breast
Blew out a perfume, sweet and strong.
The spirit paused ere he passed to rest—
"God save your soul from a night so long."

CEAN DUV DEELISH.

Cean duv deelish, beside the sea,
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering hoar,
Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv deelish, I cry to thee
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden from the beat
Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
Thy dear black head?

Cean duv deelish, 'tis hard to pray
With breaking heart, from day to day,
And no reply;
When the passionate challenge of sky is cast
In the teeth of the sea, and an angry blast
Goes by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee
And lashing wind.
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
And lips so kind?

I not to know. It is hard to pray,
But I shall for this woman from day to day,
"Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea".
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!

ELEANOR HULL.

[Eleanor Hull is the daughter of Professor Edward Hull, who from 1870 to 1890 was Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland. She was born in Manchester, and, like many enthusiastic Irish men and women, is of English descent. Miss Hull has the true student temperament, and herself discovered the way to those studies in Irish romantic history in which she delights, and in which she is so distinguished. Miss Hull is a busy member of the London Irish Literary Society, whose affairs she has from the beginning helped to direct. She is co-secretary of the Irish Texts Society. The following extract is from her Introduction to *The Cuchullin Saga*, published by Mr. Alfred Nutt in 1889.]

LITERARY QUALITIES OF THE SAGA.¹

(FROM "THE CUCHULLIN SAGA".)

A recent American essayist, Mr. Godkin, has said that "no country retains the hearty affection of its educated classes which does not feed their imagination". Patriotism, that is to say, does not rest to any degree upon a natural pride in the physical beauty of the country that gave us birth, nor yet on a legitimate satisfaction in its commercial or industrial prosperity; it rests upon what we may call the historic imagination. It connects itself with certain events in the past history of our country, or with occurrences, sometimes of a semi-legendary character, that have stamped themselves upon the mind of the nation in a series of vivid mental pictures, and have fostered a just pride in the deeds and epochs of their forefathers.

Countries that have their history still to make, or that have risen rapidly to greatness by colonization from outside, without any background of romantic legend or heroic action, are lacking in the first elements that call a pure and elevated patriotism into existence. The memory of great deeds; the slow growth of ideas, expressed either in literature or in the constitution of the country; the mysterious and always attractive twilight of romance, out of which a nation

has emerged into the broad daylight of historic life: all these are wanting. The consciousness of a greatness rooted firmly in the past is gone.

The history and literature of Ireland should, perhaps in a greater degree than that of any other country, feed and stimulate the love of her inhabitants. Her long and varied and pitiful story should draw to her the affection of her people; while of the imaginative creations of the poet and romanticist she has an almost unequalled wealth. There is hardly a bay, a plain, or hill in Ireland around which a romance, Pagan or Christian, has not woven some tale or legend. It was indeed a special pleasure of the early writers to throw across each spot a halo of invention. Many of the longer pieces of ancient Gaelic literature are composed entirely of the local traditions belonging to special districts. Such are the *Colloquy with the Ancients* and *The Dissenchas* tracts, which may be compared with *Kilhruch* and *Olwen* in Welsh literature; but even apart from these geographical collections of tales, there is no country in the world that has preserved so many legends connected with special places as Ireland has done. The tradition of these tales is fast being lost among the people; wherever politics and the newspaper enter, folk-lore dies out: naturally, too, wherever the English tongue has superseded the older speech in which the tales were handed down, their memory falls away. And as the recollections of the great names and great deeds of her ancestors fades into a faint tradition, patriotism sinks into a mere pass-word of demagogues; as the old tales dwindle into folk-lore and are gradually forgotten, the light of fantasy is lost from the hills and plains of Ireland. To the traveller in Ireland the imaginative loss is grievous; to the Irish man and woman it is irreparable.

The sagas of Ireland, though they have not as yet taken their natural place beside the Epics of the Nibelungen, of Charlemagne, or of Arthur, will bear comparison in the scope and originality with any of these, and will add to them, moreover, some new elements.

The fact that Irish is, to a large extent, a dead language, has invested the literature

¹ By permission of the author.

enshrined in it with a lively interest for scholars. The old literature of Ireland is being rediscovered, and a host of philologists are devoting their best efforts to its elucidation. The moment is a critical one. Up to the present, with very few exceptions, the interest which it has inspired is purely linguistic and comparative. Antiquarians and philologists have used the material as a repository of ancient customs and a battlefield for linguistic contests. The time is fast approaching, however, when it must be considered in a quite different aspect, namely, as pure literature. The sagas of Ireland must be placed beside the sagas of the North and the epics of mediæval Europe, and their qualities and defects weighed together. Very interesting results are likely to be obtained, and much light will probably be thrown thereby on the literary connection of Ireland with other countries.

The isolation of Ireland from the great movements of European thought has been too much insisted upon. Although Ireland escaped the domination of Rome during the period of her early literary activity, and thus her literature remains as an almost solitary example of a Western culture developing along native lines and unchanged by Latin influence, yet at the later period, during which her mediæval bardic output was being gathered together and written down, Ireland, so far from occupying an isolated position, was in intimate relationship not only with England, but with Northern, Western, and Central Europe. Her intellectual intercourse extended, not to the schools of England, France, and Italy only, but through her monasteries to Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and a constant intercommunication was kept up between these foreign establishments and the mother-country. In all these countries we find to-day traces of Irish learning and Irish art. Even Spain shows signs of Irish influence, while the long centuries of association with Scandinavia left deep traces upon the national life and the national literature of both countries. It was during this epoch of great outward activity and movements towards foreign countries that we may surmise the great mass of Irish pagan romance to have undergone the process of moulding into its final form, and it is impossible to suppose that some modifications were not introduced into it from its contact with foreign romance and foreign methods of thought. These modifications, though com-

paratively slight, have to be taken into account in any examination of Irish pagan romance, and the frequency or rarity with which we meet with ideas foreign to the Irish mind and imagination may help to determine both the age of the particular version of any tale we are examining and the measure of its popularity. Those stories that were universal favourites, and therefore frequently repeated, will naturally show a greater assimilation of foreign ideas than those which fell out of popular favour. It is to these latter tales that we must look to find the Irish imagination in its pure and native form, untouched by outside influences.

Equally important is it for us to remember that, though most of the tales of the Cuchullin Saga, if not all of them, bear marks of a pre-Christian origin, yet they come down to us transcribed by monkish hands and preserved in monastic libraries. The early monasteries were the storehouses of the literary life of the nation; monks and saints were the copyists and compilers. The *Leabhar na h'Uidhre*, or "Book of the Dun Cow" (so-called from the parchment on which it was inscribed), the oldest existing book in which tales of the Cuchullin Saga have been preserved, was begun and partly, at least, arranged and written out by a religious of the monastery or "family" of Clonmacnois. The *Book of Leinster* was transcribed by Finn MacGorman, Bishop of Kildare. It is of immense interest to find that while the monks naturally gave a large place in their work to the lives of saints and to religious literature, they felt it their duty to preserve and transmit with equal care, not only the historical and genealogical records of their native country, but also the great body of Pagan romance that they heard recited and sung around them. There appears to have been no moment of decisive break between the bardic and Christian systems, and in all matters that concerned the literature and laws of their country, brehons and monks laboured side by side. The monks seem to have set themselves in many ways to carry on the system of the bards, and it appears certain that, so far from feeling any fanatic hatred against the old Pagan romance literature, they desired to incorporate such of its ideas as they could assimilate with those of Christianity into their own teaching. They did this consciously, in the same manner and of the same set purpose as that which led St. Patrick to adopt the Pagan festivals and

associate them with Christian events. Thus we find it is St. Ciaran, one of the most noted saints of Ireland, who, at the tomb of Fergus MacRoich, writes down the epic of the Tain Bo Cuailgne; Mongan comes back "from the flock-abounding Land of Promise" in the unseen world to converse with Colum Cille. It is to St. Patrick that Ossian details the adventures of his compeers; and, in every case, although the saint is represented as denouncing the fierceness and Pagan beliefs of the old heroes, he listens with eagerness to the recital of their deeds. Once more, it is St. Patrick who calls up before the Pagan monarch of Tara the vision of Cuchullin in his chariot, and this for the express purpose of persuading King Laegaire of the truth of Christianity.

This frequent association of Pagan and Christian personages and ideas is not without meaning; it shows that not only no strong prejudice existed against the ancient literature, but, on the contrary, that a curiosity and an appetite was felt with regard to it; and a desire was experienced, so far as was possible, to reconcile the two systems. For the finer among the Cuchullin stories and those of independent origin, such as the *Voyage of Maelduin*, the *Bruidhen da Derga*, &c., they seem to have had a regard that led to the careful preservation of them; nor is there in these tales any trace of the contentious wrangling between the opposed systems of belief that is found in many of the Ossianic poems. Such stories as that of the conjuring up of Cuchullin's chariot before Laegaire, to which we have referred above, point to a special reverence for the earlier hero, such as is not displayed towards Finn and his champions.

Nevertheless, the passage of the legends

through monkish hands was not without an effect upon the final form in which the tales have come down to us; clerical handling has denuded the old romances of some of their Pagan characteristics, and has modified certain features inconsistent with the later teaching. Christian interpolations have been added, and in some instances Pagan and Christian epochs have been synchronized.

Bearing in mind the two causes of modification, the influence of foreign intercourse, and the influence of Christian reaction, the changes that have taken place in the tales of the Cuchullin cycle may roughly be classed as follows: First, changes due to deliberate interpolation; secondly, changes due to deliberate suppression; thirdly, alterations brought about through the ignorance or carelessness of copyists; and finally, those that have arisen through the assimilation of foreign ideas, or through the desire to glorify the hero by comparison with classical champions or the heroes of other nations.

In considering the variations due to deliberate interpolation, it is well to be on our guard against the error of supposing that the longer form in which any story has come down to us is of necessity the latest. Though in the larger number of instances it is undoubtedly the case that the story has been adorned and expanded by the poetic fancy of the bards through whose hands it has passed; though frequently it has gathered accretions from foreign and classic sources, and though descriptions of dress and general appearance were likely to be lengthened as time went on, we have to set against all this the consideration that many of the tales, as we have them, are mere outlines, to be filled up by improvised description at the time of recitation.

RICHARD ASHE KING.

[Richard Ashe King is the son of the late Dr. King, headmaster of Ennis College. He was educated at his father's school and at Trinity College, Dublin. He entered the Church, and eventually became vicar of Low Moor, Bradford. About 1878 he retired from active work in the Church, and turned his attention to literary matters. His first novel, *Love, the Debt*, ran in the *Cornhill Magazine* under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen.

That was a story of English life; but his next, *The Wearing of the Green*, which appeared serially in *Belgravia* before being published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, sufficiently showed his national leanings. These were followed by several other novels—*A Drawn Game*, *A Coquette's Conquest*, *A Geraldine*, and many others. His *Life of Swift* is so fresh and picturesque a piece of biography that we quote from it rather than from the novels.

Mr. King has distinguished himself further as a lecturer. The extract is given by his kind permission.]

STELLA AND VANESSA.

(FROM "THE LIFE OF DEAN SWIFT".)

When Swift was about thirty years of age he wrote down a memorandum of resolutions headed:—"When I come to be old"—which was found in his desk after his death. In his desk after death was found also a scrap of paper enclosing a lock of hair with an inscription which might have been written in "the ruddy drops that visited his sad heart"—"Only a Woman's Hair". Is there not the connection between this inscription and the fifth of these old-age resolutions that there is between the epilogue and the prologue of a tragedy? This fifth resolution runs thus: "Not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly". How short-sighted the recoil of some of Swift's biographers from this resolution as inhuman! It is human as Hamlet's wild and whirling indictment of Ophelia for inspiring him with love. All the other resolutions are against weaknesses he felt or feared. Is this the sole exception? Surely he would need to make no resolution against a natural antipathy? I have myself no doubt that this resolution, which comes in so incongruously among the rest, was suggested, not indeed by what he feared in the future, but by what he felt in the present—the fatal hold Esther Johnson in her childhood and through her childishness had taken on his heart. Esther, the elder of two daughters of the widow of a confidential servant of Sir William Temple's, was eight years of age when Swift first came to reside in the same household with her. Swift undertook her education, and found her an apt, a winning, and an adoring pupil. A proud man's love is always drawn out by the benefits he confers rather than by those he receives, and Swift of all men must have found the relief immense at Moor Park to play for some hours daily the part of an adored patron in place of that of a slighted dependant. Again, Swift, the most masterful of men, made always that oriental submissiveness exacted from childhood a preliminary and indispensable condition—with the sex—of his friendship. The rules ordaining this and other oriental observances, which he formulated in

jest, he insisted on seriously, with the result which might be expected—the adoration of the sex

"That seeks to find in those they love,
Stern strength and promise of control".

Now Stella's submissiveness, dating from childhood, was naturally childlike to the close of her life. Her worship of Swift was also childlike in its implicitness, while it ripened with years into a woman's passion; and this devotion he returned with a love as tender and intense as a man ever felt for a woman. I do not envy the man who is untouched by the infantile prattle of *The Journal to Stella*—written in the intervals of his dictating the policy of England at home and abroad—or who is unmoved by the white-hot agony of his anxiety during her illness or of his anguish after her death. Yet he marries her—if indeed he married her at all—only late in life, and then only in form. Why? This is what is called "the mystery" of his life, which the ingenuity of a host of biographers has been taxed to explain. Some account for it by the suggestion that Swift and Stella were brother and sister—illegitimate children of Sir William Temple's by different mothers—a suggestion which hardly needed the demonstrative evidence that has been adduced to disprove it; since the mere marriage form itself seems to me to disprove it. If one must needs find a mystery in Swift's life, then there is one infinitely more unaccountable to readers of *A Tale of a Tub* than his merely formal marriage to Stella—the mystery of his sincere and supreme faith in the Church of England. That a man who saw everything with so piercing an eye and in so fierce a light as Swift did, could not see that in *A Tale of a Tub* he had dug the foundations of his Church away, is to me far and away the most inexplicable mystery of his life. However, there is no doubt at all that he did really and entirely believe in his Church; and to such a believer it would have seemed sacrilege to go through the form of an incestuous marriage.

But this discredited theory has been displaced in later biographies by another no less unwarrantable—Swift's constitutional incapacity of love. But how is this theory reconcilable with his Leicester flirtations in general, and specially that with Miss Betty Jones, which so alarmed his mother, who probably knew something of his temperament? How is it reconcilable with the

vehement passion of his proposal to Miss Waring ("Varina")? Or how even with his original intention to marry Stella the moment he was in a position to maintain a wife? What less than such an intention do these words, coming from a man so scrupulously sincere as Swift, express? "I beg you to be easy," he writes from London to her; "I beg you to be easy till fortune takes her course, and to believe that your felicity is the great goal I aim at in all my pursuits."

If Swift might have married Betty Jones, would have married "Varina", and meant to marry Stella, I think this second theory can be accepted only in default and in despair of any other adequate explanation.

But surely we have an adequate explanation in the two horrors which haunted Swift's life—horror of poverty and dependence in his youth, and horror of impending madness in his manhood? Over and over again he inveighs against the weakness and wickedness of improvident marriages. Here is a Swiftian parable wherewith he poured in oil and wine into the wounds of a hapless curate, who had made such a marriage:—"When I was a school-boy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy, lean horse out of the town to kill him for his skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to do, upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of his hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my school-fellows, and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired, and lay down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after upon the spot, gave me some relief." I ought to add that when the curate, with tears, admitted that this romantic parable fitted every circumstance of his case, Swift interested himself successfully to procure his promotion.

When, however, Swift had himself obtained such promotion as would have enabled him to maintain a wife in comfort, he had become haunted with the spectre of a more frightful presentiment. It was not often that Swift disclosed his deepest feelings even to his dearest friends, and it must have been the

overpowering pressure of this horror which impelled him to open his heart to its blackest depth one day to Young, the poet: "I shall die at the top, like that tree!" His uncle, Godwin, had died so, and there must, I think, have been a brooding consciousness in his mind that the nickname of "mad parson" by which he was known both in London and in Ireland in his youth, was not given without ground. But chiefly the increase in the violence of the attacks of the congenital disease, *Labyrinthine Vertigo*, which caused not only dizziness and deafness, but intolerable agony, and those epileptic seizures which did at last produce paralysis of the brain, warned Swift of his ever-impending doom. Hence this cry of despair to Young; hence his setting aside a third of his income to the sympathetic object of founding an asylum after his death; and hence also, I have no doubt at all, his horror of any marriage not purely formal.

As for the other factitious mystery of his life, his relations to Vanessa, it is precisely as mysterious as Desdemona's love for Othello. If ever there was "a round unvarnished tale delivered" of the whole course of a matter of the kind, it is told in *Cadenus and Vanessa*; and this tale, remember, was not only written solely for Vanessa's eye, but was published solely by Vanessa's vindictive wish. Therefore it is as certain as anything well can be that Swift in *Cadenus and Vanessa* has extenuated nothing against himself, and has set down naught in malice against Vanessa. On the contrary, every line of the poem shows—as it naturally and almost necessarily would show, since it was written for her sole reading—a wish to save her self-respect by explaining or extenuating her passionate advances. She makes these advances because—

"Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use:
That virtue, pleased by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not designed
Directors to a noble mind".

On the other hand, she had misread Swift's feelings:—

"That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy".

And she had misread his temperament:—

“Her scholar is not apt to learn:
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance”.

If this account of their relations had been written by Swift for publication, or if it had been posthumously published by his executors, something might be said for the charge that it is inaccurate, or imperfect, or unfair to Vanessa; but as Vanessa alone was meant to see it, and as she alone was responsible for its publication, it cannot be suspected of vindicating him unchivalrously at her expense.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY M'CARTHY.

[Justin Huntley McCarthy is the son of the distinguished historian and novelist. When quite a boy he began writing in *Belgravia*, contributing to that magazine some exceedingly clever stories at the expense of the æsthetic movement of the later seventies and early eighties. He was educated at University College School and University College, London. He was in Parliament from 1884 to 1892. Mr. McCarthy is a successful novelist and playwright, and has done some serious work as a historian. His books include, in verse, *Serapion*, *Hafiz in London*, and *Harlequinade*; in fiction, *Dolly*, *Doom*, *Lily Lass*, *A London Legend*, *The Royal Christopher*. He has translated *Omar Khayyam*, *Hafiz*, and *The Thousand and One Nights*, and is the author of many successful plays, including *The Candidate* and *If I were King*. The extract is given by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

IN THE HOUSE.

(FROM “A LONDON LEGEND”.)

When the providential door had closed behind Swift he found himself in total darkness. He had slipped into a crouching attitude, and kept so, huddled against the door, while he tried with strained ears to distinguish between the tumult of pursuit and the beatings of his own heart. How long he lay so he did not know; it seemed a long time, but it was probably only a few seconds—time enough for his throbbing pulses to grow tranquil—time enough to

assure himself that the chase had indeed passed by, and that the quarry had found shelter.

Found shelter indeed. So much was certain, but the question now came, Where had he found shelter? What was the asylum that had so readily welcomed him, which had afforded such unexpected sanctuary to the fugitive? He rose, pressing with his hands for support against the door, to his feet. He could see nothing; the darkness which enveloped him was complete, a darkness to which his eyes did not grow accustomed. But his sense of hearing, quickened by the predicament, seemed to catch some sounds in his neighbourhood, faint, stealthy sounds which stirred his attention for an instant and then dwindled into silence.

Swift felt in his pocket for his match-box. When he found it, it slipped from his fingers as he fumbled to open it, and he heard it fall sharply at his feet. He stooped down cautiously, and after a second of search put his hand upon it. Holding it firmly this time, he rose up, and, taking out a match, struck a light.

For a second or two he saw nothing, while the light flickered and wavered—nothing but the fact that he was in a narrow, commonplace hall of the familiar suburban kind, papered with the familiar cheap paper, stained to misrepresent marble, and dirty with the familiar dirt. With the rapidity of thought Swift had classified the place as belonging to a type of dismal lodging-house, with which he was not unacquainted, and had smiled at the classification before the match between his fingers had burned up into a steady flame. But in a moment it had done

so, and he held it straight before him in order to discern by that faint torch what the rest of his haven was like.

What he saw seemed so terrible, that as he saw it he gave a wild scream; the match dropped from his fingers, burying him once again in darkness, and he reeled in an agony of alarm back against the door.

There he rested, panting. His breath seemed as if it would choke him, his heart had swollen again till it seemed as if it must burst forth from his body. Swift was a courageous man, but he leaned there in an agony of terror, while his thoughts recalled to him tumultuously the sight he had just seen.

That brief illumination had shown to him at the first flash the dingy kind of hall or passage in which he stood. As the tiny light grew stronger he saw that the passage ended a few feet from him in a flight of stairs which went straight up to a resting-place, and then seemed to turn sharply back and continue its ascent to the upper part of the house. Even in the short glance that Swift had given at all this he had noted, with the quickness of such impressions, that the stairway, with its narrow, coarse, and worn, and faded stair-carpet, was of a piece with the dingy passage that led to it. But at the same moment he saw something so startling, so unexpected, that sheer panic had conquered him.

For the place appeared to his startled senses to be alive with snakes. Down the length of the first flight of stairs a huge serpent stretched itself and lifted its evil head to gaze at the light. Smaller snakes were coiled up on almost every step, while from between the railings of the balustrade above boa-constrictors hung, their shining, scaly bodies looped and festooned between the bars of that dingy stairway as he had so often seen them in pictures looped and festooned from the giant branches of some tropical forest. For one instant of intense anguish he saw all this, saw a quantity of eyes shining like jewels as all the creatures turned their heads towards the intruder and the light, and then the light fell, and Swift stood in the choking darkness, frenzied with horror, frenzied with fear.

What was he to do—what was he to do? he seemed to keep asking himself. In the confusion of his senses he found himself wondering if he had indeed seen what he thought he had seen, or if his overstrained nerves had played him some trick, giving

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fearful shapes to ordinary shadows in that dim place. Or had the seat of reason been upset altogether? All these thoughts came crowding desperately into his mind very much as a crowd pours into some public place at whose gates it has long waited, without order, every thought striving, as it were, to arrive first at the consciousness of its lord. A space of a single second seemed to choke with the conjectures of a lifetime. Yet in another second they all seemed to vanish and leave Swift helplessly alone with the damning certainty that he had seen what he had seen.

What was he to do—what was he to do? Into what horrible place had chance led him? He was, of course, wholly unarmed, save for the stick he carried, and what was such a weapon—what was any weapon—against the foes into whose ambush he had fallen? If he could but get away! He groped frantically for the handle of the door which had so insidiously shielded him from one danger only to leave him helpless before a danger surpassingly greater. He groped in vain. He could find no handle anywhere, could not even find any division-line in the smooth surface against which he leaned to show him where the outline of the door was. He felt that he was caught like a rat in a trap, that he would have to fight aimlessly, hopelessly, in the dark, during a few horrible moments, for a life that would soon be snatched away from him by terrible antagonists.

Though it was not three seconds since the moment when he had dropped the match, he felt as if he had stood there at bay for hours. The air seemed to be full of creeping movements. When would he feel the first touch? The agony of the thought thawed the silence into which fear had frozen him, and a cry broke from his lips. It sounded hollowly, but it served to break the spell which had fallen upon him. Desperate, he would at least do all he could. In the darkness his voice rang out again and yet again, shrieking for help. And immediately help came.

A gleam of light flashed in the upper part of the house, a gleam which increased into a glow as someone descended the higher flight carrying a lamp. He could scarcely hear the softly-falling footsteps, but he could hear that some human voice was gently humming or half-singing a strange tune. By the flicker of the descending light Swift seemed to see fine, undulating shadows disappearing in its direction, but when the

light became more pronounced, there was no sign of the creatures whose aspect had palsied his energies.

Breathing hard, he stared at the patch of light upon the wall as it came slowly down. The croon of the strange song ceased. A voice called out from above: "Who is there?" and Swift tried to answer, but once again silence had gripped him, and he twitched his lips uselessly.

"Who is there?" said the voice again, and Swift saw standing on the landing above him the figure of a man holding a lamp and trying by its aid to make out who was in the hall. He found his voice again with an effort and gasped out another cry for help. Then the strain and the relief together proved too much for him, and with a sob he dropped in a dead faint on the floor.

When Swift recovered his senses he found himself still in the hall, but he was propped up against the wall, and his forehead and hair were wet with water. The place was sufficiently lit now by a gas-jet, whose naked flame betrayed all the dinginess of the place, but revealed no sign of the reptiles that had caused Swift such terror. A man stood before him, looking down upon him—the man with the lamp. The lamp had disappeared. Swift's eyes, wandering wearily in search of the monsters that had conquered him, noticed unconsciously all the details—the soiled paper, the worn carpet, the globeless gas-jet, the basin of water by his side, with the towel that lay steeped in it. Then Swift turned his gaze feebly up to the man, and looked at him as he tried to utter some words of thanks.

The man was rather short and extremely thin, and the colour of his skin was brown, almost like mahogany. In curious contrast to the hue of his complexion, his hair was of a gray that was almost entirely white, and his long thin beard and long moustaches were of the same colour. His eyes were very bright and keen, but their brightness and keenness painfully suggested the eyes of snakes to Swift, and he shuddered. The man, who was watching him, noted the involuntary gesture. He stooped down, holding the light so as to get it full on Swift's face, and peered curiously at him. Swift felt his own lids droop under that scrutiny. After a few seconds the man rose to his feet again, and as he did so he spoke.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked.

His voice was clear and sharp and imperious. It did not seem to Swift to be an English voice, but a foreign voice tempered by that peculiar accent which generally accompanies a command of, and practice in, many tongues.

Swift struggled to sit up a little. His head was aching, and he felt dazed and queer. He tried to speak, but speech seemed reluctant to obey him. At length he got the words out.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

The man bent down closer to him, and laid his hands lightly on his shoulders.

"You are in my poor house," he said. "Don't you think you could manage to get up now?"

Though the touch of his hands was very soft, it suggested strength. The fingers closed firmly on Swift's shoulders, and strength seemed to pass from them into Swift's body. The hands seemed to lift him up. He got to his feet, and leaned against the wall. The man took his hands away, and Swift again felt faint, though not so faint as before.

"If you could come upstairs," said Swift's unexpected host, "you could lie down on the sofa for a bit. Come, lean on me, and we'll see if it can't be managed."

He slipped his arm under Swift's, and once again Swift experienced a renewal of vitality.

Though the man looked small and fragile compared with Swift, Swift perceived that now at least the man was stronger than he. Leaning heavily upon the offered arm, he moved slowly to the stairs. Then the ugly memory came back to him, and he stopped and shivered.

"The snakes!" he whispered.

His companion shrugged his shoulders.

"The snakes are all right; they won't harm you. Poor beasts! In any case, they have gone. Come with me."

The sound of the man's voice, the touch of the man's hand, had a tranquillizing effect upon Swift. Without further protest, he suffered himself to be led—almost to be lifted—up the narrow flight of stairs. He was well enough to wonder at the astonishing strength of his host, who supported Swift's weight with ease. Indeed, it seemed to Swift that, if the stranger had chosen, he could have taken him in his arms, big as he was, and carried him up the stairs like a baby.

When they got to the top of the stairs the man pushed open a door, and, still sustaining

Swift, led him into a large room. There was a sofa at the end of the room, by a window. So much Swift was able to notice, and no more. The exertion of getting up the stairs had taxed him severely. He reeled and would have fallen if he had not been caught in the embrace of his companion. He had fainted again.

This time, however, he recovered consciousness very soon, to find himself lying on the sofa, and to feel a current of cool air upon his face. His host was standing before him with a glass in his hand, that was full of a yellow fluid that gleamed like gold in the evening light.

"Drink," said his host, placing the edge of the glass to Swift's lips.

Swift raised himself on his elbow and drank. The drink seemed to be a kind of wine, but wine of a kind that Swift had never tasted before. It was strong, and it was sweet, and it seemed to send a new life tingling through all the pulses of his body; to give a new strength to his mind, a new firmness to his nerves. As soon as he had drained the glass he struggled to a sitting posture on the sofa and looked about him.

The room in which Swift found himself was certainly remarkable. For a moment he wondered if he was still awake—if he had not slipped into some dream of the Arabian Nights. For the room was an Oriental room, a room that might have been in Damascus or Bagdad. Outside its walls should be the yellow desert or the yellow Tigris, not the squalid London streets, not the dinginess of Camden Town. A divan ran around the room, a divan of rich dark stuff. Upon that divan Swift was now resting. The window above his head was closely latticed with Arabian woodwork; one division of it was unlatched and open, letting in the cold air and the waning light. On a low table a small lamp burned, shedding a faint gleam upon an open manuscript covered with Oriental characters. By the faint light Swift could see that the walls were hung with curtains dyed and patterned in the Arabian fashion, and that many were richly embroidered with the curving and interlacing inscriptions of Eastern writing in great gold

characters. In one corner shone a confusion of things of price—weapons, stuffs, jars, bottles, vases, and plates in precious porcelain, in scarcely less precious bronze.

Swift's wondering gaze returned from the room to its owner, whose dress, as he now noted, had something of the Oriental character about it. The man's grave, bronzed face looked down at Swift with not unkindly interest.

"Are you Sinbad the Sailor?" Swift asked.

The man smiled.

"Perhaps I am a child of his tribe," he answered. "But this is not Bagdad—this is only London."

Swift had undergone too many surprises to feel any further surprise at the facility with which the man seemed to read his thoughts. He merely accepted it, as at that moment he would have accepted any marvel that came about. The commonplace course of events had been so strangely altered that day that the improbable, the unexpected, became portion and parcel of existence.

With a slight effort he sat more erectly on the sofa, and stared with quickened curiosity at his surroundings. The golden liquor that he had drunk had tranquillized his nerves and stiffened his sinews, and he felt that he was in a great degree himself again. His eyes returned from the room to its master, and Swift felt that he must question him.

"The snakes," he said again. "There were snakes?"

His host smiled.

"Oh yes!" he answered. "There certainly were snakes. But they are quite tame. You shall see them if you will. I have but to call on this whistle and they will answer my summons."

As he spoke he held up a little silver whistle that he wore round his neck on a chain.

Swift shook his head.

"No, thank you. I am not curious. One such sight was enough for me—at present," he added somewhat hurriedly, as if too ostentatious a dislike to the horrible pets might pain or irritate the mysterious being in whose power for the moment he seemed to be.

FRANCES MARCELLA (ATTIE) O'BRIEN.

BORN 1840—DIED 1883.

[Miss O'Brien was born at Peafield, near Ennis, County Clare, on the 24th of June, 1840. Most of her time was spent at Kildysart, in her aunt's house, and of her life there is little to tell. She worked at her stories and poems, and lived in peace and love with all about her, gentle and simple. She died in Dublin, in April, 1883. Miss O'Brien contributed stories to various Dublin newspapers, and to the *Irish Monthly*, and her poems are scattered up and down many periodicals. A *Book of Memories* of her was published after her death by Mrs. M. J. O'Connell. In it we get beautiful glimpses of a delicate, warm-hearted, gentle personality with intellectual and imaginative gifts which, but for her constant weakness of health, would have carried her far.]

MRS. GLYNN ON MARRIAGE.

(FROM "THE CARADASSAN FAMILY".)

"A bright morning to you, Mr. Gerald," said Mary Glynn. "I'm becomin' one of the quality, you see, and came to return your honour's visit."

"You are as welcome as May flowers, Mary," he answered. "I always knew you had the decent drop in you. Sit down and tell me the news."

"Sorra word of news I have then," said Mary. "And 'twasn't gossip brought me, but I wanted to have a word with your honour, an' nobody by."

"Now is your time, Mary," said Gerald; "so tell me if I can do anything for you."

"Why, then, 'tisn't about myself entirely," said Mary; "an' I hope you won't take offence at anything I say. I'm an ignorant ould woman, and not over smooth in my tongue."

"Why, Mary, what a preamble!" said Gerald. "Hadn't you always the privilege of saying what you like to us, one of our best old friends? Never funk now, but fire away."

"Well, thin," said she, "not to be batin'

about the bush, I heard talk of the family bein' in throuble, an' I stepped to tell your honour a couple of things that was in my mind."

"Well, there is a little trouble, Mary, sure enough, but we will pull through it, please God."

"An' is it true, Mr. Gerald, that there's talk of selling the mountainy farm?"

"It is true, Mary. I fear we can't save it; 'tis mortgaged for more than 'tis worth."

"Iyeh," said Mary, "I don't like the notion of sellin' the bit of land at all; 'tisn't aisy to get it back wanst you let it slip between your fingers. If wan could hould on, an' not to get the name of wantin' to part with it till Miss Letty was married."

"Why, Mary, there is nothing certain about that yet," said Gerald.

"Wisha, isn't that a quare way!" said Mary, "an' he afther her so long. Begor, I would not like any boy to be philandering that way afther my little girl. I'd like he'd up and spake his mind at once and drop his andhromartins."

"Why, Mary," said Gerald, laughing, "wouldn't you give them time to fall in love?"

"Iyeh, love," said Mary, "I never seen people falling in love, but some miaw came across them. They'd be too poor, or too sickly, or have no gettings of wan another, and there they are, ochonin' and moanin', regular moravawns on your hands."

"They aren't always disappointed," said Gerald. "I know lots of people married for love."

"Faith and so do I," said Mary, "and sore and sorry they are for it. Look at Jack Magrath's daughter."

"Why, what of her?" said Gerald. "What happened her?"

"Love, agra; *that* happened her," said Mary. "A sprisaun of a baker took a fancy to her, an' she a fine bouncin' girl, the full of a dure; an', iyeh, you'd think he'd die. He was like wan out of his sinuses. What wouldn't he do? He'd play away with himself, moryah. He'd go straight ahead to the ould boy. The ape of a girl gave ear to him at last, an' to make a long story short, they

¹ By kind permission of the author's literary executors.

went to the priest an' got married. Well an' good. They warn't very long man and wife when he begins to sing a different tune, and begannies, she couldn't look crooked but he'd up and bate her. Jealousy, my dear, and a drop of drink. One day she goes over west to her uncle's, and she tells him, word for word, of the thratement she was gettin' from the bochal. He listened on to her without sayin' wan word, an' then he looks up at her, taking the pipe out of his mouth. 'Wisha, you great big onsha,' says he, 'you aren't worth feedin',' says he, 'an' to let the likes of that little cahirneen get the upper hand of you.' She never made him wan word of an answer, but turned out the dure; an' the very next time my little gentleman riz his hand to her, didn't she take him be the middle an' knock him on the flat of his back on the flure. 'Fight your match,' says she, 'and pass me in future.' My hand an' word to you, he didn't thry it again. There's your love for you, Mr. Gerald—'tis only all vanity and cracktness."

Gerald laughed loud and long. "But what's to be done, Mary?" said he. "There is no use talking to them."

"Talkin'!" said Mary; "you might as well be talkin' to the wind. The devil so headstrong a person you ever met within the walls of the world as wan that takes a notion

that way. Rhyme nor reason they won't listen to, only to folly their own figarey. They'll plaze themselves; and, mavroon, 'tis themselves they plaze, an' not each other, in the long run."

"How did you manage your own business, Mary?" said Gerald, intensely amused.

"I married first," said she, "an' I loved afther. I never laid my eyes on Patsy Glynn till I seen him fornint me at the altar; an', if I did, I couldn't mislike him. A likelier or claner-skinned boy wouldn't be met in the barony. I was a likely colleen myself then, Mr. Gerald; but anyway, we was married, an' lived our thirty years together, content and pacable. If we had our share of throuble it never turned us bitter to one another. We never as much as gave each other the lie."

"And were you very fond of him after, Mary?"

"Ah, see was I!" she answered. "An' a good right I had. The like of him wasn't at fair or market. Who'd go before him with scythe or sickle, or dance him down in a hornpipe? Many's the time we took the dure off the jam' for him, an' he'd rise your heart to hear the sound he'd knock out of it. The light of heaven to his soul!"

"Well, Mary," said Gerald, laughing, "I hope I'll come off as luckily."

GRACE RHYS.

[Mrs. Rhys was born at Knoekadoo, Boyle, County Roscommon, on the 12th of July, 1865. She is the youngest daughter of J. Bennett Little, and married in 1891 Ernest Rhys, a poet of great charm and distinction. She has edited *Cradle Songs* (Canterbury Poets), and The Banbury Cross Series, for children, published by Mr. Dent in twelve volumes. In 1898 appeared her first novel, *Mary Dominic*, also published by Mr. Dent, a book not only of remarkable promise but of remarkable performance as well. *The Wooing of Sheila*, her second novel, has more than fulfilled the promise of her first. Her novels deal with Irish life, which she knows so well, and are written with sympathetic insight, tenderness, and tragic power. They were received with a chorus of praise from the best critics.]

AFTER MANY DAYS.¹

(FROM "MARY DOMINIC".)

Strange as it may seem, Mary had never before approached the Abbey by the front avenue. As she now stood still, her feet on unfamiliar ground, a chill of fear at the strange and, to her eyes, awful aspect of the great house struck through her panting excitement.

The drive went sweeping away to the right to turn the ascent, while directly in front of her, across the smooth lawn, two short stairs of shining white stone led from terrace to terrace up to the great arched door.

¹ By kind permission of the author and publisher.

At the foot of the first stair Mary paused and looked, trembling, up at the house, daunted by its forlorn and repellent air. The hall door stood plainly ajar, the long ranks of windows showed dead and black, here and there an open casement or broken pane allowed an undulating scarf of white curtain to drift through, seeming like the waved signal of a melancholy distress within.

The faint, dying daylight mingled coldly with the young rays of the rising moon. This double light seemed to be all absorbed by the white front of the house, which showed more pale than by day. Night had already descended upon the trees which grouped themselves about the mansion, all of darkness there was abroad being gathered into their heavy rounded outlines. Not a shade of their daylight greens might be discerned as they sighed and waved there like funeral emblems. Mary thought of the tales she had heard, and looked about in dread to see white shadows stealing over the terraces; the murdered monks crowding to look on the end of those who had fattened on the oppressor's wrong.

The wind rose in a whisper and passed through her loosened hair, and with steps that now crept trembling, Mary went up one white stair, and then another, and crossed the terrace to the open door. As she entered the wide hall she was startled by the noise made by her heavy shoes. She stooped in the obscurity and put them off, then threw her shawl aside. Once inside the house she knew her way. In dreams and in waking her spirit had walked it like a ghost for seventeen years—gone in and out of the rooms, wandered on the stairways, and looked forth from the windows. Noiselessly she crossed the hall and climbed the wide staircase, with its broad and shallow steps, and smelling strongly as she went the odour of spilt wine and brandy of which the house was full. Up she went and turned along the dusky corridor. The swing-door was closed. She pushed it open, it swung to behind her, and she stood in the lobby where three doors gaped on either side, and the faint light showed a strange sight. Heavy furniture was lying splintered and overturned, broken china lay under her feet, books were strewn about, showing fluttered leaves, as they had been pitched, and a strange mingled odour made the air heavy and impure.

Affrighted and trembling, Mary crept forward. She well remembered what room that third open door led to. She paused, sick with fear, at the threshold.

There was still light enough, cold and uncertain though it was, to distinguish the outline of the great bed, standing, as ever, near the centre of the room. Mary was instinctively aware of walls hung in tattered festoons, of a great shivered mirror sending back the wandering rays of moonlight from its pointed splinters, of an overturned table, and the heavy odour of drugs; but her eyes were fastened with horror on the great bed.

What was it she was to see lying there? She could make out nothing distinctly; the mattresses seemed to be half-turned over the floor. Then her eyes wandered towards the window, and her breath stopped for a moment; there was something there on the black floor. As she looked, her knees gave way, and she found herself sinking down. Angrily she gathered her strength, and rose up straight, and walked over towards the window. The moon had sailed up in the sky and showed a clearer light, though still a faint one; there, with obscurity for his only garment, lay the tall figure of a man stretched on the black floor. His face was looking upward, and one arm was cast out above his head; his emaciated but still shapely form shining dimly white and still.

With the hair of her head rising up in horror, Mary crept forward and touched a shoulder with one groping hand. To her warm fingers it was as cold as marble.

She wailed out and sank upon her knees. "Let me die, let me die now," she cried, "my bonny master that I've killed!"

She touched a ghostly hand timidly, and then with sudden energy. "He sha'n't lie dead like a dog there," she said aloud; "starved and frozen to his very soul."

Rapidly now she moved like a woman possessed; she searched in the dimness for a blanket, and found one near the door. Hurriedly, but with extreme gentleness, she stooped and wrapped the cold figure in it. Then going to the bed she quickly rearranged the great mattresses, lifting them as though they had been feather-weights. She found another blanket half-torn in two, and going down on her knees, wrapped it as well about the tall, motionless figure; then, passing her strong arm beneath it, she heaved it up with all her strength. Her sinews seemed to crack, but she staggered

from her knees to her feet, and bore her heavy burden to the bed. Once there, she quickly chafed the bare feet that seemed chill to the touch as blocks of unsunned stone, wrapped them afresh, and then swiftly guiding herself with groping hands, ran out through the lobby door, and went from room to room in search of fresh coverings. Everywhere the same scene of destruction and desolation. Quarter of an hour passed before she returned with a load of blankets and a heavy crimson quilt. The cold figure lay obediently where she had placed it, no warmth and no stir.

Carefully she spread the warm coverings she carried, and over all the crimson quilt. In agony she turned and ran down the wide stairs in her noiseless stocking feet, down the long passage, and into the great kitchen. The place was close, dark, and absolutely reeking with the fumes of wine, whisky, brandy, tobacco, and paraffin. A faint spark of red glowed in the huge fireplace. Mary tripped over a rustle of paper, caught it up, threw it between the bars, and after blowing gently on it for a moment held it up a flaming torch.

The long tables were strewn with an extraordinary medley of cups, bowls, tins, and basins; on the floor near the window lay heaps of bottles, and broken glass and china. At length she spied an old tarnished candlestick standing beside an overturned porcelain lamp. In a moment she lit the candle, and gazed about her on the strange scene.

Her mind was so possessed by one passionate idea that she hardly felt a thrill as she made out the shape of a woman huddled in a mass of clothes underneath one of the tables. Lifting the candle, Mary bent down to look at her; it was a pale woman with banded hair of iron-gray, in a heavy black silk dress, with her mouth wide open. She was evidently insensibly drunk, so Mary gave herself no further concern about her.

Among the random mass of utensils heaped upon the table Mary found at length a large bowl of delicate hand-painted china half-full of a dark liquid; this she examined and tasted; it was brandy. She put it on one side, and after testing the heat of the stove, in which an enormous fire had evidently been burning, she went into the butler's pantry, where the plate chests and cupboards stood open and gutted, and found two stone hot-water bottles. These she filled from the stove, and with them in the

skirt of her dress, the bowl of brandy and the lighted candle, she slowly made her way upstairs.

In a few moments she had put the hot bottles to the feet and side of the still cold figure, then with brandy she rubbed the brow, hands, and throat, and at length with difficulty forced some between the locked teeth.

Then, ceasing her efforts, she looked long and sorrowfully at the face on the pillow. There was pain in every line: in the thin cheeks, in the sharpened features, handsome still; the once black hair was gray now. Cold, stern, and angered, with tight-drawn lips, like a mask the face lay before her; and above it hung Mary's, still young and beautiful, and flushed with colour and emotion, with pity shining angelic in her eyes. Suddenly, with a low wail, she broke out into weeping, and casting an arm about him, she bowed her forehead down upon his. All the pent-up, frozen torrent of love, meant to expend itself in sweet words and happy kisses and the loving service of years, burst out, rending her soul and body.

"Oh, Hugh, alanna!" she cried, "centre of me heart, for God's sake let me have one kind look out of your eyes. Don't say you're takin' that face before the Almighty to witness against me; as I live, 'twas not I that spoke it!"

Despairingly she turned at last from the bedside, and began to step hither and thither about the room, quietly putting it in order. The overturned table she set up; she picked up the rubbish that encumbered the floor, and set all fair and straight. Seeing the remains of a fire in the grate, she set about lighting a fresh one, finding the materials close at hand. Soon the firelight was dancing merrily through the room, darting this way and that from the broken mirror, and leaping upwards from the polished black floor.

When all was done, Mary returned to gaze at the rigid face on the pillow. Turning back the blankets, she placed her ear against his heart. Could it be that in a minute or two she distinguished a faint irregular beating?

With desperate haste she fetched the brandy, and forced some down his throat with a spoon, and then with her warm rough hands chafed him from head to foot.

With an incredible ecstasy she thought she saw a slow change in the face. The hard

chiselled lines of pain seemed to be breaking up. Mary lifted him in her arms, held him to her warm breast, nursed him as a mother does her babe, and breathed upon his mouth.

"The Cross of Christ be about us!" she murmured. "He's coming to his life at last;" and she turned her pitiful gaze upon him, summoning him with her dark, anguished eyes back to life. Checking her own breathing to listen, she bent her ear down to his lips; a faint fluttering sigh came from them. Tears broke from her eyes as she redoubled her efforts; at last she softly laid him down and waited.

In a few moments, with a deep sigh, Latimer's eyes opened, and he saw Mary. They closed again, and then again looked at her, and he smiled. The solitary candle stood behind her, lighting the golden threads of her tossed hair into a halo around her head: her wet eyes shone like dark stars, and her face was flushed with pity as it hung above him.

After a minute or two he tried to speak.

"Mary," he whispered, "I remember dying very well."

Then his eyes wandered and closed, and he murmured something she did not understand:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis . . .?"

Mary gave him some spoonfuls of brandy, and he suddenly revived and whispered:

"Where are all those devils gone?"

"Gone away, gone away," sobbed Mary, "and I'm taking care of you."

He closed his eyes, but soon he spoke again.

"It all came true, Mary. Are you pleased now?"

"For God's sake don't think that of me," she said. "Oh, Hugh, I've carried you in me heart these years and years; me very thoughts have followed like a dog behind you! I've had no rest by day for thinking, and by night for dreams."

He smiled up at her, and she bent down and softly and timidly kissed his brow.

"Two deaths!" he murmured; "one in hell and one in heaven." Then, after a long pause: "Mary, lie down for once beside me, where you should have lain all these years."

Gently Mary lay down, and gently took the worn, helpless man into her warm arms. Neither spoke, but both felt that celestial peace that laps about the souls of those that have suffered, and, repenting of their sins, perfectly love and forgive.

As Latimer felt the soft protection of her breast, his fainting hand sought hers, and he half-turned himself to her; but the flickering life died down again, his dazed eyes closed, and his senses were rapt from him in a vague, peaceful dream.

Without a word they both slept, and for one there were no more earthly wakings.

EMILY HICKEY.

[Miss Hickey was born at Macmine Castle, County Wexford. She is the granddaughter of "Martin Doyle", who was well known as a writer on agricultural and such matters a generation or two ago in Ireland. Miss Hickey was co-founder with Dr. Furnivall of the Browning Society. She has published *A Sculptor and Other Poems* (1881); *Verse-Tales, Lyrics and Translations* (1889); *Michael Villiers, Idealist, and Other Poems* (1891); *Poems* (1895). For a conscientious reason she has withdrawn the three first volumes. A volume of her religious poems will show one of these days a great advance on those earlier pieces, which were full of the religion of humanity.]

THE BALLAD OF LADY ELLEN.¹

"Say, what ails you, daughter mine?
The flowers are springing fair and fine;

"Never a cloud in the sky so blue;
And the whole big world is glad but you.

"Call your page, and bid him bring
Your fair white horse, the gift of the king;

"Light as a bird that flies the air,
He'll bear you away from your brooding care."

"Nay, I prithee, Father, nay;
I will not ride my horse to-day."

¹ By kind permission of the author.

"Summon hither your bower-lady
With the voice as sweet as voice can be;

"And when she sings her goodly song,
Your trouble will not tarry long."

"Nay, my sire, no song for me:
I will not hear the sounds of glee.

"Aye and ever I hear them cry,
My kith-folk in their misery."

"Daughter, you cannot see the poor;
They are banned and barred from your father's
door.

"How should you know their wants and woes?"
"My soul hath eyes, and I see with those."

"Daughter, to-night shall a feast be spread,
Where the king's son shall be banqueted;

"High on the dais shall be your seat,
As for mine only heir is meet.

"Your maids must busk you royal fair,
With a golden circlet round your hair;

"And a stately robe of eramoisie,
Set with the fine lace daintily.

"Bid your ladies bring for you
The scented glove and the broidered shoe;

"Let fiery-hearted rubies deck
Your rose-white ears and lilled neck.

"And lest too bright your beauty shine,
Fling over all, fair daughter mine,

"A wimple of golden tissue free,
A faery mist from head to knee."

"O Father, what have I to do
With scented glove and broidered shoe?

"Lovely robe and precious gem,
What have I to do with them?

"All I had I have sold to give
Wherewith to bid the people live.

"How can I flaunt in rich array,
When the people sit in rags to-day?

"How can I taste of dainty meats
When the people have not what to eat?

"Father, Father, fair to own
Are the lands your father's fathers won;

"And the castle girt with the broad, deep moat,
Where a war-famed banner high doth float;

"And goodly fair, indeed, to see
Are piles of the red and the white money.

"But castle and lands and fee are nought
To the worth of the souls the Saviour bought.

"The black-winged famine, day by day,
Swoops on their lives like a bird of prey,

"And the people know they are but dead
For lack of needful flesh and bread.

"Father, take of your golden store,
And give it to the starving poor.

"I pray you in the dear Lord's name
To help the souls for whom He came."

He laughed a scornful laugh and long—
"I care not for the folk a song!

"And if you will not grace my board,
I care not, daughter, by the Lord!

"The king's son shall be my heir,
Instead of you my daughter fair."

Lady Ellen kneeled and steeped
The hard floor with the tears she wept:

But harder than the marble stone
Is the human heart to hardness grown.

"Myself will go," the lady said,
"And see how they die for lack of bread.

"I who have lived at joyous ease,
Would to God I might die for these."

Low she spake to her bower-lady,
Whose heart was gentle as heart can be;

And the two went out from the castle gate,
Dight like women of low estate.

They went through the city side by side,
And saw themselves how the people died.

And they saw a thing more dread to see
Than curse of famine and drought could be:

And they heard a thing more dread to hear
Than toll of a death-bell on the ear.

Oh! the dearth was raging stark and sore
From the eastern to the western shore;

And the Duke that owned the wide country
Never a moment's care gave he!

But the Prince of Hell was ware, and sent
His powers to bring him great content.

They sit in a room of a hostel there,
Two swart men with raven hair.

Day by day, with keen hawk-eye,
They watch the people's misery.

Strange dark men who understand
Right well the language of the land.

Trippingly that language goes
Upon the lissom tongues of those.

Gold in heaps they are counting o'er,
And the hostess marvels at the store.

"O fair sirs! the people cry
Day by day in their misery.

"O fair sirs, but hear their prayer;
Gold enow ye have, and to spare!"

"Nay, good hostess, bid them come,
Each alone, to this our room.

"All that will may have, be sure,
Gold enow their ills to cure."

The poor come to the hostelry,
And enter where the strangers be;

Enter a high room carven fair,
A room that was once a king's chamber.

One by one they leave the place,
With a dreadful change on every face.

For those were the devil's emissaries,
Who dealt in souls for merchandise.

Little they gave for the worn and old,
But for the young they gave much gold.

And to all the folks that there did come
They said they would give a king's ransom

For a virgin soul of purity,
In a virgin body fair to see.

Oh! this was the thing the lady learned,
Before her footsteps home were turned.

This was the thing more dread to see
Than curse of famine or drought could be.

This was the thing more dread to hear
Than toll of a death-bell on the ear.

Back from the city the lady came,
Pierced to the heart with sorrow and shame.

Back she came in her wordless woe,
That would not suffer a tear to flow.

She went, in sackcloth garmented,
With Lenten ashes upon her head,

And came to her father's princely seat,
And knelt in her anguish at his feet.

"What mean you, maid, to put to shame
Your father's house and your father's name,

"That you come in sackcloth garmented,
With the dust of Lent upon your head?"

Tears of blood were the words she spoke,
"Father, Father, save the folk!"

He looked on her in his anger grim,
As low she bowed herself to him:

And spake at last in his bitter jest,
"To sell your own white soul were best!

"Your lily-soul, bedewed with prayers,
Is worth a world of such as theirs!"

All night long the lady prayed;
"Slay me, O God, for these," she said.

For the flame at the ruby's heart that burns
Is nought to the fire in the soul that yearns

To save a soul in its jeopardy,
Or perish instead, if so may be.

And when the sun was risen again,
She went alone to the evil men.

"What will ye give me for a dole,
If I render you up my soul?"

"Oh, we will give thee what thou wilt
For the goodliest soul that ever was spilt."

They dealt her out the price she would,
And she signed her name to the bond in blood.

She gave to the poor, and loud they swore
To deal with the evil men no more.

And then the lady sent a quest
To the corn-lands of the far-off West,

For freighted ships of golden corn
Across the wide sea to be borne.

The corn was worth its weight of gold,
Which the western folk to the lady sold.

They said, when fourteen days were o'er,
The corn would come to the waiting shore.

Corn for bread, and corn for seed;
Corn enow for the people's need.

None should trade with the Evil One
Till the fourteen days were past and gone,

Because of the gold that free did come
By the Lady Ellen's martyrdom.

The Lady Ellen looked afar
Out toward the land of the western star,

As she sat in her chamber day by day,
Her eyes on the wide sea far away;

Until at last she saw them come,
The fair white ships of her love's ransom.

Down she fell on her bended knee
When the sails at last her eyes could see:

"Now, when they will, they e'en may take
My soul that's lost for my people's sake."

She bade that none should come to her;
And she drew the bolts of her high chamber;

And no one knew, save God alone,
What anguish and woe to her were known,

Till her body no more could bear the stress
Of her soul's exceeding bitterness.

But never she swerved from the path of love
To the heart of Hell and the fires thereof.

Into the harbour the vessels rode,
Laden each with a costly load.

And the black-winged famine flew away
For the food and the seed that came that day.

They hounded forth the evil men,
Never to come to the land again.

And strength came back once more to the weak,
And the parched mouths for joy could speak.

They went in throngs to praise and pray
At the place where Lady Ellen lay.

But Lady Ellen, who loved them so,
Was gone from the sound of their weal or woe.

They burst the bolts of her chamber door,
And found her stark-dead on the floor.

The body that erst was fair to see
Was the writhen spoil of her agony;

And dark on the face the woe was sealed
Of the death unhoucelled, unannealed.

The soul so pure and charitable
Fared alone to the gates of Hell,

Naked made of its body's dress;
Clad in its great love's loveliness.

Open the gates, and let her win
To the flame and the awe and the pain therein!

Right to the heart of Hell she fared,
All unharmed and all unscared,

She to whose unpolluted sight
The flame was glory, the darkness light.

Sounds of wailing to other ears—
To hers the music of all the spheres,

That drew to the empyrean bliss
Where the mystic Rose of the Blessed is

Abloom by the lake reflected bright
From the very Uncreated Light.

Oh! far apart are east and west,
And far apart are toil and rest,

And far apart are morn and even,
And far apart are Hell and Heaven;

And of Heaven above or Hell below
Where is man who thinks to know?

Yet the soul that Love makes strong to dare
The heart of Hell finds Heaven is there.

Oh! a new light dawned in Mary's eyes
When the soul came into Paradise;

For on her the Lord had laid behest
To bring that soul to the sweetest rest.

Up she rose from her high queen-seat
With the sheen of the blessed on her feet;

Drew to the soul that entered there,
And laid it upon her bosom fair:

Even the soul where God did see
The very self of Charity.

"Christ the Lord hath brought to His bliss
Thee whose love was a love like His:

"Darling of Jesus, lie to-day
Here in the bosom where Jesus lay."

H. A. HINKSON.

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MY LADY BETTY.¹

(FROM "THE KING'S DEPUTY".)

My Lady Betty's ball was as brilliant as ever I saw, albeit his Grace of Rutland did not honour it with his presence. The absence of the Viceroy was not likely to pass unnoticed by such lovers of scandal as thronged my cousin's ball-room. Here and there I saw groups talking together with significant smiles and meaning gestures. If I

¹ By kind permission of the author.

approached them they grew instantly silent, or spoke in loud voices of things too innocent and harmless to give them pleasure, so that I was convinced that this sudden charity was due to my presence.

Once I heard a voice say that my Lord Duke was but fickle as a lover, and that the Lady Betty's reign was over. It was a woman who spoke, and a young and comely one to boot; and to this another, less young and less comely, made answer that doubtless his grace preferred the boudoir to the ball-room, and had no need to make public profession of his love, seeing that it was well known to everyone in Dublin, from the Court Chamberlain to the meanest shoeblack. Then both of them laughed very pleasantly. I felt my cheek flush with anger, and in an instant my hand sought the hilt of my sword; then I laughed almost aloud, remembering that they were women of fashion and were but sharpening their wits as they were used, at the expense of my cousin's reputation.

Somewhat impatiently I pushed my way through the crowd, for I was but new to the ways of the Court, and had not yet learned to smile when I was angry, and presented myself before Lady Betty. She received me most graciously, giving me her hand to kiss, while those about her drew back a little. Then I lifted my head and looked into her eyes.

I had never seen my cousin looking more beautiful, and if she missed his Excellency's presence, as no doubt she did, I could read in her countenance neither anger nor disappointment.

She wore a light pink silk gown, with a diamond stomacher and sleeve-knots. On her head was a large brown hat trimmed with red ribbon and decorated with a great quantity of jewels. There were many ladies in the room more richly dressed, but none whose robes became her as did my Lady Betty's. I suppose she read in my eyes the wonder I felt at her beauty and was pleased at it, seeing that I was little more than a lad and country bred, and yet untrained to lie with eyes or voice.

She laughed merrily, and in spite of the paint and the patches, I could have sworn that her cheek flushed a deeper crimson.

"Why, cousin," she cried, "did I not know that it is not so, I should think that you come from a convent of monks vowed to silence, and not from the merriest and wickedest Court in Europe."

"It's little I know of monks," I answered, "unless it be they of the Screw, and of them your ladyship must needs know more than I, seeing that you are their patron saint."

"How should I know," she said, laughing, "seeing that the monks are but sad sinners in a holy garb, and not over fond of prayer or confession."

"They have made at least one confession," I said. "And they swear that they have received no absolution."

"They are more deserving of penance than of absolution, methinks," she retorted. "But what news of the Court, which it seems has banished us from its august presence? What do they say at the Court?"

I looked at her quickly, seeking to know if there was any hidden bitterness in her words; but her countenance was calm and smiling.

"No new thing," I answered; "but that my Lady Betty is the fairest lady in Ireland." And I made her a low bow.

"Ah! Do they say so still?" she asked, but not as if she desired an answer. Then she lifted her head proudly. "But I care not what they say," she went on, "and so, sweet cousin, you can tell them."

Then she motioned me, a little haughtily, to leave her, as though she were angry with me because she had spoken to me thus. So I bowed to her again, and drew back among the crowd, not a little perplexed at the change in my cousin's manner.

I had not intended to remain long at the ball, and indeed had only presented myself because it was my duty, and seeing how much I owed to my Lady Betty.

Moreover, there was a certain matter which lay heavy upon my mind. That same evening I had witnessed a sad quarrel over the cards between my friend Phil Blake and his kinsman, Roger Delaney, and they were to meet an hour after sunrise on the morrow. Now I had small liking for affairs between near kinsmen, and yet I could not refuse Blake to be his second. Blake, too, had a quick temper, especially after wine, and he had but small skill with the fire-arms, although with the rapier none was more cunning of fence than he, unless after a drinking-bout, when his eye was dim, for a child could beat him at the bottle. And this, too, was the cause of the trouble, for Roger Delaney allowed no wine, however much he drank, to heat his blood, but ever kept watch to find his neighbour tripping,

whether he was friend or foe, and scarce ever missed his man except when the air was thick and a mist lay on the grass, for he had short sight.

So when the quarrel arose, Phil Blake cared nothing for the rules of the meeting, and gave his opponent what he wished, declaring that he had no love of his life while Roger Delaney lived to make him ashamed that he was a man. All this Delaney bore with a smile, and showed no anger. Then an attorney was sent for, and a bond was drawn up declaring that whichever of the two stood upon the ground in the Nine Acres when the bell tolled in the belfry of St. Michan's, which it would at one hour and a half past sunrise, should take the property of the other for ever, whether he lived or died.

So Peter O'Flaherty and I put our names to the paper, after the two principals had signed it. Then leaving them to finish their wine, I came away to pay my duty to my cousin.

I had little pleasure in the meeting, for there was small doubt in my mind which way the duel would turn out.

Seeing how my cousin had dismissed me, the ball was no longer to my liking, and I was about to leave the room, pressing my way through the throng, when I felt my hand seized and something thrust into it. I looked round suddenly, hoping to discover who the messenger was, but I could see no one to whom this character certainly belonged. I withdrew myself as quickly as I could from the crowd, and unfolding the note, which was much crumpled, I strove to read it. Nor was it easy at first, for it was written with pencil, and indistinctly, as if in haste. It was from my cousin, who bade me hasten at once to her boudoir by the private way that I knew. It was signed "Betty".

I was no little surprised at this message, but without wasting time in conjecture I sought the private stair which led to my cousin's apartments. It was as well known to me as it was said to be to his Grace, and this thought struck me while I clambered up the stair. Then I pushed the door open and entered my Lady Betty's boudoir. A silver bell tinkled as I put the curtains aside, and upon the threshold my cousin awaited me. The light from a lofty candelabrum fell upon her head and arms, and threw into deeper shadow the white of her agitated bosom. Her brows were knit together, and the

laughter was gone from her lips, which were closed as if in stern resolve.

I saw that she was in no mood for gallantry, yet I took her hand and raised it to my lips as I had been used, and she suffered it, albeit with impatience. Then she seized me by the arm, and drawing me into the room, pointed to a couch which was half concealed in the shadow. I bent forward, for the light was in my eyes and dazzled them, and saw a figure stretched upon the couch, with a riding-cloak thrown upon it.

I turned to my cousin in amazement, and with no small fear at my heart as to what it could mean. Without looking at me she drew the cloak down and discovered the face of a man.

"My God!" I cried out, "it is Phil Blake!"

"Hush!" she whispered, raising her finger in warning, and the jewels flashed upon her arm.

"He is—?" I began, and feared to speak what was in my mind.

"As you see," she answered wearily.

"Not dead?" I said.

"Nay, not dead; only sleeping," she replied, and there was scorn in her voice.

"How did he come hither?" I asked. But at this she turned her head away and did not answer me. But I needed no answer, for I understood.

I knelt by the couch and put my ear to the sleeper's breast; his breath came quickly and he muttered in his sleep. His neck was bare at the throat and the veins in it swollen. Every now and again his limbs quivered, but still he slept soundly.

I rose to my feet again perplexed, and my mind filled with doubt, and looked at my cousin. Her eyes were fastened upon the door by which I had entered, and she appeared to listen. Then she turned and motioned me to retire from the couch to a corner of the room. Again the silver bell tinkled, and the curtain was thrown back and a man entered. A deep sigh broke from my cousin's lips, and I heard her murmur, "At last!"

From the shelter of the screen I watched. The man was small and old, and carried a gold-headed cane. He bowed low before Lady Betty, and without a word went to the couch. From his manner I judged that he was a physician. Then I heard them whisper together.

"Four hours," said my Lady Betty.

"Nay, madam," he answered, "nor eight, nor, it may be, twelve."

"Then death were better!" she exclaimed bitterly. "He has been—"

I could not hear the last word, but the physician replied, "Indeed I fear that your ladyship is right."

"Never a word of this," my cousin said.

"My lips are sealed," he answered, bowing and passing backwards beneath the curtain.

Then my Lady Betty came to me.

"Cousin Theobald," she said, looking at me sadly, "my honour is in your hands."

"It is safe," I replied, catching her hand and kissing it, for my heart was heavy for her trouble.

"Promise me," she went on, "that you will do as I ask you, whatever it be, for twelve hours to come."

"For ever, if you will," I burst out.

"Nay, I am no tyrant," she said smiling. "If he does not meet Roger Delaney in four hours' time," looking at her tiny jewelled watch, "he forfeits his property and everything he has, even his honour."

"It is true that he does," I returned.

"You know all," she went on. "We—you and I—must save him; for you are his friend, and as for me—why, God help me, I love him to distraction!"

She bent her head so that I could not see her eyes, but the jewels quivered, trembling upon her neck.

"We will save him," I answered her, albeit I knew not how we should. At this she bent forward and touched my cheek lightly with her lips. Then she drew herself up, shaking her shoulders as though she were casting a woman's weakness from her.

"That we shall, cousin Theobald," she said, "unless you fail me, which you will not."

She went back to the sleeping form, and I followed her.

"He must not remain here," she went on. "Can you carry him?"

I answered that I could, and desired to know whither she would have him taken. She pointed to a door leading to another chamber. So I took him in my arms without difficulty, for I was young and strong, and carried him. My Lady Betty held back the curtain to let me pass. When I had laid him upon the bed, I returned and asked her what next she would have me do. At first she seemed confused, and could not find words to answer me; but at length I understood that she desired to have the clothes

that he wore. At this I could scarce conceal my surprise, but she grew impatient, complaining of my lack of wit. So I returned to the bed-chamber, and having undressed Phil Blake, who still showed no signs of waking, I carried his breeches and stockings, together with his laced coat, to my Lady Betty, and threw them upon the couch.

She did not look at them, but turned her back as if she feared the sight of them.

"I think there is little difference in our height," she said.

A light broke suddenly upon my mind.

"Cousin Betty," I exclaimed, "what will you do?"

"Kill Roger Delaney," she replied, with her eyes flashing.

"It is impossible," I began.

"How so, Master Slow-wit?" she asked calmly, though I saw that her anger was rising.

"Because," I answered, "Roger Delaney will not fire at a woman."

"He shall not know that I am a woman," she said; "not when I wear—these." And she made a gesture towards the couch upon which I had thrown the clothes.

"There is little difference in our stature," she went on, and in this she spoke truly, since for a woman she was uncommon tall, "and if the morning is dark, as it is apt to be, it would need sharper eyes than Roger Delaney's to note the difference. Neither are our features very different—at least in the morning." And she put her finger on the patch that was on her cheek.

"Lady Betty," I said, remembering that Roger Delaney was not wont to miss when he was minded to kill, "let me take his place. At least I shall save his life."

"But not his fortune, nor, what is dearer, his honour," she said. "But you waste words, since you have given me your promise. I must return for a while, or they will wonder at my long absence."

"Will not these garments betray you?" I asked in despair, seeing that she was not to be moved.

"A woman's wit shall make them fit," she replied laughing, "unless you fail me."

"What shall I do?" I asked.

"Cousin Theobald," she answered, "go with all speed, seek the skilfullest breeches-maker in Dublin and bring him hither."

"But it is long past midnight," I said; "and if I find one such, how shall I compel him to come?"

She looked at me with flashing eyes, so that my face grew hot beneath her scorn.

"You are a man," she cried, "and yet you ask a woman such a question!"

I hung my head in bewilderment, for I had no answer ready. Then she turned rapidly from me with a gesture, half of contempt, half of impatience, and went to the table upon which her jewels lay sparkling in a careless heap. From amongst them she snatched up something which I could not see. Then she seized my right hand and put in it something cold and smooth. I looked down and saw that it was a small pistol, delicately wrought in silver and ivory. I lifted my head and saw that she was watching me anxiously.

"I will bring him hither," I said.

"Without delay?" she asked.

"Without delay," I answered.

A sigh broke from her lips, and the smile returned to her face.

"Cousin Theobald," she said, "your wits are slow, but if they are sure, what matters it?" Then she made me a curtsy and lifted the curtain and passed out, leaving me alone with the pistol in my hand.

For a few moments I stood where she had left me, for in truth I had need to recover my scattered wits. Then I went softly to the table and laid the pistol upon it among the jewels. Nor could I forbear to smile, thinking in what manner the breeches-maker would regard such an earnest of his fee.

So I went down the stair very gently and out into the street. The night was quiet, but from the windows of many houses in Stephen's Green came the blaze of light and the sound of music, for it was the season of revelry, and my Lady Betty's ball-room was not the only one in the city thronged with guests.

When I came to the College, I paused in much perplexity, not knowing where to find a breeches-maker to do my cousin's bidding. Then suddenly I bethought me of one whose sign I remembered hard by in Trinity Street, and with rapid steps I strode thither. I could find no knocker, so I beat the door with the hilt of my sword. When I had waited a little, a window was opened above me, and a head wearing a white cap was thrust from it. A voice, in which sleep and dissatisfaction were blended, demanded to know who it was that disturbed a peaceful citizen in the midst of his slumber.

I answered that if he would come down

and open the door I would tell him of a matter which promised to be of much profit to him if he would make haste. He seemed to hesitate, then without a word he shut the window again. I now began to fear that I should see no more of him, nor did I dare to belabour the door lest I should attract the notice of the watch.

But my fear was groundless, for in a short while I heard the creaking of the bolts and the rattle of a chain. Then the door was cautiously opened and a little man holding a lantern looked out at me and again demanded my business. I made answer that if he would admit me I would tell him, adding that by so doing he would be serving his own interests. At this he made way for me to enter, which I did.

He was as ugly a man as ever I saw, and I thought he appeared avaricious. I told him what he was required to do, whereat he smiled very cunningly, and said that I had come to the right man for my purpose, as many could testify. I answered that I needed no testimony, but that his silence concerning the affair was as necessary as his skill, and that if ever he breathed a word of it, it would be at the peril of his life; and I tapped the hilt of my sword to give him warning.

He assured me that he carried many such secrets, and that he would rather die than divulge any of them. Then, having put into a bag certain instruments of his calling, he declared that he was ready, and followed me from the house, carefully shutting the door. So I returned to my cousin's house, the breeches-maker creeping noiselessly behind me as if he were a shadow.

At the top of the stair my Lady Betty awaited us. She motioned my companion to enter the room while she spoke with me. When the fellow had gone in, she begged me to return to the ball-room and show myself to as many as possible until she went back to it again, which she would do in a little time. When I had promised to do this, she told me that at sunrise I should wait near to the house of his Grace of Leinster, and that when a coach passed by with a white kerchief hanging from the window, I was to enter it.

This also I promised to do, and then I went back to the ball-room. I soon perceived that my cousin's absence had not passed unnoticed, and that many persons smiled and whispered together as I passed.

But I was too much occupied with my own thoughts to heed them overmuch or to show anger because of their evil tongues. Indeed, remembering what my Lady Betty had told me, I was careful that my greetings should be frequent, and not lacking in courtesy. While I spoke with one of them, who, with much assumed indignation, complained of the Viceroy's absence, a sudden silence fell upon those about me, which was instantly followed by the low murmur of voices. I looked round seeking an explanation, and saw my cousin passing through her guests. She had a word and a smile for everyone, and as they bowed before her she looked like a queen, and they the loyalest subjects a queen ever had.

Never had I seen her looking so beautiful and so proud. As she passed me her eyes flashed for a moment into mine. In them I read triumph and the assurance of the success of her scheme. Then my Lady Betty took leave of her guests.

As soon as she was gone, I too departed, and going to my chamber I examined carefully the pistols, Spitfire and Flash, which my uncle had given me. I could not have wished my cousin better or more lucky firearms, albeit they seemed a trifle heavy for a lady's hand. I put them carefully into my belt and sallied forth again to seek the trysting-place. On my way thither I saw the Viceroy's escort waiting in the street, the horses impatiently pawing the ground, while their riders sat with bent heads as if they were fallen asleep.

I could not forbear to smile to think that his careless Grace had forgotten them, leaving them there, as he had done so often before my Lady Betty's door.

The night was dark and cloudy, and rain fell at times, but not much. At this I was glad, for it promised a gloomy morning, and so far the luck was on my cousin's side.

When I reached the appointed place I withdrew into the shadow of a wall and waited. The dawn was beginning to show faintly, and the sky was turning from black to gray.

Now that I had leisure to think I felt my heart almost fail me, and I repented bitterly of my share in the matter, albeit I knew that I had no power to refuse my cousin anything, and would do the same again, even were my pledge given back to me.

I was roused from these gloomy thoughts by the sound of wheels, and in a few mo-

ments a coach came slowly towards the place where I stood. Even without the patch of white hung from the window I knew that it was the coach for which I waited. As I stepped into the street it halted. So I opened the door and sprang quickly into it, taking my seat beside the other occupant.

I could scarce keep back the cry of amazement which sprang to my lips when I gazed at my companion. Did I not know that it was impossible, no man's oath would have convinced me that this was anyone else but Phil Blake. My cousin had said that her features were not unlike those of Blake, but even this had not prepared me for the startling resemblance which I saw, now that my Lady Betty was dressed as a man, and in Phil Blake's clothes. Only, her eyes were brighter than his, as was but natural, seeing that they owed no dulness to the wine-cup.

In my amazement I said nothing, and my cousin laughed softly, as if she were pleased at my surprise.

"Do I make a pretty fellow?" she asked

"As pretty as ever I saw," I answered.

"No more than that?" she said pouting.

"I cannot see much of you," I replied, thinking that her man's dress did not conceal the woman in it.

"You shall see no more," she said, drawing the cloak about her.

"Shall you take your ground in it?" I asked, laying my hand upon her shoulder.

"Ay, that I shall," she returned.

"It will be easy to hit," I said.

"I care not," she replied in a low voice, turning her head aside.

"Were you pleased with the rascal I brought you?" I asked, for I was in fear of making her sad, and that she would lose heart when it was too late to turn back.

"Rascal!" she exclaimed; "why, he is a prince among tailors."

"He will be silent," I said.

"Ay, that he will, for I will close his lips," she returned quickly.

"How will you do it?" I asked.

"I have promised him a knighthood."

"A knighthood!" I cried out in amazement.

"Ay, wherefore not?" she answered. "Is he not a most excellent breeches-maker, and a knight among tailors? Why should there not be a Knight of the Breeches, as well as a Knight of the Carpet, since no knights fight nowadays?"

"But how shall you fulfil your promise?" I asked.

"This night week my Lord Duke comes to supper to me," she replied. "When he has drunk much wine, as he is used, then he shall lay his august sword upon Master Tailor's worthy shoulder. So I shall fulfil my promise, and thereby also humble his Grace when he learns it in the morning."

To this I made no answer, for my cousin's daring bereft me of speech.

We had now come to the Nine Acres, and the coach halted. A little way in front another coach was standing, and I knew that we were not the first to arrive. Of this I was glad, for with little delay there would be little light to give good aim.

I was about to lift my cousin from the coach, but she pushed me aside, whispering that if my wits did not grow quicker I should yet betray her, and sprang out unaided.

Under a tree I saw three men standing, and one of them was Roger Delaney. As we approached the ground my cousin turned to me and said:

"Cousin Theo, if I fall let no one touch me nor remove my cloak. Whether I die or not I would not have them know that I am a woman," and her voice faltered a little.

So I promised that I would not.

The others now came out and bowed to us. When my cousin had made her bow she turned her back upon them, and so she waited while we measured the ground. Nor did her conduct seem strange to them, seeing that they knew it was a quarrel between kinsmen, and so most bitter.

Then I loaded the pistols and gave one of them to my Lady Betty, whispering to her as I did so, that she should fire low.

When Roger Delaney saw that his opponent did not remove the cloak, he declared that neither would he, for that it was not his wont to take any such advantage. Nor would he consent to wait until the morning was brighter, albeit his second pleaded for this, as indeed he might, since his principal was so short of sight.

Then they took their ground, having their backs towards each other. I watched my cousin eagerly, but she betrayed no tremor. The physician opened his bag and took from it some lint and bandages, for he had been out before with Roger Delaney.

In all my life I had never felt such suspense as I did while I watched my cousin

and Roger Delaney standing and waiting for the word to turn round and fire. At last it came. Then two shots rang out together; nor could I tell which had fired the first. My eyes were fastened upon my cousin. She was still standing, and had lowered her pistol, from which the smoke was curling. Then I turned and looked at Roger Delaney. He too was standing, but he seemed dazed. A bullet had struck him in the hip.

I ran to my Lady Betty. She turned and looked at me. In her eyes I saw surprise, and something else; but what it was I could not tell. My joy was so great to find her unhurt that I could scarce remember any longer that she was a man. I think it was the cloak after all that saved her, for it did not fit very well, and there was a ragged hole above the left shoulder, which showed that Roger Delaney's bullet had not gone so far amiss.

I turned to him now; but he was sorely wounded, and would fire no more to-day, nor for many days to come.

Then I seized my cousin's arm and led her a little nearer to where the physician was kneeling by Roger Delaney, and making a bow to them and to the other, who stood upright by them, we hurried across the field to where our coach was waiting.

My Lady Betty was very silent while we drove back to the city. She seemed weary, and her face was pale. As I looked at her, for the first time the thought came to me that my beautiful cousin might one day grow old.

I returned with her to her house, which I believe we entered unnoticed, for it was still early, and few save the watchmen about. Here she left me for a space, and then returned to me dressed as a woman; and so, I confess, I loved her better, albeit she made a gallant fellow enough.

"The coach is still without," she said, "and I would not have him remain longer. Can you take him to his lodging?"

I bowed without speaking, and, leaving her, went to the boudoir. As I passed through the corridor I saw the tailor descending the stair. He glanced at me and smiled, but did not speak; so I went in and found the clothes lying upon the couch as they had been. I gathered them into my arms and carried them to the bed-chamber. Phil Blake still lay in a deep slumber, as the physician had said he was like to. I had little difficulty to dress him, for he lay still,

only groaning a little when he was moved; but he did not open his eyes. Then I knew for sure that he had been drugged after that he had drunk deep.

When I had dressed him, I took him in my arms and carried him to the coach without difficulty, for though I was weary my arms were strong. As I did so, I saw the watchman looking at us; but he did not speak, thinking doubtless that the man whom I carried had drunk overmuch at her ladyship's ball, and seeing nothing strange in it.

Then I went back to my cousin and told her what I had done.

She made no answer to me, neither did she thank me. So I took her hand to bid her farewell, and was raising it to my lips, when she drew it back and presented her cheek to me.

When I had saluted her, I bowed and went down the stair again to the coach. I left Phil Blake in bed in his lodging, and then returned to my own. On the morrow I sought him again, and found him come to himself indeed, but yet much bewildered to think what had befallen him.

So I told him how he had met Roger Delaney as he had said he would, and showed him his cloak where the ball had gone through it.

"If you have any further doubt," said I,

"Roger Delaney can put your mind at ease, for he has a fine hole in him this minute."

At this he started up in bed.

"Where did I hit him?" he cried out eagerly.

"In the hip-joint," I answered.

"Then he'll never walk straight again," he said.

"So I think myself," I replied.

"It is strange," said he again; "but I had forgotten it, and so I must have drunk deep."

To this I made no answer.

In a fortnight afterwards his Excellency supped with my Lady Betty, and having drunk deep, and being at the same time eager to make his peace with my cousin, he did after supper make the worthy tailor kneel before him, according to her ladyship's desire, and having struck him with his sword upon the head—for in truth his hand was somewhat unsteady—bade him rise up a knight. And though his Grace was fain to forget it when his head was grown cooler in the morning, yet would not my cousin suffer it to be forgotten; and so the tailor kept his knighthood, while her ladyship lost his Grace's favour.

But for this, I think, she cared little, seeing that she loved Phil Blake, and had not forgiven my Lord Duke the slight that he had put upon her.

SAMUEL ROBERT KEIGHTLEY, LL.D.

[Dr. Keightley was born in Belfast, 1859. He was educated privately, and at Queen's College, Belfast. In 1883 he was called to the Irish Bar. He has published: *Poems*; *A King's Daughter*, 1881; *The Crimson Sign*, 1895; *The Cavaliers*, 1896; *The Last Recruit of Clare's*, 1897; *The Silver Cross*, 1898; *Heronford*, 1899; *The Return of the Prodigal*, 1900. The extract given is from the book to which the story gives its title; and we are indebted to Messrs. Hutchinson for permission to use it here.]

THE SACK OF RAYONVILLE.

(FROM "THE LAST RECRUIT OF CLARE'S".)

Without doubt, Van Helmont had a lion's heart, and the gentlemen of the Irish

Brigade adored courage. Therefore we drank to his health—the health of our enemy—sitting knee-deep in the mud of the trenches, while O'Rorke, the drummer, played the "White Cockade" on the rampart, and the guns roared with their devil's laughter from the heights of Rayonville. For nearly a month the dark line of our bayonets had been drawing nearer to the walls—the embrace of a lover whose kiss is death. But what then? This waiting would have an end to-morrow, and the regiments of Clare and Dorrington would be first to pluck the blood-red rose of honour where it grew beneath the wings of Death in the yawning breach before us. 'Tis no great ambition to leave your bones to whiten on the glacié or be trodden in a pit with a thousand nameless comrades, but none the

less the brigade set up a shout of joy when we heard the king had granted our request to lead the attack.

Our colonel himself brought the news; I think he had been dining with his Majesty. He had a pleasant smile on his face, and a light in his eyes that danced like sunshine on a sword-blade.

"Gentlemen, the king has graciously accepted our invitation. We entertain him to breakfast in the Town Hall of Rayonville. *Vive le Roi!*"

"Faith, and I hope we may all be there with the best of appetites," growled our major, Maurice O'Kelly, who was the bravest man in the army; but the great shout drowned his ill-omened prayer, and our gallant fellows took up the cry from one end of the trenches to the other.

For myself, the heart of Anthony Dillon danced to the music of hope that breathes so softly in the ears of youth. The ink was hardly dry upon the commission that had made me sub-lieutenant in the Irish Regiment of Clare. The old homestead by the broad Shannon was tenanted by the owls and bats; my race, that drew its lineage from the loins of kings, had nothing but its memories: and I, the last Dillon of Fortgale, had eleven louis d'or in my pocket, invincible courage in my heart, and the sword of my father, who fell by the glorious walls of Limerick. That was all my fortune, but enough for honour. Irish gentlemen in the service of France—and there was none better born or more courageous than myself—had carried the baton of a *maréchal*. They had become the right hand of kings and splendid officers of state. They could not live for Ireland; they had lived and died for France.

While I lay in the trenches waiting for the first tap of the drum, my waking thoughts were busy with the future. Hope drew its fairy pictures in the glowing colours of love and glory. I remember—'tis fifty years ago—I drew my sword from the scabbard and pressed the blade to my lips, with a prayer that I might prove myself worthy of the name it had kept unsullied. I was only twenty-three, and 'twas my first battle, but I think in all soberness I did not pray in vain. Anthony Dillon, chevalier of St. Louis, late colonel of Clare's, has lived, and, if it so please a kind heaven, will die a gentleman. When my old comrades—alas! there are few of them left now—have laid me in the narrow home of rest, they will

look down on the coffin and say, "Heaven rest his gallant spirit! He will face God like a man. He never turned his back on a friend or foe." And that will be no lying epitaph. But then the wide world was before me. I feared it no more than the dancer fears the minuet. Fortune and I were lovers.

I shall never forget that morning when the two regiments of the Irish Brigade took Rayonville. With the first tap of the rolling drum, I was upon my feet in the cold gray of dawn, with the wet night clinging to its skirts. Dorrington's formed upon the right, Clare's upon the left. They fell into their places in unbroken silence, the black lift of bayonets looming like a wall. Not a man of them spoke a word, and their faces looked a ghastly white in the pallid twilight—a long line of white faces behind the row of steel. I, myself, felt that I could not speak, for the last silence seemed to have overtaken me.

Upon the slopes of death towards Rayonville the mist still clung in swathes and folds, but lifted somewhat as we formed. Then we saw the dark walls with the jagged rent, through which we were to pass. I shivered when I stood at the wing of the column waiting for the word. Eternity seemed to live in the beat of a minute. My teeth chattered in my head; the cold seemed to catch my heart.

"Ye'll be wairm enough in a minute, sor," said Mahony, my sergeant, who, I think, had been watching me under his bushy eyebrows. He had fought at Cremona, had played at dice with death for thirty years, and had the reputation of being the greatest black-guard and best soldier in the brigade. "I used to feel the cold meself, but hell-fire wouldn't wairm me now. Holy Virgin! there's the music that I like to hear come at last."

In an instant the gray morning was lighted, as it seemed, by a thousand tongues of flame, and the thunder of the artillery smote the air with what, to my unaccustomed ear, sounded like the crack of doom. Then the loud call rolled down the ranks, and with the wild cry that still stirred our Irish hearts, we leaped to the assault. We left fifty men on the glacis who would never answer to the muster-roll again, and fifty more in the fosse, that was churned into crimson froth, and red with the bright blood of Kerry and Kildare. I remember, as a man remembers

last night's dream, clambering through the breach, and the gleam of steel behind the black-lipped guns. But we never yielded a foot of the ground we had gained. The king should breakfast with us after all. We fought shoulder to shoulder like brothers drinking out of one cup, at first with hardly room to thrust and parry, but soon with room enough. The red tide that had rolled up the glacis seemed stayed for a moment in the death-strewn breach, foaming and churning; then it rolled on, and there was nothing more to stop us. War is no doubt the game of kings, but what of the pieces whom they move? It was many a day before I forgot the sack of Rayonville. We fought down the narrow streets, with the flames roaring over our heads, and the shrieks of the women mingled with the hoarse shouts of the fighting men. There was no reverence for age or sex, for the wild fury of war had transformed brave men into beasts.

I would not willingly dwell upon this picture. Meanwhile, I gained the square of the cathedral, and here there was a space clear of sulphurous smoke that filled the narrow streets through which we had fought our way. The church was filled with women, but even in the house of God there was no sanctuary in this hour of madness.

The light had now grown clear and broad. There was a tall house at the corner of the square round which a group of men was gathered, and one higher than the rest, bareheaded and with a weapon in his hand. As I drew nearer I recognized the voice of Mahony, sergeant of Clare's. He stood upon the stone steps, his gigantic form drawn to its full height and his bayonet red and dripping. A crowd of furious musketeers swayed and surged round him, alternately pressing forward and hanging back, but never venturing within the deadly reach of his weapon. I saw the body of a woman lying at his feet, her bare arms thrown out and the bosom of her white dress dyed a bright red. Almost covered by the woman's body was a child, whom she had evidently been carrying when she was struck down. For one brief instant I saw the infant beating the mother's white face with his little hands as though to awaken her, and then I rushed forward to the assistance of my countryman. But he stood confronting his assailants with a contemptuous sneer, his eyes blazing and his gray moustache drawn up and showing his white teeth. He caught

sight of me when I came up, but he never moved nor seemed to see me.

"Come on, messieurs of the Maison du Roi!" he cried. "I'm keeping the door meself. If you're ready for your breakfast I'll do the carving, but it's yourselves won't loike the entertainment—I'm hungry and tired, and they'll tell ye in Clare's me temper is none of the best. For the love av God, don't kape me too long, or I'll have to walk down an' hurry ye up. Here's six inches of could steel an' ten thousand years av Purgatory to the first av ye that thrembles an eyelash. Be me sowl, ye're only a pack of scrambling cowards afther all, an' Terence Mahony's a long road from home."

The language of this sergeant of my regiment was not such as I can write down in its entirety, nor would I wrong the memory of a brave soldier now long since with God. But I could see that he had little need of my assistance even had I been of service. His bold and careless bearing, his colossal stature and immense strength, had already damped the ardour of his assailants, and they were willing to seek an easier prey. As I came quite near, they fell back, and we were left standing alone together on the steps, with the broken rack of battle streaming past us, and the dead woman at our feet.

He lowered his musket and saluted me as gravely as though we had been upon the parade ground. Then he bent down over the woman and lifted her head, with its soft shimmer of golden curls falling loosely to the ground. She was very young, but wore a heavy wedding-ring upon her finger—evidently a lady of some rank, and a most engaging beauty. I watched the grizzled veteran bending over her and placing his horny hand within the delicate lace that covered her bosom. We neither of us spoke, filled as we were with the pity of the tragedy. Then he let her head fall, and took up the child, that was now crying piteously, in his arms.

"Her sweet sowl is wid the angels av God," he said. "I was too late, yer honour, an' there's nothing there but the clay."

He drew the back of his hand across his eyes. There was a long pause, and then he silently, almost reverently, pressed his white moustache against the child's curls.

"'Tis his innocent heart will rue this bloody day, sor. 'Tis a poor exchange he has made av this swate lady for an ould reprobate av a wet nurse like Terence Mahony."

"What will you do with the child?" I said, looking at him in wonder.

"My share av the plunder av Rayonville. If nobody turns up with a bether claim to the white-headed gossoon than meself, 'tis a brigadier av Clare's I'll make av him. Shure an' he'll be the good fairy av Terence Mahony."

"It won't do, Mahony," I said; "you can't keep the child."

"I can thry at any rate, sor. I think I know what's throublin' you, but ye can rest aisy in your mind. More by the token we're a rough lot in Clare's, and it's meself is none av the sweetest av them, what with the dhrink an' the cards an' the bad temper that was me own father's before me; but here's the shaughraun will bring us the good luck, an' maybe a quiet corner in glory to an ould blackguard like meself."

"We must find the child's friends," I said, seeing him speak with so much earnestness. "I will ask the colonel to make some enquiry; you can keep the child till then."

"Your honour can do what he plases, an' so can my Lord Clare, but divil a friend will he ever find but meself—the good saints kape his blessed heart! I've promised his mother I'd look afther the boy, an', in spite av Louis Quinze himself, I'll thry an' make a man av him."

He saw the look of astonishment on my face.

"You see, I wanted a thrinket or two by way av a token, an' had come to the corner, when I heard the poor lady cry out in her trouble. We don't grow soft-hearted marchin' with Saxe, an' maybe I wouldn't have moinded—the Lord turn an' alther me—but for the baby. I had a white-headed boy meself wance in Kilma-hone, an' the Lord put me in moind av him then and there. She had come out on the steps—makin' for the chapel, I'm thinkin'—an' the bloody villains wanted the satchel that's lying at your feet. She had it over her arm, but she never moinded that a bit—'twas the choild she was thinkin' av. An' she rached him out to me wid a look in her face that would have touched the heart av a granite stone. I was too late—wan av them stabbed her—that wan at the foot of the steps—an' I caught the choild as she fell. Ye saw how I tuk him out av her arms, an' it was then I said to meself, 'Come rain or shine, wet or dhry, I'll be father an' mother to ye, an' thry an' make

the rough world smooth for your tendher feet'. The good God watch between us if I don't kape the promise I have made."

I could only look at Mahony in astonishment. He was certainly the last man in the regiment from whom I should have expected such a display of feeling, or whom I should have chosen as the guardian and protector of a tender child. For years he had been called "Old Blazes" by the men of Clare's, and I knew that he deserved his sobriquet. His capacity for drinking was proverbial, his temper the terror of the recruits, but a better soldier never handled his manual, and a braver never faced the lightning of the guns. He had brought the scar on his cheek from Cremona, and his limp from Ramillies; he was the first through the breach at Landau, and could charge a map of Europe with the battles he had fought. And now, when I saw him with the child held lovingly in his arms, and his rugged face shining with the soft light of pity that transformed its homeliness into something almost beautiful, I could hardly believe my eyes. It was clear that he had been touched in some marvellous way beyond words; that the tragic death of the girl-mother, and the hapless fate of the innocent child, had filled his heart with tenderness to overflowing. He made no attempt to disguise his emotions. He was not ashamed of the tears upon his weather-beaten cheeks. In some curious way the child was responsive to the tenderness of his protector, for he threw one little arm over his shoulder, and held up his lips to the grim face that looked lovingly down on him.

"The crayture knows me already," Mahony said; "maybe he thinks I'm the holy St. Vincent himself, an' troth, it's the same I'll be to him an' no other. Ye'll have to consint whether ye will or no, sor, for never a friend will the little gentleman foind from this dark day but meself. But there's wan thing ye can do—there's trinkets an' jewels in the bag—I heard the clink av them—an' shure they'll be a fortune to him when he comes into his own, and maybe get him a friend or two when I'm not here to look afther him. 'Tis the poor paymaster I'd be entoirely, an' ye had better lave them with the colonel with the best respects av Terence Mahony, and the last recruit of Clare's."

"I'll do that at any rate, Mahony," I said; "and the mother—"

He looked at me reproachfully. "She was swate and tendher as the May hawthorn in the boren at Kilmahone," he said, looking down at the white heap at his feet. "A poor father I'd be to the boy if his blessed mother hadn't Christian burial, and a mass or two for the innocent sowl av her. You can lave me now, sor, and some av the bhoys of Clare's, when they've done with their rampagin' and thievin', will do what I want with them."

His Majesty did not breakfast with us after all, but my Lord Clare and his officers dined very sumptuously in the Hotel de Ville with M. Van Helmont, to whom many graceful compliments were paid upon his courageous and gallant defence. M. d'Argenson, who was present, spoke many pretty things concerning our regiment, which were received with great enthusiasm; but for myself, I think the vacant places at table affected me more than the eulogies upon our courage and the general congratulation. The brave O'Kelly was lying dead upon the counterscarp; Eugene Dillon, and Fergus O'Brien, of the princely house of Tirlough, had fallen in the breach; and O'Mara, the troubadour of the regiment, would never set another song to the dear old airs of our fatherland. These things affected me then; in a year or two I was more at home in the shifting scenes of life and death.

When the company broke up, I found an opportunity to speak privately with my Lord Clare, to whom I was remotely related on the distaff side. He was greatly interested in my story, for Mahony, notwithstanding his failings, was a prime favourite with his officers, and he promised to make such enquiries as he was able. My lord smiled when I told him how gravely Mahony regarded his charge, and how seriously his heart seemed set upon adopting him.

"No, no, my dear Anthony," my lord said, with his hand leaning familiarly on my shoulder; "it would never do, even should the child never find his friends. I fear the quarters his Majesty assigns to the regiment of Clare, in these bustling days, would prove an awkward playground, and a *vieille moustache* like Mahony an extraordinary preceptor of youth. 'Tis a most ridiculous fancy."

"None the less, your lordship will find it hard to separate them."

"Perhaps I may," my lord answered, laughing good-naturedly, as was his custom. "In

the meantime, I shall set enquiry on foot, and in the afternoon will visit the nursery in your company, if you will make it convenient to attend me there. By that time I am afraid the guardian will be none too sober."

But I was not quite of the same mind as my lord.

A part of the regiment was quartered in the Church of St. Geneviève, a fine old church which stands at the back of the Hotel de Ville, and it was here that my lord and myself came in the afternoon. Lord Clare was received with a cheer which shook the banners hanging in the dusky arches, and brought the light to his kind and handsome face. No man was ever more beloved, and no man ever deserved that affection better. He raised his hat with a courteous bow, and walked quietly up the aisle, I following close behind. As we came up there was a momentary silence, and then we heard the sound of soft and kindly laughter, and a rich voice rolling out the words—

"Come all ye noble gentlemen, and lords of high degree,

And tell me if a handsomer ye ever yet did see,
Of cavalrie or infanterie, or shtroppin' grenadiers,
Than Bou-Bou, wance of Rayonville, the new recruit of Clare's".

A small group wholly absorbed was standing round the altar steps, and Mahony was seated in the centre with the child laughing gaily on his knees, and pulling the old soldier's grizzled moustache. I do not know what tricks they had been engaged in, but the men were clapping their hands, and calling one another to admire the boy's sturdy activity. My lord turned round to me with a smile on his face, and I stepped forward.

"The colonel has come to see you, Mahony," I said quietly.

The men fell back as though ashamed of the weakness they had been exhibiting, and Mahony leaped to his feet, standing to attention with a grave salute.

"Yes, my colonel."

His rugged face showed no sign of feeling. The child at his feet plucked his skirts to attract his attention, but he never moved a rigid muscle. He was again the impassive thing of iron, with the help of which his Most Christian Majesty won his battles.

"Terence Mahony of Kilmahone," says my lord, and I saw the quiet sparkle in his eye.

"'Tis not the first time your lordship has

called me that same." And again the sergeant gravely saluted his commanding officer.

"I am told you were the first man through the breach this morning. This will not do. You never give the young fellows a chance."

"'Tis all the fault of your lordship, if I may make so bould."

"Pray, how am I to blame?"

"Shure, it's the bad example that your lordship sets to the regiment."

"Well, well, we must mend that, sergeant," answered my lord, evidently pleased and flattered by the insidious compliment. "We are both old enough to know better. The old country had no need to blush for the boys of Clare's this morning, Terence."

"That's God's truth anyhow, me lord. It was a beautiful scrimmage entirely, an' the ould land was well in the front av it. 'Tis the regular dhrill does it afther all, yer honour."

"And the old fellows to set them a bad example—don't forget that, Mahony."

"It will be hard to forget the same while yer lordship's to the fore. But there's van thing the regiment—" He hesitated, and began to play nervously with the skirt of his tunic. My lord and myself knew what was coming.

"Don't ask too much, Mahony. It would be hard to refuse anything after Rayonville."

"But this is not much, sor; 'tis only a thrifle—only—only three feet an' a bit be the same more or less." He bent down and lifted the child upon his shoulders, and the boy sat there smiling, with one hand held out to my lord and the other clutching the white head of the old soldier. It was a pretty picture—that of the two in the quiet shadow of the church, and for a moment we were all quite quiet.

"Why, what is this?"

"The first of the new levy, me lord. I've 'listed him meself. Shure, I thought that Mr. Anthony had tould you the way av it."

"I remember Mr. Anthony did say something. But what would you have me do?"

"Just show yerself the tendher-hearted gentleman that ye are. Put his name on the roll of the regiment, an' give the gossoon a chance."

"It won't do, Mahony, it won't do. We must find his friends."

"'Tis himself has made four hundred an' fifty this blessed day, an' sorra betther will he ever find in this world. He knows us already, me lord, an' can march to the sound av the dhrum like a tambour major. Can't ye, Bou-Bou? There's not a finer pair av legs outside the kingdom av Kerry. Shure an' yer lordship wouldn't have us turn our backs on a drame av the mornin' like that. 'Tis for the honour of the regiment."

"I have already spoken to M. Van Helmont. If that fails we shall see."

"Then we have got a new private in Clare's, an' it's meself will see he is no disgrace to the regiment. I knew yer lordship wouldn't turn away the good luck. Salute his lordship, me son, an' tell him yer name."

The child, who seemed taken by my lord's kind eyes and smiling face, held out his hands, and cried "Bou-Bou" in his soft treble, while my lord, visibly affected, took him from the shoulder of his protector and kissed him tenderly. His head was bent over the laughing boy, and his lips were moving. I am sure a prayer had passed through the gate of heaven for the orphan, and for the rest of her soul whose loving heart should have been his harbour of refuge.

"'Tis a hard world for the young feet to travel, Mahony."

"Shure, me lord, we'll thry an' sthrew it wid roses for the baby," answered Mahony.

"There's not an O'Brien in the regiment wouldn't give him his head already, though, glory be to God, they're empty av raison as nuts."

HENRY J. GILL.

[Henry J. Gill was born in Dublin in 1836. He was educated at Castleknock and Trinity College, Dublin, and took his M.A. in 1872. From 1880 to 1883 he sat as mem-

ber of Parliament for Westmeath, and from 1885 to 1888 for Limerick. He was High Sheriff for Dublin in 1892, the year in which the University of Dublin commemorated her

tercentenary. Mr. Gill has translated *The Old Maid's Secret* from the German of E. Marlitt, and *The Cid Campeador* from the Spanish of Trueba.]

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE MAN.¹

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.)

Let high the lay of the brave man sound,
Like bell's loud clang and organ's tone;
Him, in whose heart true valour's found,
Rewards not gold,—but song alone.
Thank God! that I'm able to sing and praise
The brave man's courage for endless days.

The thaw-wind blew from southern seas,—
O'er Italy rushed with baneful might;
The clouds coursed on before the breeze,
As herds run 'fore the wolves in fright.
It swept o'er the meadows and crushed the
woods,
And broke up the ice on the lakes and floods.

The snow dissolved on mountains high,
A thousand torrents echoed loud,
And through the vales crashed madly by:
The rivers swelled and overflowed.
And, high in their channels, the currents
strong
Bore with them great masses of ice along.

With pillars and strong arches planned,
From base to top built up of stone,
A bridge a foaming river spanned
And midway stood one house alone.
And there dwelt the toll-man, with child
and wife.
O toll-man! O toll-man! now fly for life.

Fierce rushed the torrent all around;
And loudly howled the storm and flood.
The toll-man sprang to roof from ground,
And wildly gazed from where he stood.
"Oh, merciful heaven! I cry to thee!
All lost now! all lost now! Who'll succour
me?"

The ice-blocks rushed their furious way
Along the banks, on either side;
From both the banks they tore away
The pillars strong and arches wide.
The terror-struck toll-man, with wife and
child,
Now cried even louder than storm-wind
wild.

The ice-blocks rolled and madly dashed
Along the banks, at either side;
'Gainst pillar after pillar crashed,
And sank them 'neath the foaming tide:
And quick to the centre they made their
way.

"Oh! pity us, merciful heaven, we pray!"

High on the farthest shore, a crowd
Of gossips stood, both great and small;
They wrung their hands and cried aloud,
But none to rescue, 'mongst them all.

The terror-struck toll-man, with wife and
child,

For succour cried louder than storm-wind
wild.

When shalt thou, Lay of the Brave Man, sound?
Like bell's loud clang and organ's tone;
Let him be named, let him be found!

Of him I'll sing,—of him alone.

The ice 'gainst the centre will soon rush now;
O brave man! O brave man! why ling'rest
thou?

A count now galloped to the strand,
His fiery steed he up did pull.
What held the count high in his hand?

A purse it was well packed and full.

"I promise two hundred gold pieces bright
To him who will save them in their sad
plight."

Who is the brave man? Is it he?

Show, is't the count? my brave song, show!

The count, 'fore God, has bravery,

But I a braver man well know.

O brave man! O brave man! why ling'rest
thou?

Destruction on rushes with fury now.

And wilder still the tempest blew,
And fiercer rushed each foam-topped wave,
And weaker still their courage grew.

Oh! quickly, quickly, haste to save!

But buttress and pillars toppled and crashed,
And arch after arch was downward dashed.

"Halloo! Halloo! Your courage prove!"

Still held the count the prize on high.

They clearly heard, but none would move,
Of all the thousands that were nigh.

For aid cried the toll-man, with wife and
child,

Their voices e'en louder than storm-wind
wild.

But see, by chance a peasant poor,

With staff in hand, came wandering near;

A coarse and homely blouse he wore,

His bearing noble,—eye-glance clear.

Then he saw the count, and he heard his cry,
And noted how death was fast rushing by.

¹ By kind permission of the author.

In God's name then he bravely jumped
 Upon the nearest fishing boat;
 While whirlpool, storm, and fierce waves thumped,
 With skill and luck, kept it afloat.
 Oh pity! the boat was so frail and small,
 He with it at once could not save them all.

But thrice he urged it through the flood,
 'Mid whirlpool, storm, and shock of wave;
 Three times their fury it withstood;
 And thus he every soul did save.
 And just as the third time he reached the
 bank,
 The bridge's last arch in the torrent sank.

Who is, who is the brave man now?
 Say on, my song, sing true and bold.
 The peasant risked his life, I trow,
 But was it not for sake of gold?
 For offered the count not his money good,
 Perchance had the peasant ne'er risked his
 blood.

"Come," cried the count, "my valiant friend,
 The prize now take, 'tis here for you!"
 Now say, was that not bravely meant?
 'Fore God! the count thought high and true.
 But higher and truer the heart did swell
 That under the peasant's plain blouse did
 dwell.

"My life I would for gold not stake,
 Content I live, though poor indeed;
 Your money let the toll-man take,
 'Twill help him now in his sore need."
 So said he his noble and manly say;
 And turned then from them and walked
 away.

Let high the lay of the brave man sound,
 Like bell's loud clang and organ's tone;
 Him, in whose heart such valour's found,
 Rewards not gold,—but song alone.
 Thank God! that I'm able to sing and praise
 The brave man's courage for endless days.

MARGARET RYAN.

[Margaret Ryan was born at Ballingarry, County Tipperary, and has led a very quiet life. She has written a great deal in the *Irish Monthly*, and has published a volume of poems, *Songs of Remembrance*, from which the following extracts are taken by her kind permission. Her work as a whole is very refined, pure, and simple, and her sonnets are as direct and as charged with feeling as those of the late Miss Rossetti.]

A MOUNTAIN ROSE.

I know a rose upon a mountain far,
 A white and crimson flower that never dies,
 That sends its perfume to the farthest star,
 Clear past the moon and skies.

It has a web of briar wove close around,
 'Tis fenced about with thorns that pierce and
 smart,
 And very freely on the prickly ground
 My feet bleed—and my heart.

I leave the glad vales smiling every morn,
 The sweet home sunshine on the fields behind,
 I leave the reapers singing 'mid the corn
 That wiser hands will bind.

I walk a lonesome road. I hush all strife;
 Sometimes the air is very cold and fine;
 Sometimes I'd give my heart's blood and my life
 If that one flower was mine.

'Tis hard to bear the wind, the rain, the sleet;
 To shiver in the cold, where dead leaves fall;
 But rest will be the sweeter—and more sweet
 One day to shut out all.

'Tis hard to hear the dove's wild cries of pain,
 The hawk's beak in her heart; 'tis hard to stay
 And listen to the young lambs moan in vain,
 Their mothers torn away.

'Tis hard, with wounded hands, the whole day long,
 To strive and fail again, and always fail,
 And then steal home before the vesper song,
 Desolate, and cold, and pale.

I have a garden all my own hard by,
 And I have singing birds and fragrant flowers;
 In spring I set a lily pale and high
 And cold, for summer hours.

A passion-flower I long since learned to love,
 And ever kept from weeds with patient care,
 And roses rich—but not the rose above
 High in the cold, fine air.

The rose that always hides in blossom white
 Such sure soft balsam for the wounded years—
 Poor years! They should be gone clean out of sight,
 I washed them with such tears.

Sometimes I think a whisper cometh near,
 When every shade of gold has left the west.
 Ah, me! I wish the summer night was here,
 The young lambs safe at rest.

I think, till thinking strengthens to a hope:
 That two sweet hands across a cruel tree,
 Pierced through and through, high on a green
 hill's slope,
 Will bring my rose to me.

It may be many years—it may be one—
 It may be just some day, as days go by;
 But, near or far, I know that, this once done,
 I shall not fear to die;

I shall not fear to sleep and rest unstirred,
 Or rather I shall wake to sleep no more—
 To rapture sweeter than of singing bird,
 Or wave on golden shore.

G. A. GREENE.

[Mr. Greene comes of a well-known Dublin family, his grandfather having been recorder of the city, his uncle, Baron Greene, a distinguished ornament of the Irish judicial bench. He was born at Florence, 21st February, 1853. Much of Mr. Greene's early life was spent in Italy, where he qualified for his exquisite interpretation of *Italian Lyrics of To-day*, by translating as a boy Dr. Gubernati's *Mythical Zoology*. Mr. Greene is a graduate of Dublin University, where he had a brilliant academic course. Subsequently he studied at the University of Leipzig. He has done a deal of very felicitous translation, has collaborated with Mr. Arthur Hillier in a novel, *The Lost Primadonna*, and has published school editions of various English classics. Mr. Greene is one of the Irish poets who has not yet come to his own, for his is a charming and distinguished gift.]

THEN.¹

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF AUGUSTO FERRERO.)

The old men tell of the green years gone by
 (There—the cigar is lighted once again):
 They tell of arms, of hopes and loves gone by.
 The cat by the fire looks on and lists amain.
 The women's thoughts are wandering, following
 fleet
 The mournful wind that moans along the street.
 The old men tell o' the years that had an end,
 Of many a beauty gone, and many a friend—
 And while they speak, the wild wind bursts in a
 shout
 (There—once again the spent cigar's gone out).

TWILIGHT DREAM.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF AUGUSTO FERRERO.)

“Mother, three little heads I see, and a light:
 One fair, one dark, and one like the chestnut's
 stain.”
 O poetry of the evening, pure and bright,
 The only poetry sweet and never vain!
 Would that I too might see that quiet glow
 From yonder corner, whence a child may know
 The three loved faces shadowed in a light!
 O poetry of the evening, pure and bright,
 The only poetry sweet and never vain!
 O sisters, mother mine! seen ne'er again.

SPRING-TIME.

The winter fleeteth like a dream,
 The rain is past and o'er;
 The sea is lit with sunny gleam,
 The hills are white no more.
 Full-flowered the lilac hedges stand,
 The throstle sings all day,
 But there's no spring in all the land
 When Eileen is away.

Green are the copses on the hill;
 The cuckoo, hid from sight,
 Haunts all the ringing valleys still
 With echoes of delight;
 His name is like a memory
 Repeated day by day,
 But memories all are sad to me
 When Eileen is away.

The yellow cowslips here and there
 Shake in the balmy breeze;
 There is no perfume in the air,
 Far-brought from southern seas;

¹ This and the following pieces are given by kind permission of the author.

There is a brooding melody
In forest, hill, and bay,
But in my soul no harmony
When Eileen is away.
The birds remember in their song
Their dwellings o'er the foam;

The cuckoo will not tarry long,
The swift returneth home;
The very wind, so full and free,
Forgets not ocean's spray,
And, Eileen, I forget not thee
When thou art far away.

ELLA D'ARCY.

[Constance Eleanor Mary Byrne-D'Arcy is a daughter of the late Anthony Raycroft Byrne-D'Arcy, granddaughter of the late Anthony Byrne-D'Arcy of Drummartin Castle, Dundrum, County Dublin. She was born in London, and educated in France. She has published *Monochromes* (1895), *The Bishop's Dilemma*, and *Modern Instances* (1898), all with Mr. John Lane, by whose kind permission and that of the author the following extract is given.]

THE VILLA LUCIENNE.

(FROM "MODERN INSTANCES".)

Madame Koetlegon told the story, and told it so well that her audience seemed to know the sombre alley, the neglected garden, the shuttered house, as intimately as though they had visited it themselves; seemed to feel a faint reverberation of the incommunicable thrill which she had felt—which the surly guardian, the torn rag of lace, the closed pavilion had made her feel. And yet, as you will see, there is in reality no story at all; it is merely an account of how, when in the Riviera two winters ago, she went with some friends to look over a furnished villa, which one of them thought of taking.

It was afternoon when we started on our expedition, Madame de M—, Cécile her widowed daughter-in-law, and I. Cécile's little girl Renée, the nurse, and Médor, the boarhound of which poor Guy had been so inordinately fond, dawdled after us up the steep and sunny road.

The December day was deliciously blue and warm. Cécile took off her furs and carried them over her arm. We only put

down our sunshades when a screen of olive-trees on the left interposed their gray-green foliage between us and the sunshine.

Up in these trees barefooted men armed with bamboos were beating the branches to knock down the fruit; and three generations of women, grandmothers, wives, and children, knelt in the grass, gathering up the little purplish olives into baskets. All these paused to follow us with black persistent eyes, as we passed by; but the men went on working unmoved. The tap-tapping, swish-swishing of their light sticks against the boughs played a characteristically southern accompaniment to our desultory talk.

We were reasonably happy, pleasantly exhilarated by the beauty of the weather and the scene. Renée and Médor, with shrill laughter and deep-mouthed joy-notes, played together the whole way. And when the garden wall, which now replaced the olive-trees upon our right, gave place to a couple of iron gates standing open upon a broad, straight drive, and we, looking up between the overarching palm-trees and cocoa-nuts, saw a white, elegant, sun-bathed house at the end, Cécile jumped to the conclusion that here was the Villa Lucienne, and that nowhere else could she find a house which on the face of it would suit her better.

But the woman who came to greet us, the jocund, brown-faced young woman, with the superb abundance of bosom beneath her crossed neckerchief of orange-coloured wool, told us no; this was the Villa Soleil (appropriate name!), and belonged to Monsieur Morgera, the deputy, who was now in Paris. The Villa Lucienne was higher up; she pointed vaguely behind her through the house; a long walk round by the road. But if these ladies did not mind a path which was a trifle damp perhaps, owing to Monday's rain, they would find themselves in

five minutes at the Villa, for the two houses in reality were not more than a stone's throw apart.

She conducted us across a spacious garden golden with sunshine, lyric with bird-song, brilliant with flowers, where eucalyptus, mimosa, and tea-roses interwove their strong and subtle perfumes through the air, to an angle in a remote laurel hedge. Here she stooped to pull aside some ancient pine-boughs which ineffectually closed the entrance to a dark and trellised walk. Peering up it, it seemed to stretch away interminably into green gloom, the ground rising a little all the while, and the steepness of the ascent being modified every here and there by a couple of rotting wooden steps.

We were to go up this alley, our guide told us, and we would be sure to find Laurent at the top. Laurent, she explained to us, was the gardener who lived at the Villa Lucienne and showed it to visitors. But there were not many who came, although it had been to let an immense time, ever since the death of old Madame Gray, and that had occurred before she, the speaker, had come south with the Morgeras. We were to explain to Laurent that we had been sent up from the Villa Soleil, and then it would be all right. For he sometimes used the alley himself, as it gave him a short cut into Antibes; but the passage had been blocked up many years ago, to prevent the Morgera children running into it.

Oh, Madame was very kind, it was no trouble at all, and of course if these ladies liked they could return by the alley also; but once they found themselves at the Villa they would be close to the upper road, which they would probably prefer. Then came her cordial voice calling after Cécile, "Madame had best put on her furs again, it is cold in there".

It was cold and damp too, with the damp coldness of places where sun and wind never penetrate. It was so narrow that we had to walk in single file. The walls on either hand, the low roof above our heads, were formed of trellised woodwork dropping into complete decay. But roof and walls might have been removed altogether, and the tunnel nevertheless would still have retained its shape; for the creepers which overgrew it had with time developed gnarled trunks and branches, which formed a second natural tunnelling outside. Through the broken places in the woodwork we could see the

thick, inextricably twisted stems; and beyond again was a tangled matting of greenery, that suffered no drop of sunlight to trickle through. The ground was covered with lichens, deathstools, and a spongy moss exuding water beneath the foot, and one had the consciousness that the whole place, floor, walls, and roof, must creep with the repulsive, slimy, running life, which pullulates in dark and solitary places.

The change from the gay and scented garden to this dull alley, heavy with the smells of moisture and decay, was curiously depressing. We followed each other in silence; first Cécile, then Renée clinging to her nurse's hand, with Médor pressing close against them; Madame de M—— next; and I brought up the rear.

You would have pronounced it impossible to find in any southern garden so sombre a place, but that, after all, it is only in the south that such extraordinary contrasts of gaiety and gloom ever present themselves.

The sudden tearing away of a portion of one of the wooden steps beneath my tread startled us all, and the circular scatter of an immense colony of woodlice that had formed its habitat in the crevices of the wood, filled me with shivering disgust. I was exceedingly glad when we emerged from the tunnel upon daylight again and the Villa.

Upon daylight, but not upon sunlight, for the small garden in which we found ourselves was ringed round by the compact tops of the umbrella-pines which climbed the hill on every side. The site had been chosen, of course, on account of the magnificent view which we knew must be obtainable from the Villa windows, though from where we stood we could see nothing but the dark trees, the wild garden, the overshadowed house. And we saw none of these things very distinctly, for our attention was focussed on a man standing there in the middle of the garden, knee-deep in the grass, evidently awaiting us.

He was a short, thick-set peasant, dressed in the immensely wide blue velveteen trousers, the broad crimson sash, and the flannel shirt, open at the throat, which are customary in these parts. He was strong-necked as a bull, dark as a mulatto, and his curling, grizzled hair was thickly matted over head and face and breast. He wore a flat knitted cap, and held the inevitable cigarette between his lips, but he made no attempt to remove one or the other at our approach.

He stood stolid, silent, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, staring at us, and shifting from one to another his suspicious and truculent little eyes.

So far as I was concerned, and though the Villa had proved a palace, I should have preferred abandoning the quest at once to going over it in his company; but Cécile addressed him with intrepid politeness.

"We had been permitted to come up from the Villa Soleil. We understood that the Villa Lucienne was to let furnished; if so, might we look over it?"

From his heavy, expressionless expression one might have supposed that the very last thing he expected or desired was to find a tenant for the Villa, and I thought with relief that he was going to refuse Cécile's request. But, after a longish pause:

"Yes, you can see it," he said grudgingly, and turned from us, to disappear into the lower part of the house.

We looked into each other's disconcerted faces, then round the gray and shadowy garden: a garden long since gone to ruin, with paths and flower-beds inextricably mingled, with docks and nettles choking up the rose-trees run wild, with wind-planted weeds growing from the stone vases on the terrace, with grasses pushing between the marble steps leading up to the hall door.

In the middle of the lawn a terra-cotta faun, tumbled from his pedestal, grinned sardonically up from amidst the tangled greenery, and Madame de M—— began to quote:

"Un vieux faune en terre-cuite
Rit au centre des boulingrins,
Présageant sans doute une fuite
De ces instants sereins
Qui m'ont conduit et t'ont conduite . . ."

The Villa itself was as dilapidated, as mournful-looking as the garden. The ground-floor alone gave signs of occupation, in a checked shirt spread out upon a window-ledge to dry, in a worn besom, an earthenware pipkin, and a pewter jug, ranged against the wall. But the upper part, with the yellow plaster crumbling from the walls, the gray-painted persiennes all monotonously closed, said with a thousand voices it was never opened, never entered, had not been lived in for years.

Our surly gardener reappeared, carrying some keys. He led the way up the steps. We exchanged mute questions; all desire to

inspect the Villa was gone. But Cécile is a woman of character: she devoted herself.

"I'll just run up and see what it is like," she said; "it's not worth while you should tire yourself too, Mamma. You, all, wait here."

We stood at the foot of the steps; Laurent was already at the top. Cécile began to mount lightly towards him, but before she was half-way she turned, and, to our surprise, "I wish you would come up, all of you", she said, and stopped there until we joined her.

Laurent fitted a key to the door, and it opened with a shriek of rusty hinges. As he followed us, pulling it to behind him, we found ourselves in total darkness. I assure you I went through a bad quarter of a minute. Then we heard the turning of a handle, an inner door was opened, and in the semi-daylight of closed shutters we saw the man's squat figure going from us down a long, old-fashioned, vacant drawing-room towards two windows at the farther end.

At the same instant Renée burst into tears.

"Oh, I don't like it! Oh, I'm frightened!" she sobbed.

"Little goosie!" said her grandmother; "see, it's quite light now!" for Laurent had pushed back the persiennes, and a magical panorama had sprung into view: the whole range of the mountains behind Nice, their snow-caps suffused with a heavenly rose-colour by the setting sun.

But Renée only clutched tighter at Madame de M——'s gown, and wept.

"Oh, I don't like it, Bonnemaman! She is looking at me still. I want to go home!"

"No one is looking at you," her grandmother told her; "talk to your friend Médor. He'll take care of you."

But Renée whispered:

"He wouldn't come in; he's frightened too."

And, listening, we heard the dog's impatient and complaining bark calling to us from the garden.

Cécile sent Renée and the nurse to join him, and while Laurent let them out, we stepped on to the terrace, and for a moment our hearts were eased by the incomparable beauty of the view, for, raised now above the tree-tops, we looked over the admirable bay, the illimitable sky; we feasted our eyes upon unimaginable colour, upon matchless form. We were almost prepared to declare that the possession of the Villa was a piece of good

fortune not to be let slip, when we heard a step behind us, and turned to see Laurent surveying us morosely from the window threshold, and again to experience the oppression of his ungenial personality.

Under his guidance we now inspected the century-old furniture, the faded silks, the tarnished gilt, the ragged brocades which had once embellished the room. The oval mirrors were dim with mildew, the parquet floor might have been a mere piece of gray druggut, so thick was the overlying dust. Curtains, yellowish, ropery, of undeterminable material, hung forlornly where once they had draped windows and doors. Originally they may have been of rose satin, for there were traces of rose colour still on the walls and the ceiling, painted in gay southern fashion with loves and doves, festoons of flowers, and knots of ribbons. But these paintings were all fragmentary, indistinct, seeming to lose sequence and outline the more diligently you tried to decipher them.

Yet you could not fail to see that when first furnished the room must have been charming and coquettish. I wondered for whom it had been thus arranged, why it had been thus abandoned. For there grew upon me, I cannot tell you why, the curious conviction that the last inhabitant of the room having casually left it, had, from some unexpected obstacle, never again returned. They were but the merest trifles that created this idea: the tiny heap of brown ash which lay on a marble guéridon, the few withered twigs in the vase beside it, speaking of the last rose plucked from the garden; the big berceuse chair, drawn out beside the sculptured mantelpiece, which seemed to retain the impression of the last occupant; and in the dark recesses of the unclosed hearth the smouldering heat which my fancy detected in the half-charred logs of wood.

The other rooms in the Villa resembled the *salon*; each time our surly guide opened the shutters we saw a repetition of the ancient furniture, of the faded decoration; everything dust-covered and time-decayed. Nor in these other rooms was any sign of former occupation to be seen, until, caught upon the girandole of a pier-glass, a long ragged fragment of lace took my eye; an exquisitely fine and cobwebby piece of lace, as though caught and torn from some gala shawl or flounce, as the wearer had hurried by.

It was odd, perhaps, to see this piece of lace caught thus, but not odd enough, surely, to

account for the strange emotion which seized hold of me—an overwhelming pity, succeeded by an overwhelming fear. I had had a momentary intention to point the lace out to the others, but a glance at Laurent froze the words on my lips. Never in my life have I experienced such a paralyzing fear. I was filled with an intense desire to get away from the man and from the Villa.

But Madame de M——, looking from the window, had noticed a pavilion standing isolated in the garden. She inquired if it were to be let with the house. He gave a surly assent. Then she supposed we could visit it. No, said the man, that was impossible. Cécile pointed out it was only right that tenants should see the whole of the premises for which they would have to pay, but he refused, this time with so much rudeness, his little brutish eyes narrowed with so much malignancy, that the panic which I had just experienced now seized the others, and it was a *sauf-qui-peut*.

We gathered up Renée, nurse, and Médor in our hasty passage through the garden, and found our way unguided to the gate upon the upper road.

And once at large beneath the serene evening sky, winding slowly westward down the olive-bordered ways: "What an odious old ruffian!" said one; "What an eerie, uncanny place!" said another. We compared notes. We found that each of us had been conscious of the same immense, the same inexplicable sense of fear.

Cécile, the least nervous of women, had felt it the first. It had laid hold of her when going up the steps to the door, and it had been so real a terror, she explained to us, that if we had not joined her, she would have turned back. Nothing could have induced her to enter the Villa alone.

Madame de M——'s account was that her mind had been more or less troubled from the first moment of entering the garden, but that when the man refused us access to the pavilion, it had been suddenly invaded by a most intolerable sense of wrong. Being very imaginative (poor Guy undoubtedly derived his extraordinary gifts from her), Madame de M—— was convinced that the gardener had murdered someone and buried the body inside the pavilion.

But for me it was not so much the personality of the man—although I admitted he was unprepossessing enough—as the Villa itself which inspired fear. Fear seemed to

exude from the walls, to dim the mirrors with its clammy breath, to stir shudderingly among the tattered draperies, to impregnate the whole atmosphere as with an essence, a gas, a contagious disease. You fought it off for a shorter or longer time, according to your powers of resistance, but you were bound to succumb to it at last. The oppressive and invisible fumes had laid hold of us one after the other, and the incident of the closed pavilion had raised our terrors to a ludicrous pitch.

Nurse's experiences, which she gave us a day or two later, supported this view. For she told us that when Renée began to cry, and she took her hand to lead her out, all at once she felt quite nervous and uncomfortable too, as though the little one's trouble had passed by touch into her.

"And what is very strange," said she, "when we reached the garden, there was Médor, his forepaws planted firmly on the ground, his whole body rigid, and his hair bristling all along his backbone from end to end."

Nurse was convinced that both the child and the dog had seen something which we others could not see.

This reminded us of a word of Renée's, a very curious word.

"I don't like it; *she* is looking at me still,"—and Cécile undertook to question her.

"You remember, Renée, when mother

took you the other day to look over the pretty Villa—"

Renée opened wide, apprehensive eyes.

"Why did you cry?"

"I was frightened at the lady," she whispered.

"The lady . . . where was the lady?" Cécile asked her.

"She was in the drawing-room, sitting in the big chair."

"Was she an old lady, like grandmamma, or a young lady, like mother?"

"She was like Bonnemaman," said Renée, and her little mouth began to quiver.

"And what did she do?"

"She got up and began to—to come—"

But here Renée again burst into tears. And as she is a very nervous, a very excitable child, we had to drop the subject.

But what it all meant, whether there was anything in the history of the house or of its guardian which could account for our sensations, we never knew. We made inquiries, of course, concerning Laurent and the Villa Lucienne, but we learned very little, and that little was so vague, so remote, so irrelevant, that it does not seem worth while repeating.

The indisputable fact is the overwhelming fear which the adventure awoke in each and all of us; and this effect is impossible to describe, being just the crystallization of one of those subtle, unformulated emotions in which only poor Guy himself could have hoped to succeed.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

[Stephen Gwynn is the eldest son of the Rev. John Gwynn, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, by his marriage with Lucy, eldest daughter of William Smith O'Brien. He was educated at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, and at Oxford. In 1896 he took up the profession of literature in London, where his work is well known in the reviews and magazines. He has published: *Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Portrait Painter*, *Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim*, *The Repentance of a Private Secretary*, *The Old Knowledge*, and *The Decay of Sensibility, and other Essays*, as well as a volume of poems.]

FIRELIGHT.¹

An elderly lady, in other respects luxurious enough, remorselessly blocks up her fireplace with mirrors, ferns, grasses, and other incongruous impediments from May till October 1st, and with May back come the mirrors. Without wishing to dogmatize so austere as this dame, one rule at least should be laid down inflexibly. Either light your fire or do not light it; but on no account suffer it to go out. Black coal with

¹ This and the following poem are given by kind permission of the author.

a lining of dingy newspaper is ugly enough, but it carries a hint of summer; a grate full of dead ashes is the most depressing sight in the world. Beyond this principle there is endless room for discussion. If you do not light your fire, you will have the applause of conscience; it is an economy of sixpence, and you lighten the burden of your housemaid. But, while the case is still one for argument, if you do not light the fire, you will invariably regret it. It is then that one realizes how much more the hearth is than the mere means of maintaining a certain temperature. In winter, it is to the room what the eyes are to a face—one instinctively looks to it; it animates the whole. For a few days or weeks one has to unlearn the attitudes of winter; chairs seem to have "a spirit in their feet" that makes them face round to the vacant blackness; and if one is alone, neither book nor pipe, dog nor cat, will prevent a sensation of loneliness. There is no other inanimate thing—if indeed flame can be called lifeless—which keeps one company like a fire. The sea is too big; a running river, with the broken water which gives to fly-fishing its peculiar charm among sports, comes nearest perhaps to the flicker and the varying sound of fire, and a river certainly is company as you whip it for trout or salmon. But after all, a river goes on its own way uninterrupted, singing its own song, *in omne volubilis ævum*. Voluble as the stream is, it will not converse with you; a fire you can poke, and it must answer to your mood. But even when left to itself it is never silent; there is always the faint crackle of fuel splitting, the faint crash of embers falling in, and the purring of flame.

That is the great and eloquent superiority of British over foreign civilization. Stoves are no doubt the sensible and scientific way of warming any given apartment; it takes stoves, or hot pipes, of some description, to maintain that beautiful equality of temperature which reigns in the British Museum or an incubator. But who that has ever wintered abroad would not cheer to the echo Gibbon's delightful phrase about substituting "the dull heat of a stove for the companionable brightness of a fire"? Open grates hold in them something of the free life of Nature; the hot embers, with their mystical shapes and patterns, appeal to the imagination like a sunset. Fire exhilarates the mind, while it warms the body; one has

a definite something to be grateful to for heat. In one's bedroom it is so delightful as to be worth keeping for an occasional luxury; except that it tempts one to sit up and look at it, instead of going to bed, particularly if it be, as fires in a bedroom ought ideally to be, of wood. For what may be called the poetic effect of a fireside there is nothing like logs. A big hall with a wide hearth, and a pine log or arm of oak blazing between the metal dogs, is one of the most covetable things on earth; and Scott instinctively realized this when he wrote:

"Ah, Clandeboye, thy friendly floor
Slieve Donard's oaks shall light no more".

But as a matter of fact the logs are apt to need hot-water pipes in a discreet retirement to supplement them, if the hall is to be a happy resort to sit in. Peat has a charm of its own, and peat and wood combined make perhaps the most agreeable of all fires; but peat should not be severed from its native associations. For London coal is the thing; a little more grime makes so little difference; and as for anything that is not wood, peat, or coal, such as coke, gas, or patent fuel generally—as Mr. Andrew says in Mr. Kipling's poem—let it be consumed in the lower regions. Gas-fires in particular are of all these abominations the most abominable, and worst when, with the help of asbestos, they pretend to be what they are not. It may be possible to cook excellently over gas—it may be even possible to prevent a gas-stove from smelling—but far from us be the day when the comfortable blaze and glow of a coal-fire will be superseded by this monotonous jet of flame.

Yet, though gaslight has nothing to set against the capricious charm of free fire, flame in itself is so beautiful that one wonders it has not been utilized for an art. There should be an art of pure colour, independent of form or the representation of objects, a music of colour; and surely an ingenious designer could get wonderful effects out of tinted flames in their contrasts and harmonies, blending or separating the jets at will. The thing could be done in comparatively small compass, and would not need a wide open space like the common explosive fireworks. Perhaps the reason why flame has not been utilized as an art is that, once remote from the hearth, once let loose, flame suggests terror as hardly anything else can. Some such notion lurks

behind the old story of the satyr who went to pluck the beautiful new blossom—the “red flower” of Hindoo tales—and found the biting nature of it. Animals will hardly face it; and fire-worship originated in the East, where folk make their gods of what they fear. Fire was worshipped not where the glow awaits man after travel through snow and rain, but in lands where the white man’s whole thought as he looks up at the sun in heaven sums itself up in saying: “Go down, you brute!” It has been worshipped as the destroyer and as the purifier, but not as the comforter. It is, indeed, rather too fierce a thing to play with. If one sees it at its work among houses or hayricks, even if one watches the leaping of a candle-flame at something held over it, it is hard not to believe that this moving thing has a sentient life in it, an aspiration to devour. For that reason fire remains the most vivid of symbols, hackneyed though it is by all manner of metaphor. But the fire upon our hearths is domesticated, and no more suggests images of panic or destruction than our pet collie suggests a wolf. It is a good, familiar creature, constant to our necessities or our pleasures, and not lightly to be parted with for the capricious insincerities of English sunshine. To lie in the sun and bask is of all delights the most delightful; but there must be time and place and sunshine all together. And when time and place are found, it is odds but the sunshine fails us. Fire is to hand when it is wanted; and after all sunshine is impersonal and extraneous, there is no property in it, but our fire is our own to regulate or to monopolize. That sense of ownership, whimsical as it sounds, must have a solid basis in human sentiment,

since it has generated a proverb. You may cut the pages of your friend’s new books, you may rebuke his children, you may read him poems in manuscript, you may borrow his only umbrella, but you must not poke his fire till you have known him seven years, and even then, if he is a devout fire-worshipper, you will do better to abstain.

LOST VISION.

In the forest, among the ruddy pine trunks,
Where the russet footing muffles every tread,
Alleys tempt, and through the ranged assembly
Down never-ending vistas I am led.

My love has her dwelling in the forest,
I can feel her as I walk among the pines;
All the avenues of the wood lead to her,
And my heart runs to her leaping down the
lines.

All about her is a magic circle;
I can speak with her, can touch her, take her
hand,
But she smiles; her eyes are kind and tranquil;
And a world divides me from her where I stand.

All the forest land is haunted by her presence;
In the rustle of the bracken I can hear,
I can hear her in the swaying tree-tops,
In the dappled dance of shadow she is near.

For her sake I love the columned forest,
Where the ways for ever meet, for ever part;
But I dread that I have lost my way for ever,
To the green and sunny glade that is her heart.

Ah but, Love, some day and for a moment
Break the circle; in the sunshine let me lie,
See again the eyes divinely altered;
Let me see them once again before I die.

MARY AND ALICE FURLONG.

[Mary Furlong was born in 1868, or thereabouts, in the city of Dublin, from which her parents migrated soon afterwards to Tallaght, under the mountains. From the age of fourteen Mary scribbled determinedly in spite of much good and unpalatable advice from editors. Between seventeen and twenty she wrote pretty frequently, her poems ap-

pearing in *The Irish Monthly*, *Chambers’s Journal*, *The Boston Pilot*, *Temple Bar*, and several other magazines. At twenty-three she adopted the nursing profession and practically gave up writing. She studied in the old Hospital of Madame Steevens, Dublin, and after a long experience in the hospital wards retired from the institute, much to

the regret of its managers, and took up private nursing, pleading that she must be with the two younger sisters whom the deaths of father and mother, and the loss of the beloved country-home, had robbed of much of life's brightness. Accepting a summons to tend typhus patients in an infirmary in Roscommon, she contracted the fever and died far away from home and friends on 22nd September, 1898. She lies buried in the green churchyard of Tallaght, side by side with the father and mother and sister whom death had called before her, and hard by Glen-na-Smoel and the gray-gabled house which was once her well-beloved home.

Alice Furlong is a sister of Mary Furlong. She began writing poetry in 1893. Her first poem appeared in *The Irish Monthly*, the editor of which has been her constant friend. She has contributed poems to many magazines and newspapers, and her first volume of poems, *Roses and Rue*, was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1898. She is the author of three novels and many short stories.]

GLEN-NA-SMOEL.¹

(BY MARY FURLONG.)

In the heart of high blue hills
Where the silence thrills and thrills,
Is the Valley of the Thrushes:
From the golden low furze-bushes
On the mountain wind's light feet
Comes a perfume faint and sweet.

Where the hills stand blue and gray
In the sunshine miles away,
Rises a small streamlet brawling,
On the silence calling, calling;
Flows by fern and foxglove tall
And green mosses curled and small.

Through the valley it goes swift,
'Tis the mountain's wayward gift;
Dancing onward, laughing, leaping,
Amber eddies gaily sweeping
Round the big stones grayly-white
In the sunny summer light!

In the Thrushes' mystic glen
Are the only dwellers men?
When the ghostly moonlight glimmers
And the singing river shimmers,
Do the fairies never come—
Are their nimble feet grown numb?

Ah! I think the fairies fled
When the mountain people said:
"In this crystal-watered valley
Skill and labour both shall rally,
Mighty earthen walls shall build
And the valley shall be filled.

"Filled with clear pellucid rills
That are born within the hills,
They shall gather all these fountains
Flowing sweetly from the mountains,
Cunningly shall bear them down
To the distant thirsty town!"

No green rushes grow beside
The dark waters as they glide
From the Valley of the Thrushes;
But the scent of the furze-bushes
And the breath of heath-clad hill
Dwell within their bosom still.

AN IRISH LOVE-SONG.

(BY MARY FURLONG.)

I love you, and I love you, and I love you, O my
honey!

It isn't for your goodly lands, it isn't for your
money;

It isn't for your father's cows, your mother's
yellow butter.

The love that's in my heart for you no words of
mine may utter!

The whole world is gone wrong with me since
yester-morning early,

Above the shoulder of Sliav Ruadh the sun was
peeping barely,

Your light feet scarcely stirred the dew among
the scented clover;

O happy dew, O happy grass, those little feet
went over!

The breeze had coaxed your nut-brown hair
beneath the white sun-bonnet,

The sunbeams kissed the corn-flowers blue that
you had fastened on it,

And danced and danced, and quivered down your
gown of coloured cotton;

And when I looked upon your face I fear I'd
quite forgotten—

It was not you I came to see this morning but
another,

But who could look on that brown head, and ask
for Tom, the brother?

Your blue eyes have bewitched me quite, the
catin' and the dhrinkin'

Have lost the grah they used to have, of you I'm
always thinkin'.

¹ This and the following pieces are given by kind permission of Miss Alice Furlong.

The white of wheat is on your cheek, the scarlet
of the berry
There sweetly blends: on each soft lip the smile
comes quick and merry;
And oh! the blue, blue eyes that shine beneath
their silken lashes—
My word! it is for sake of them my bread is
turned to ashes!

But sure this foolish tongue of mine won't get to
tell its story—
Oh, how I wish I had the talk of my fine cousin
Rory!
Who's just as glib as if he ate the highest English
Grammar,
And if he loved a thousand times it would not
make him stammer.

And yet I almost think she cares—for sometimes
how she blushes!
And so this pleasant eve of May, when all the
larks and thrushes
Are singing their sweet songs of love, I'll try an'
tell my story,
Although I cannot sing like them, or speak like
cousin Rory.

THE TREES.

(By ALICE FURLONG.)

These be God's fair high palaces,
Walled with fine leafen trellises,
Interstarred with the warm and luminous azure;
Sunlights run laughing through,
And rains and honey-dew
Scatter pale pearls at every green embrasure.

The tangled twist and twine
Of His soaring staircases have mosses fine

For emerald pavement, and each leafy chamber
Is atmosphered with amber.
Athwart the mellow air
The twinkling threads of gossamer
Shimmer and shine
In many a rainbow line.

The chaffinch is God's little page.
O joyant vassalage!
"Your will! Your will!" he saith the whole day
long,
In sweet monotonous song:
Poised on the window-sills of outmost leaves
He watches where the tremulous sunlight weaves
Its golden webbing over the palpitant grass,
While the Summer butterfly, winged of the blue-
veined snow,
Floats by on aerial tides as clear as glass;
Like a fairy ship with its delicate sails ablow.

From the break of morn,
Herein the blackbird is God's courtier,
With gold tongue ever astir,
Piping and praising
On his beakéd horn.
To do his Seigneur duty
In mellow fluency and duleet phrasing,
In peans of passing beauty;
As a chanting priest,
Chanting his matins in the wane o' the night,
While slow great winds of vibrant light
Sweep up the liled East.

The dumb thing is God's guest,
And every tired creature seeking rest;
The sheep, grown weary browsing,
The cattle, drouthy with heat,
One after one, lagging on listless feet,
Seek the green shadow of God's pleasant housing;
While the thousand wingéd wights of bough and
air
Do find God's palace fair!

FRANK MATHEW.

[Frank Mathew is a member of an old Irish family, the Mathews of Thomastown, County Tipperary; he is nephew of Sir James Mathew and grand-nephew of Father Mathew. He was born at Bombay in 1865, his father being at that time a civil engineer in India. He was educated at Beaumont, King's College School, and London University. In 1889 he became a solicitor, but has quite given up the profession for that of novel-writing. His books are: *At the Rising*

of the Moon, The Wood of the Brambles, A Child in the Temple, The Spanish Wine, Defender of the Faith, One Queen Triumphant, Love of Comrades, The Royal Sisters. A good many people of excellent judgment look upon Mr. Mathew as the Irish novelist we have so long been awaiting. Unlike many other distinguished Irish novelists, he does not write from the point of view of a sympathetic outsider. He has the true Celtic temperament, with the advantage of edu-

cation, inherited and otherwise, over the peasants of genius who for so long represented the Celtic spirit.]

COMING HOME.¹

(FROM "THE WOOD OF THE BRAMBLES".)

I remembered nothing before the day I sat on the sideboard at the end of the hall. Then I was in scarlet and gold, with a waistcoat down to my knees, and a little sword, and with buckles on my shoes that had made me proud because I thought that they were diamonds. I was very small, and my hair was ribboned and powdered. Sir Tim had lifted me up on the sideboard to fondle me; and because I was frightened by his pity, I blubbered, and grieved for myself as the victim of some mysterious disaster. Till then I was happy, although my mother was dead. It was a disaster indeed, although it pained me so little. I could hear Sir Malachi singing at the top of his voice. He sang the louder when he had a reason for sorrow; except when he heard my father had been killed in America—that day he was silent.

Sir Malachi was fond of me then. He would have me in the dining-room. "Walk across, and bow to the company, you proud little ruffian," he would say. "Will you look at his feet, Slaughter? Will you watch him, Maguire? Sir, he is a Davern, I tell you. We have little feet, though my shoes are lubberly because of the gout." Then he would give me oranges, and put me beside him, and forget me; and I would stare at his friends, or at his honest and bright face with the boyish colour and the masterful eyes. Every night and morning I prayed to grow up to be like him and able to sing his beautiful songs.

I was proud to be Sir Malachi's grandson, because he was so big, and so many lived to obey him. Yet, although he told me to call him "Father", I never was at ease with him. But Sir Tim was always my friend. I was sure Sir Tim Desmond was very old; for his voice was husky, his hands shook, and he often fell asleep at the table. When he spoke to me, something softened his ruddy and hard features and his quarrelsome eyes,

and I was never afraid of him; although I had seen the servants alarmed by the sight of that little square man with his twisting swagger and his dangerous look. He had a gray wig that was worn at the rim from being handled so often, and a dingy red coat, and a long sword, and a three-cornered hat upon the side of his head. When I was growing sleepy myself, at my grandfather's side, and the flushed faces and loud voices appeared distant, Sir Tim would carry me off, whispering: "Ah, my poor little man! an' has the dustman put a cloud in his eyes?" Often he was weak and unsteady, and he knocked me against the door and the banisters on the way to the kitchen, and shook me; but he never could shake my trust in his kindness.

The kitchen was full of servants, who loved me as long as I was Sir Malachi's pet. Of course, the work of the house was done by bare-footed girls, who scurried about in the passages and pantries with loads; but it was always considered rudeness to notice them. The men waited at meals, or saw to the many horses, and followed when Sir Malachi rode. I kept at his side on a pony, or in the coach, when he went to visit the neighbours, or on the car that he used in winter when the ruts in the roads were watery and we had to turn into meadows and drive along on the grass. Then he was never tired of my merits; for I found it a pleasure to give things I did not want any longer, and fed the dogs with the scraps when I had finished my dinner, and liked others to be happy as soon as I had all that I needed, and he often boasted I proved I was a Davern all over by my generous ways. And he was so proud when I struck a servant across the face with a whip for rudeness, that he gave us a guinea apiece, to reward my spirit and to comfort my victim's.

"Whenever I sit down on a cushion, I find it is a dog," said Sir Tim: and the animals added to the disorder and noise in the House.

It was a long building, with two storeys, and many windows that made it pleasant in summer, but gloomy when the weather was dark. The drawing-room and the dining-room opened on the terrace and garden. The book-room and the parlours looked out on a sedgy and rough field with the avenue winding around it. A corridor was above them, and thirty narrow and long bedrooms

¹ This extract is given by kind permission of author and publisher.



COMING HOME

were off it, and faced towards the garden behind. Often all the bedrooms were occupied by visitors, and each had his servants.

Sir Malachi would sooner have thought of walking to Dublin, than of riding without men to obey him; and it was the custom for people who had servants to prove it by taking them everywhere. Travellers took horsemen to carry the valise and the hamper of wine and the netted bag full of lemons: and I have seen my grandfather go away with so many behind, that it was all they could do to discover enough burdens, for each of them was supposed to be laden, although their number was a proof of his rank, and they were useful to frighten robbers or bailiffs. They lived in neighbouring cabins: but the servants of visitors slept in the drawing-room, because they preferred its sofas to the seats in the book-room.

Sir Malachi and his visitors spent the mornings on horseback, and most of their other hours in the dining-room; for nobody used the bedrooms much, as it was always considered more sociable to sleep at the table or under it: and the dinner began at four; and was followed by sipping claret, till supper at nine would give the signal for drinking. The servants were sent away about midnight, after they had loaded the sideboard: and my grandfather finished his four bottles at a sitting, even in his age, but the memory of the feats of his youth is lost to his country, for the tales are incredible. Certain it is that the footmen going into the room, in the fresh hours, would find Sir Malachi sober and singing at the head of the table. Often then I was roused by his singing and his calls for the chorus. If there was no answer, because his friends were limp in their chairs, or stretched at ease on the carpet, he gave the chorus himself; and then, while the servants awoke the others, or carried away obstinate sleepers by the head and the heels, he would stride out to the hall, and clap his three-cornered hat on the back of his wig, and saunter off to the farm, with the dogs; and I would turn on the pillow, in my narrow bedroom, and doze, as his song died in the distance and blended with the barks and the drowsy lowing of cattle.

My grandfather might have made me his toy longer, if Sir Tim had not angered him by a hint of my being old enough to be harmed by the stories and the songs in the

dining-room. Because he was indignant at such interference, he sent me my meals in a little parlour, and banished me. Grieved at this unexpected disgrace, I lived in hope of a summons to his favour: but soon he had forgotten me; and so I was altered by my hours with the books. Since I was not a favourite now, the servants let me alone. Though I was the heir, it was little in their eyes; for my grandfather was always so lusty that the end of his time was a thing hard to imagine. My pony died, and I had never another. In a little time, I became so dull that Sir Malachi was disgusted when he met me by chance. Even Sir Tim, when he came again, was aghast, and said I was learning manners from the family portraits. On the morning of the hunt, I would sit at a window of the book-room, and read, while the horsemen were pacing up and down on the gravel, and glance every now and then at my cousin Tony, and despise him sincerely as he managed his black cob with the riders; but when the last of the red coats was behind the trees, I would shut my book with an aching heart, and think I would give even my little sword with the silver hilt, if I could canter behind the horses and dogs. Tony was the favourite now; for, although he was my age, he could drink and curse like a man. I kept out of the way; and when the weather was sunny I stole off to the wood, with a book under my coat, and crept along the rim of the grass by the roses and wall-flowers in the front of the House, for fear my steps would be heard on the gravel, and make my grandfather shout angrily from a window, "Put down that dirty book, and be a Davern for once." For he had soon come to believe my ways were a deliberate crossing of his wishes; and once I heard him describing how fond he had been of me until I became sulky and stupid. "I can't make it out at all," he went on; "there was never a Davern like him before. Sir, it is a degenerate time." Often I got safe to the well, in that great Wood of the Brambles, behind the garden, and there read by the hour, without lifting my eyes, even as I turned over the pages, or brushed away caterpillars or adventurous ants.

The wood had its name from many thickets of brambles. It was old and forsaken: and I wandered across it looking out for adventures, with my little sword in my hand; but I never came on a lion or a

dragon, although once, as I broke out of a thicket, I found myself in front of the master of the school in the village. Shamus Dhu Harragan was his name, and he often strolled about in the tangle. So did a little man named Dromeen, who had always one of the long and hereditary coats of the peasants. When it was dark, I was afraid of the wood; but I tried to conquer my fear by going into the shadows with my sword in my hand. For I was so much alone, that my amusements were odd. When the weather was frosty, I would dig in the garden for stones covered with frozen dew, and would call it hunting for silver. And when I came on a frosted pebble, I would run to the gardener, who encouraged my whim, because it did away with the stones: "Deed it is a fine bit of silver, Masther Dom," he would say. "We'll be rich men for ever." When it was rainy, I would skip in the long corridor at the top of the House. Mrs. Regan, the Dame of the Buttery, came out of a bedroom once, and stared with such surprise on her withered face, that I slunk away like a criminal. I dare say the sight of me skipping all alone with my hands in my breeches pockets, as powder fell from my hair and sprinkled my scarlet coat, and my sword clattered at my side, was ridiculous. For all that, she was kind to me afterwards; when she had a moment to think of me. I remember skipping until I throbbed with delight; and then pausing, and looking out of the window with a feeling as if I was a thousand years old. So I remember dancing a breakdown by the well, to keep warm; and then stopping, with a dread that the trees had watched me; and going heavily back, over the wet leaves and the sliny roots on the path. When it was time to go to bed, I would wander out on the terrace; and standing on the brink of the yellow slabs of light that were by the dining-room windows, would stare at the revellers, as if I was shut out of my home.

Once I had a chance of recovering my place, for Sir Malachi met me, as he went out in a rollicking temper, and he paused in his song, saying, "Come, you poor little white creature, and see if you have the blood of a gentleman." Giving me a pole with a spike in it, he went off to a musty barn by the stables; and I followed him with my heart in my mouth: he was bent on ratting, and ordered me to stand in a door; and I was cager to kill a dangerous brute, for I

was certain my destiny hung upon my manliness then. I saw a puny rat bolting, and I pitied its terror. My grandfather shouted, "Sir, you can go back to your books!"

His contempt of me rankled in my heart, and I took to scrambling on the rocks on the shore, and climbing trees in the wood, and crossing by the Ford of the Alders when the river was flooded; to prove to myself that, in spite of my unfortunate mercy for the rat, I had a gentleman's courage. Once I climbed the cliffs by a way that appeared so risky when I got to the top that I was afraid to tell anyone, because I was sure it would be hard to believe me. At first, I was very fond of my own garden, at the side of the sycamore: but Sir Malachi strolled over it once, when he went out with his dogs. After that, as I grew up, I had no pleasures but my reading and rambles. At this time, there were only three that I cared about—Sir Tim, and the Rector of Ennis-crone, and Theophilus Considine of Ballymoreen, an ivied house in the wood. I fancy I was proudest of Considine's friendship; because he was so stately in purple and an elaborate wig. But the Rector had been good to me also, and had nursed me when I was sick of a fever. I was friends with the people, except a gloomy and dark fellow that was known as the Squire.

Sometimes, I went to call on the Abbé Maguire, a complacent, rosy little man, and a dear friend of Sir Malachi's. Up at the House he would never notice me, but welcomed me kindly at his home in the village. There I would sit on the stone seat in the ingle, and look at his guests; for he used always to leave his door on the latch, and any passers were welcome; and the bench and his room would be crowded by the ragged "boccaghs", who were wanderers by trade, and the dark men—the blind—and the Poor Scholars who were tramping to seek learning and depended on charity. Biddy would carry stirabout round, and the dark men would sit sniffing the hot milk, and the others looked at it wistfully; but all of them waited for their turns with politeness. The old Abbé would chat with them, or else he would nod by the hearth, as the fire deepened his rosiness, and reddened the silk of his stockings, amazing his rough bare-footed visitors. He used to wear a nightcap indoors, and hang his wig on the dreary bust of a martyr in the window

behind him, and had a gown with a red sash at his waist, for he wished to be taken for a Frenchman because he had been over to Paris. When the bench was crowded, the comers would linger out in the garden, never touching the fruit, even if it lay on the path, because they were trusted. Naked feet would be heard upon the path, and outlandish faces would peer beside the screen at the door.

The Abbé was supposed to be teaching me, although he had stopped his efforts when I could spell; and so my life was changed by his death.

For once, I had been admitted to dine with the others, as Sir Tim was the only visitor in the house, and had made my grandfather let me in, on Maguire's birthday, and we four were at table. Maguire was on my grandfather's left, with Sir Tim beside him, and I was facing them, very grateful for tolerance. The clock began to strike in the hall. "Eleven," said Sir Tim; but the Abbé counted the strokes. "It is

twelve," said he; "my drinking is over, for I say Mass in the morning." He upset his glass on the cloth. "I can't move," he said, whispering, and Sir Malachi slapped him on the back, with a laugh, crying, "You are feeble and old. Drunk after a couple of bottles?" The Abbé fell forward, with his head on his plate. Sir Malachi laughed louder, and cried, "It is John the Baptist, with his head on a dish!"

When they had laid the Abbé upstairs, the others came again to the dining-room. Sir Malachi righted the spilt glass, with an indifferent swagger. Sir Tim sat with his elbows on the table, and was looking in front of him, as if there was somebody beside me: his wig was tilted to the left; and his eyes were so sunk, that I almost thought he had spectacles. My grandfather stood lifting a glass. "Tim," he said, "we drink to the health of the kind fellow who was sitting between us." Sir Tim put his face in his hands, sobbing and crying.

CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN.

[Miss O'Brien was born at Cahirmoyle, County Limerick, in 1845. She is the daughter of William Smith O'Brien, the heiress of his philanthropy and his patriotism. Her great work on behalf of the female emigrants to America will not soon be forgotten. Any woman, indeed, might be content to rest on such laurels. She has, however, found time for something of a literary life as well. None can doubt her possession of a true poetic gift; and her novel *Light and Shade* was received with a chorus of praise by the critics of all manner of politics. *The Spectator*, *The Athenæum*, *The Guardian*, *The Standard* were as warm in its praises as the most Irish of our prints at home.]

BOG COTTON ON THE RED BOG.¹

FOYNES IN JUNE, 1895.

I.

"O strong-winged birds from over the moorland dark,
On this June day what have you seen?"

¹ By kind permission of the author.

Where have you been?"

Where, oh! where
The golden yellow asphodel makes its boggy home,
And far and near,
Spreading in broad bands of silvery silky foam
O'er the moorland drear,
The slender-stemmed bog cotton bends in waves of light,
Shaking out its shining tufts for its own delight,
There, oh! there
We have been.

II.

"O sweet sky-piercing, heaven-mounting lark,
On this June day what have you seen?"

I have seen—I have seen
The dark red bog and the king fern green,
And the black black pools lying dim between,—
The baby heather that blossoms so soon
In the splendid heat that comes after June—
And the white white silk that swings in the wind,
And the little nest hidden just in behind!
Hey! little mother, how goes the nest?
Which of the young ones pleases you best?
Pull the white grass silk, tuck them in tight,
While I go singing up into the light.
Oh, I have seen! I have seen!

III.

"O mystic, still, and summer-breathing night,
In this hot June what have you seen?
What have you seen?"

Silk white tents for fairy armies spreading,
Silk white sheets for fairy maidens' bedding,
Silver down for their pillows—and oh, I have
seen

Troops of little fairies pulling low each silky
tassel,

The fairy queen herself and many a red-capped
vassal,

Riding on her snow-maned horse the gold-haired
fairy queen

Oh, I have seen—I have seen!

IV.

"And you, O summer moon, there in the clear
dark sky,

Tell me, oh! tell me, you who live so high,

What have you seen?

What have you seen?"

I have seen the eyes of God looking down upon
the earth;

I have seen the dark things growing to bright
strength and joyful birth;

I have seen the slow unfolding of bud and leaf
and life;

I have seen immortal good ripening on through
mortal strife—

Oh, I have seen! I have seen!

MRS. HUNGERFORD.

BORN 1855 — DIED 1897.

[Margaret Wolfe Hungerford was born about 1855 at Milteen, Rosscarbery, County Cork. She was the daughter of the Rev. Fitzjohn Stannus Hamilton, Rector of Ross and Canon of Ross Cathedral, and was educated at Portarlinton College. Amongst her most successful novels may be mentioned *Phyllis*, *Molly Bawn*, *A Maiden all Forlorn*, and *The Duchess*, which had a great reception in America. Mrs. Hungerford died untimely on the 24th of January, 1897, at Bandon. Just before her illness she had completed *The Coming of Chloe*. The extract is given by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

ZARA.

(FROM "PHYLLIS AND OTHER STORIES".)

"Peste! how the sun burns!" she said, breathlessly, as she ran lightly up the flowery hill, her bare, brown, shapely feet scarce touching the earth as she went. A lithe girl, softly formed, and lissom as "Dian, chaste and fair", with red-brown hair, and radiant lips, and eyes like deepest midnight. As she ran, one slender hand was tightly clenched. In it lay all her worldly wealth. A tiny wealth indeed—but for it she had worked and slaved, and starved, that it might buy for her the one thing upon the earth she loved. The one thing, too, that clave to

her! She lived alone; no kith or kin laid claim to her.

She gained the top of the hill, and pushing aside the vines and straggling roses that hid a small gateway, ran through it, and up to a man, who, stretched upon a bench, was staring lazily at the white-flecked ocean far down below in the curved bay.

"See, it is here; I have brought you the money," she said, panting with eagerness and her swift coming. She held out to him her open hand with the coins lying on the soft palm. "Now give me my Damma," she said, her voice trembling with suppressed delight.

"Too late," said the man slowly.

"But how? The Signor promised me. It is a bargain," flashed she, advancing a step. Hot anger flamed into her eyes and deadened the sweetness of her lips. "Is it, then, too little a sum, this? Has your master repented? Eh?" Dismay and scorn fought for mastery in her tone.

"Nay, then, Zara, come and see how it is," said the man, with some compassion. Rising languidly to his feet, he led her to the brow of the hill, and bending over, motioned her to follow his gaze to where the rocks shone white and cold in the dazzling sunlight, a hundred feet below. Upon them, inanimate and cold as they, lay stretched her only friend, her playfellow.

It was nothing but an old goat after all, so old as to be scarcely worth a thought.

But ever since Zara's soul had pierced the haze of infancy, it had romped with her, suckled her, been to her the fondest mother the little waif had ever known, and now it was lying there, crushed, mangled, broken upon the cruel rocks. She scrambled down to it by help of heather and tufts of strong coarse grass, and, reaching the spot, stretched herself beside the dead thing in speechless grief.

There was blood upon the soft white hair; the face to the heart-broken child looked full of reproach; some pale-blue flowers were in its drooping mouth, stained, too, with crimson. It was the last fatal mouthful, with death hidden in its treacherous sweetness.

Two or three stars had already crept into the sky when she rose and went silently back to the cave in the huge rock she called her home. Upon her threshold a man met her.

"Who is the master here?" he asked impatiently.

"I am, and mistress too," returned she, lifting defiantly to his her large, grief-laden eyes. The one thing she loved was dead; her heart felt dead, too; and then—she had so many reasons for hating her own kind.

"St—that is bad," said the man, with a shrug, "for I believe him dying. And you—you are a child, you will know nothing."

She passed by him brusquely and entered the cave. Upon the rude pallet that served her as bed lay a young lad, fair-skinned, golden-haired, with blue eyes wild and vacant. He tossed his arms above his head, and screamed to her in shrill accents as she drew nearer. The demon of fever had him in his grasp, and made a cruel jest of his weakness. He shrieked so loudly, and played such fantastic tricks with his emaciated hands that for the moment he drove the dead Damma from the girl's thoughts. She knelt beside him and pushed the hair from his damp brow. The touch soothed him. His voice sank, and presently faded away into a shaken quivering verse of song that rose feebly, and died and rose again amidst the echoes of the stony roof.

"At his chanting again," said the man contemptuously, from the doorway. "He must be better. So!—it is well we were on our way."

He approached the bed and looked down on the sick boy.

"Come, get up," he said, touching the

fever-exhausted body—slim and nerveless as a willow wand—with his foot, not over-roughly, but still with his foot. The boy groaned as if racked with pain, and an agonized expression desolated his face for a moment. It was more than Zara could bear. She sprang to her feet and held out her hands imploringly.

"Give him to me," she said, a divine pity in her voice. "He is ill—dying, perhaps. He will be but a burden to you. Give him to me."

The man hesitated, and glanced at the doorway, through which the sky was peeping. Already night had fallen, and it was essential he should reach the town, towards which he had set his face, before daybreak. And of late the boy *had* been in very truth a burden; lagging here and there by the wayside, and too languid to sing before the wine-shops the merry lilt and lays that had so often earned them their supper, and a sleep upon the scented hay. Again he glanced at the boy, and marked the deadly pallor of his cheek, the purple ring beneath his lids.

"For the price of a meal you may have him," he said coarsely, lifting his shoulders and laughing scornfully.

Swiftly she unwound from her waist the strip of coloured linen that encircled her, and drew from it the coins that were to have given her Damma. It was her whole fortune; not a centime would remain in the cave with her when this was gone. She was freely offering for the purchase of this stricken lad, this stranger with the wandering eyes, blue as gentian, and the yellow locks, wet with fever's poison, all her worldly wealth.

"Take them," she said, holding out the coins to the man, who eyed them hungrily. "They were to buy Damma, but she is dead. I saved and saved to buy her; a whole year it took me, and this morning, when I went with the money in my palm for her, they could only show me where she was lying dead and cold upon the rocks. She was only a goat, look you, but she was my all." She threw out her hands with a little passionate gesture of despair.

"Here, give them to me," said the man. He clinked the coins in his hands, and then laughed aloud:

"I doubt if a dead goat isn't better than a sick boy," he said. "But—"

"Hush—he wakes to sense," she said, seeing a change in the forlorn face beneath her.

She pointed with a slender finger to the doorway. "Go," she said. "To see you will distress him; I can guess so much. Go, before he knows you."

The man scowled, first at her, and then at the boy.

"Well, a bargain's a bargain," he said. "I wish you luck with yours."

"Go," she said again, imperatively, her eyes on the face that was slowly struggling back to consciousness. She waved him once more towards the aperture in the rock that served as entrance. The man bowed his head and passed through it, and out of her life for ever.

But the boy for ever stayed in it, and grew to be the heart-string on which all her griefs and joys were founded. For two careless, happy years the kindly cave sheltered them. They toiled together, they sowed and reaped, tended their neighbours' brown-eyed oxen, and tied their glowing corn. They gathered the flaming poppies, and sang their songs at eventide, until the maiden moon arose to wake the world to sensuous light. Then *his* voice, soaring heavenwards with ever increasing passion (as though crying aloud to the angels beyond the blue, to give him place in their choir), would silence hers, and overawe her by the majesty of its purity. Through the valley his voice would ring, and he himself, rising half-unconsciously, would fling wide his young arms to the crescent moon, in a rhapsody of joy.

At such moments Zara, with all her heart in her eyes, would crouch at his feet, and worship there the beauty that lay resplendent in his face, pale with inspiration. *He* thought of the singing that thrilled him, she thought alone of him; and ever she would draw nearer to him, and touch his hand, and lightly pass her lips across it, thus trying mutely, nervously, to call him back from his unseen fires to the prosaic earth she trod.

They were but boy and girl together—brother and sister—and not even her own heart told her with what a mad affection she clung to him. There was unspeakable happiness in her life. They were *together*; all day long he was in her sight, and what should part them? Another world might lie beyond those purple hills, but why seek it? Those amongst whom they lived died contented year after year, without having solved the secret those hills hid; then why not she and Lillo?

So went day by day, and though the boy grew pale at times, he showed no longing for a wider life, and his songs, though they took a sadder tone, spoke of nothing that could startle her from the restfulness of her false security.

One night, when the woods were all aflame with the magic of the moon's rays, the boy sat alone, until the serene calm of the night entered into him, and woke his muse to life. Then high, sweet, and pure, his voice rang forth through the rustling trees, that now seemed to grow silent beneath the witchery of his music.

A stranger, passing through the valley below, had heard the splendour of his voice as it rose bird-like, and cleft triumphantly the clear, warm air. To him it seemed that someone invisible was imbued with a gift from Heaven. Entranced he stood and listened, until the last note died lingeringly away; then he came nearer, and searched the scented wood until he came face to face with this new Marsyas.

A simple boy, half-naked, and beautiful as one of those fair early gods who had turned Arcadian shepherds for the easier wooing of their earth-born loves. A very Apollo in rags, he found him seated on a fallen pine, with dreamy, wistful eyes, and petulant mouth.

With gentle words and promises of coming glory he enticed and bought him, until the lad rose, dazzled, staggering, and held out his hands to him, as one imploring guidance, and swore to surrender himself to him body and soul, if he would but take him with him whithersoever he might go, and give him a chance of seeing realized even *one* of the fair visions he had conjured up.

There were more words, an assurance or two, and then the lad went down, half mad with the intoxication of it all, to tell Zara that he was going from her into the unknown world.

"It means fame, wealth, honour," said the lad with glowing eyes, in which the fatal fever of ambition was already lit.

"It means death," said she slowly, gazing at his hectic cheeks fired with eager hope; but he laughed her to scorn, and taking her in his arms, kissed her fondly once, and whispered to her of many things,—of how he should come back to her rich, famous, renowned; but she answered him never a word. Then he thrust her angrily from him, and held out his hand to his new friend,

and went eagerly up the hill with him to the new life for which he panted—the world that was to be won by his gift of song.

At the foot of the hill stood she, until the shadows hid him, and then she smote her hand upon her breast until the tender flesh ached, but no cry, however small, broke from her parched lips.

Wearily, heavily, went the day, and now it was eventide; and just such a tide as when he left her, five long years ago. Only the vaguest tidings of him had reached the quiet village all that time, though the world had rung with the fame of the new and marvellous tenor. Zara had blossomed into perfect womanhood, and had been sued and sought by many, in vain. Her great eyes had widened upon most matters best left alone in the little, gossiping, idle village to which she belonged. But though the world's mire had fallen upon her white soul, she had kept herself pure for very love of Lillo—that strange fair boy whom she had bought, one summer long ago, on an evening such as this.

What an evening it was! Earth, sky, sea, all blended into one harmonious whole by the soft gray mist that, rising from the trembling ocean, pushed ever inland. The girl, struck by the glory of the scene—in its setting of red and gold and purple dyes, borrowed from earth and heaven—stood silent amidst the deepening shadows of the woods, listening to the river song below: what was it saying? why was it ever calling, calling to her, as it rushed in its mad haste to the illimitable ocean?

She raised her hand to her brow to shut out from her the dying rays of the hot sun as though they hurt her. The corn was waving high around her. She stood in a scented bed of poppies and blue cornflowers and perfumed weeds, all whispering together as the light wind went and came their way. Ay! on such a night indeed he went! The remembrance, like a stab, wounded her poor heart and made it bleed afresh. She clenched her hands and turned her dark eyes moodily to the glowing sky, but she never said to herself that she would learn to forget. Nay! let *him* forget: women were born to be the sad thralls of cruel memory.

She turned her head a little and saw him standing beside her—a tall, slender figure, careworn, travel-stained, with dust upon his sunny hair, and with hollowed cheeks and

eyes full of a horrible brilliance. He was changed almost beyond recognition, but she knew him. With a quick, glad, mournful cry she went to him and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"You—*you!*" she cried, with a passionate outburst of relief and joy; and then she checked herself. "You are a little tired, dear heart," she said next, with a studied suppression of all surprise or excitement, though her heart beat as though it would rend her vest.

"Ay!" said he, querulously. He did not touch her or seek to return the caressing pressure of her soft brown hands. "Tired? ay—to death."

"Come home, then," she said, gently, leading him towards the old cave where once he had found shelter and an escape from servitude. At the word "home" he shuddered and shrank from her, and petulant tears, born of past joys bitter-sweet, rose to his feverish eyes. At this a deadly pallor crept over her face, but still she clave to him.

"Come," she said again, this time perhaps a little sternly, though still with deepest love, and he followed her. Alas! how bare to him looked the cold walls, the scanty comforts, the meagre supper!

With a shiver of disgust he flung himself upon a rude bench and muttered that he was cold—cold.

She lit some wood with deft fingers, and poured him some goat's milk into a vessel, which he drank ungratefully, and then silence fell between them.

"Why don't you speak?" cried he at last, angrily. "Why don't you jibe and jeer at me like the rest? Where is the fortune Fate had in store for me, of which I boasted to you so many times? There is *no* fortune—none. I come back to you beggared, empty-handed, a mendicant—"

"Nay, dear, but you *have* come back," she interrupted, softly, stroking his hand. There was glad triumph in her tone.

"Because I had to," retorted he sullenly, as though eager to disenchant her and show himself in his worst colours. "As long as *life* was mine—the world's friendship, beauty's smiles, wine, colour, light—do you think I ever thought of this hovel or of you? I tell you a thousand times *no!* And yet," regarding her curiously, "you, too, are handsome—but—not as *she* was. *Her* eyes burned through me, until they drew my heart from out my very flesh and laid it writhing at

her dainty feet. She held my soul within her palm; yet she, too, when the blight fell, cast me from her!"

In his excitement he tried to rise, but she, kneeling at his feet, restrained him.

"Forget all that," she said, faintly, a cold, sick feeling, she knew to be despair, rendering her voice low and indistinct. "Tell me how it has been with *you*. Tell me of yourself—yourself *alone*," hurriedly. "We heard of your singing, even we here in this hidden village. It came to us as a strange breath from a strange land, telling us of your triumphs. Ah! but it was hard to think we could not witness them!"

"Yes, yes, I sang," he said, hoarsely; "I sang until all other voices were silenced, until the world listened. It was a victory unparalleled—a triumphal march all through. Gold flowed at my feet, princes held out their hands to me, all men bowed speechless before the magic of my voice." He stood as one inspired. His cheek flushed: for the moment his glad young youth came back to him, pure, unsullied. "There were the crowded houses," he went on in a low rapt tone, speaking as one who sees some sight to other eyes unseen, "the lights, the music, the *hush!* and then the clapping of hands, the shouts. I go forth to them: flowers fall around me, I bow—I feel myself a god—and she—" All at once his manner changed, his head lowered, the *young* look vanished from his face. "And then one night," he said, wearily, "something seemed to snap *here*," smiting his breast. "I felt a strange apathy—some blood came—I forget—" He sank back again upon the bench as if exhausted.

"You are safe now: it will be well with you yet," whispered she, caressingly. "Here, amongst these quiet hills, you will regain your health, your strength, your voice. It will come again, sweeter, fuller than of old—and you will rejoice in it, and go forth again to your world—to—"

Her own voice failed her. Her head sank upon his knees. A sob burst from her dry lips—but he was lost in the beatific vision she had raised.

Presently, some thought occurring to him, he started, and remembered her.

"Are you married?" he asked nervously, as though in fear of her answer.

She raised her head slowly, and looked at him. Something in the strength of her gaze troubled him, because his eyes drooped before hers.

"Married—ay—to a dream!" she said at length.

He sickened, and grew weaker, hour by hour. The old fever was upon him again, mingled with that other consuming fire, slow but deadly. Day after day she nursed him, with a secret delight in her recovered possession that overpowered all other thoughts. Not once during this sad week did slumber fall upon her eyelids, not once did he cry aloud unheard. Her name was for ever on his parched lips. In his delirium he cried aloud for Zara—Zara—always Zara; until in her tired soul she rejoiced, and told herself the new life had not torn him altogether from her, and that the new love was forgotten. With hungry fear she listened to his ravings, for the sound of some fresh name unknown to her, that should tell her whither his thoughts wandered—but she never heard it.

At length upon the eighth day consciousness returned to him, and as towards evening she bent over him, striving to wet his dry lips with cooling drink, she raised her eyes and saw men standing in the doorway; no vagrants these, but clad in costly garments as becomes the minions of the rich.

"It is my lord!" said one of them, screwing up his eyes and bending forward, to cast a searching glance upon the languid Lillo. With a quick movement, suggestive of apprehension, Zara stepped between the bed and the door, and spread out both her hands.

"Your business, sirs?" she asked, with frowning vehemence.

They had come, they said, for the Signor Lillo (by which name, no doubt, she knew him), to convey him to Florence by the Duke's orders.

"Stand back, you cannot have him. He is ill, *dying!*" she cried, threateningly waving them from her.

"It is a command," said the first man, shrugging his shoulders and coming a step nearer.

"But I tell you he cannot go—you shall not have him," she protested wildly. "He is mine—my own. I *bought* him."

At this they laughed a little, and then explained to her. His true birth had been discovered. He was no longer a waif to be wafted hither and thither on Fortune's wind, but a scion of an ancient house. His friends, the Duke himself, required his presence. They had been many days searching for

him, and now at last had found him. No doubt she would be rewarded—the family was old and wealthy—

The fury that flashed into her eyes checked them there; they fell to mumbling, and at last were silent.

"In his need," she said with slow scorn, drawing her magnificent figure to its full height, "you all forsook him. When he was crushed and humbled to the earth," pointing her trembling fingers to the brown floor, "you all turned from him. He was beaten down by you and your masters, trodden upon, wounded to his heart's core, and then—*then* he thought of *me*." She threw out her arms with a gesture of unutterable pride and exultation. "He came back to me of his own accord. He is mine now for evermore. He has done with you, and yours. He will not return to you. He told me so himself—he—the very night of his homecoming. He spurns you. He will stay here amongst the hills that sheltered him when first he came. What are your gauds and your briberies to a hurt soul like his? I tell you he will not go back to the world whence you came."

Her eyes sparkled, her whole frame dilated: she defied them with a high courage, sure in her belief that she was speaking as he would have her speak, and that, in very truth, he was hers for ever.

A slight movement on the pallet behind her caught her attention; eagerly she turned to it. The sick man had raised himself with difficulty upon his elbow, and was holding out a shaking, transparent hand—*not* to her—to the group in the doorway!

"Nay! Heed her not—she lies!" he cried shrilly, in a voice strangely loud and clear. "I am not hers. I renounce her. Take me away from this horrible place to life—a new life—and freedom. I go!"

He dropped back upon his pillow. He had indeed gone to a new life.

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Zara, as though stricken to stone, stood motionless; gazing on the stiffening clay, an awful expression on her rigid features.

"He is dead," she said, without meaning. Her eyes were fixed immovably on the pale corpse; yet it was not the thought that never again would his voice strike on her ears, or his eyes show recognition of her coming, that had brought that stony look to her face. He had died repudiating her; with his last words he had appealed to strangers to *save* him from *her*—from *her* whose very heart's-blood would have been freely poured for him. In death as in life he had been ungrateful! A sudden sense of the *uselessness* of all things came to her like a flash.

They sought to take his body from her, but at first she resisted; it was her last feeble protest.

"He is mine—I bought him," she said again, foolishly; and then, wearily, "Nay, take him. He *would* go. You all heard him."

So she moved away; and then they lifted him, and made great moan over him, and carried him reverently, as befitted the going of one who, though in rags and in death, could still lay claim to an old name. With much pomp and ceremony they bore him from her sight, up the high hill, and far, far away.

Then she, too, stirred from her dream; she sighed, and cast one long lingering glance on the tiny cloud of dust, that was all that remained to her of the gloomy procession on the hill-top. She moved a step or two, and wondered idly at the strange sweet fairness of the summer evening. Then she went swiftly towards the rushing river, that to-night seemed singing its weird song with expectant glee, and thought how loudly it was calling—calling! How clear it was, the music! A siren's song—a longed-for lullaby. Like a tired child she stretched her arms to it, and sank softly, lightly, gladly, into its embrace.

GEORGE NOBLE, COUNT PLUNKETT.

[George Noble Plunkett was born at Dublin in 1851, and educated at Clongowes and Dublin University. He is a barrister

and a member of the Royal Irish Academy; an active member of the council of the Irish Society of Antiquaries; and a vice-president

of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, of which he is an ardent supporter. Since 1870 he has written much prose and verse (original and translated) in national magazines and journals. In 1882-83 he edited the non-political review, *Hibernia*. In 1877 he printed privately a volume of poems. With Rev. Dr. Hogan, S.J., he edited *The Jacobite War in Ireland* (1894). He is lecturer on art in the Dublin Museum of Science and Art, and has been a promoter of technical education, and of nearly all the literary, artistic, and musical movements in Dublin for the past twenty years.]

AN OLD SONG.¹

An old refrain the livelong day keeps ringing in
my heart,
That draws my thoughts to dwell with thee alone
where'er thou art—
That wings my soul o'er many a league to a far,
dear countrie . . .
"I love my love because I know my love loves
me".

Ah, woe! though thou wert in thy grave—though
thou wert turned to stone—
Still, still my heart would bid me live, and love
for thee alone!
Still would it sigh the livelong day with ne'er a
hope from thee . . .
"I love my love although I know she ne'er loves
me".

But Memory sings the glad old song, and Hope
gives the refrain,
And my heart fills with such a joy as seems almost
a pain!
The joy of which men die—but no! the joy of
life to be:
"I love my love . . . and so I know my love
loves me".

A MESSENGER.

O, Carrier-bird, if thou couldst know
The hours of sorrow, summed in brief,
That thou hast sometimes borne, the blow
Would break thy little heart with grief.
Or if, within thy gilded bars
Like me, couldst only watch and wait,
The very heaven should rain its stars,
And all the earth be desolate.

Hadst thou a soul, the un-aging Boy
Should give a message in my name,
The summer lightning of whose joy
Should scorch thee with its living flame.
'Tis well that neither human cares
Nor pleasures can that heart contain;
Else on thy journey, unawares,
By either thou wert surely slain.

I sighed for signs amid the wrack—
Thou bringst the fresh green spray of Peace!
Straight would I flash an answer back:
I kiss and bless thee, and release.

Adieu! spread wide thy wings and flee—
Outstrip the wandering summer wind!—
Would I could send my soul with thee
To join the heart I left behind!

EDWIN HAMILTON.

[Edwin Hamilton was born in 1849, the son of the Rev. Hugh Hamilton, Rector of Balbriggan. He was educated at Durham Grammar School (King's Scholar, 1863-68) and Trinity College, Dublin. *Ariadne*, the University Prize Poem of 1872, was from his pen. He has published *Dublin Doggerels*, *Waggish Tales*, *The Moderate Man and Other Verses*, &c. Dublin playgoers of some twenty-five years back will remember how he raised pantomime writing to the level of a fine art in his *Turco the Terrible*. He has edited

many comic journals and annuals, and his writings display very happy gifts of wit and humour.]

PROLOGUE TO SHERIDAN'S COMEDY OF "THE RIVALS"²

*Dublin University Tercentenary Performance,
1892.*

SPOKEN BY EDWARD COMPTON, ESQ.

"THE SILENT SISTER", being now of age,
Would test her new-found voice upon the stage;

¹ This and following poem by kind permission of the author.

² By kind permission of the author.

And, if she fail to use aright her tongue,
You must excuse her, she's so very young;
Just thirty—decades, while her Sisters . . . well,
We know their ages, but we mustn't tell.

In Fifteen-ninety-two, when T.C.D.
Began her *hic huc hoc* and rule-of-three,
ADAM was Provost,—not the same, oh, no;
The man you mean was longer still ago.
As Provost, ADAM LOFTUS led the way;
His learned successors form a grand array,
None more distinguished than we boast to-day.

Three hundred years have modified the scene
Since cattle grazed knee-deep in College Green:
Since Senior Fellows shared exciting sports,
Bowls in the orchard, marbles in the courts;
Since SPENSER'S Muse, on pastoral effort bent,
Along the Coombe for inspiration went;
Since SHAKESPEARE strung the lyre by Avon's
banks,
And first began to be—"declined with thanks".

About midway between that time and now
We see the laurel crown on GOLDSMITH'S brow.
Warm-hearted scapegrace! found in many a scene
Which drew more groans than praises from the
Dean:
"Dear me; such pranks! unless I can reclaim
That Goldsmith scamp, he'll never make a name".
Meanwhile the Muse adopts a wiser plan,—
She stoops to conquer the good-natured man.
Could other pen than SHERIDAN'S portray
The men and manners of his later day?

To share to-night *The Rivals'* hopes and fears
Will serve to link us with the bygone years;
And, at the outset, be it understood
That honest Rivalry results in good.

How best to court the many-lovered Muse,
Whom all may win but such as fear to lose;
To fathom Nature, whether near or far,
The meddling microbe or the stand-off star;
Bare-backed, buck-jumping Pegasus to ride,
Or scale Parnassus from the steepest side.
From known to unknown may we forward go,
From *do re mi* to Oratorio;
Strike other scales, and harmonies reply,—
Eternal harmonies of *x* and *y*;
And, though the circle still evade the square,
Start with twice two and weigh the Little Bear.
In such pursuits may Rivalry prevail,
Success applauded most by those who fail.

Our Comedy this moral comprehends:—
Reputed Rivals may in truth be friends:
Ay, more than friends, since *Alma Mater* here
Can boast Adopted Sons from far and near,
And new-made Allies, men of deathless name
Already blazoned on the Roll of Fame.

May Peace and Learning, ever hand in hand,
Unite the Citizens of every land.
While man is man, there must be side and side;
But, though opinion be diversified,
We may all join to raise the heartfelt strain
"God save our gracious Queen, long may Vic-
TORIA reign!"

REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

[The Rev. P. A. Sheehan was born at Mallow on the 17th of March, 1852, and was educated at Maynooth College. His first mission as a priest was at Exeter; but after two years he was recalled to his native diocese of Cloyne in Ireland, where he was attached to the Cathedral of Queenstown for eight years. In the year 1895 he was appointed parish priest of Doneraile. Besides many contributions in prose and verse to periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic, he has published *Geoffrey Austin, Student*; *The Triumph of Failure*; *My New Curate*, a most successful novel; and *Luke Delmege*, also a novel. *My New Curate* has been translated into many languages, and has run as a serial in the most important of French reviews.]

OUR CHRISTMAS.¹

(FROM "MY NEW CURATE".)

Christmas Day was a day of undiluted triumph for Father Letheby. There were great surprises in store for me. That is one of my curate's few faults—is it a fault?—that he is inclined to be dramatic. As he says, he hates to speak of a thing until it is beyond the reach of failure. Of all criticisms, the one he most dreads is, "I told you so". And so, on this Christmas morning, I had a series of mild, pleasant shocks, that made the bright, crisp, frosty, sunny morning all the more pleasant. When I shall fail to say

¹ By the author's kind permission.

my three Christmas Masses, then you may take up your *Exequiæ*, and practise the *Requiem æternam* for poor Daddy Dan.

Well, I had said the two first Masses, commencing at seven o'clock. It is a curious experience, that of seven o'clock Mass on Christmas morning. The groping through the dark, with just the faintest aurora on the horizon, the smell of the frost in the air, the crunching of icicles under one's feet, the shadowy figures, making their way with some difficulty to the church, the salutations of the people: "Is that you, Mick?" "'Tis, Mrs. Grady; a happy Christmas to you, ma'am." "The same to you, Mick, and many of them." "Good-morning, Mrs. Mulcahy; 'tis a fine Christmas morning, glory be to God." "'Tis indeed, ma'am, glory be to His Holy Name." "Hurry up, Bess, you'll never catch the priest at the altar." "Yerra, sure, haven't we three Masses to-day." The more polite people said: "The compliments of the saison to you, ma'am". "The same to you, sir; may we be all alive and happy this time twelve-month."

Well, just as I commenced the hymn of the angels at my first Mass, there was a crash of music and singing from the gallery over the door, that made my old heart leap with joy and pride. I never expected it; and the soft tones of the harmonium, and the blending of the children's voices, floating out there in the dark of the little chapel, made tears of delight stream down the wrinkles of my cheeks. And what was the *Gloria*, do you think? From Mozart's "Twelfth Mass", if you please. Nothing else would do. The pride of Kilronan is gone so high, since that famous concert, that I am almost sure they would challenge the seraphim to a fair contest, that is, if the latter would put aside their golden viols and sambucæ, and compete only with their voices against the "new choir of Kilronan". I violated egregiously one strict rubric at the *Dominus vobiscum*. I raised my eyes and took a good long look at choir and people. I couldn't help it. If Martinucci and Baruffaldi, Gavantus, and Merati, Gardellini and Bauldry, and the whole Congregation of Sacred Rites were there in the front bench, I couldn't help myself. I kept my hands open for at least a quarter of a minute, whilst I surveyed my little congregation. It was a pathetic sight. The lights from the altar shone on the faces of Captain Campion and Bittra, and one or two of the better-class parishioners on the

front bench; but all behind were buried in a deep well of darkness. I could barely distinguish the pale faces of the confused mass that stretched in the deep gloom towards the door; but overhead, about a dozen dark figures were outlined against the light of the two wax candles on the harmonium, over which, on this eventful morning, Father Letheby presided. But what trouble it must have given him! How many a cold night did he leave his room, and there, on that gallery, contend with the rough and irregular voices, until he brought them into that stream of perfect unison. I can imagine what patience he exercised, what subtle flatteries he administered, what gentle sarcasm he applied, before he succeeded in modulating the hoarse thunders of Dave Olden's voice, that rose like a fog-horn over the winds and waves whenever he ventured upon the high seas; and how he cut off remorselessly the grace notes of Abby Lyden, who has begun to think herself an Albani; and how he overcame the shyness of the fisher-lads, and brought clear to the front the sweet tenors of the school-boys, on whom, he said, all his hopes depended. And how his own rich baritone ascended strongly and softly over all, blending into perfect harmony all discordance, and gently smothering the vagrant and rebellious tones that would sometimes break ambitiously through discipline, and try to assert their own individuality.

But the great surprise of all was in store. For, after Mass was over, there was a great rush to St. Joseph's chapel; and I am afraid I cut my own thanksgiving short, to move with silent dignity in the same direction. I heard gasps of surprise and delight, exclamations of wonder, suppressed hallelujahs of joy; I saw adoration and tenderness, awe and love on the dimly lighted faces of the people. No wonder! For there, under a rough, rustic roof of pines and shingles, was the Bethlehem of our imaginations in miniature. Rough rocks lined the interior, wet, green mosses and lichens covering them here and there; in front of the cave a light hoarfrost lay on the ground; and straw and stubble littered the palace floor of Him who walks on the jasper and chalcedony parqueting of the floors of heaven. And there was the gentle Joseph, with a reverent, wondering look on his worn features; and there the conscious, self-possessed, but adoring expression on the sweet face of the Child-Mother;

and there the helpless form and pleading hands of Him, whose omnipotence stretches through infinity, and in whose fingers colossal suns and their systems are but the playthings of this moment in His eternal existence, which we call Time. Three shepherds stood around, dazed at some sudden light that shone from the face of the Infant; one, a boy, leaned forward as if to raise in his arms that sweet, helpless Babe; his hands were stretched towards the manger, and a string held the broad hat that fell between his shoulders. And aloft an angel held in his hand a starry scroll, on which was inscribed *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. I stood amongst my awe-struck congregation for a few minutes. Some were kneeling, and uttering half-frantic ejaculations of adoration, pity, and love; some leaned against a pillar, silent, but with tearful eyes; little children pointed out to each other the different features of this new wonder-world; but all around, the fervid Celtic imagination translated these terra-cotta figures into living and breathing personalities. It was as if God had carried them back over the gulf of nineteen centuries, and brought them to the stable-door of Bethlehem that ever-memorable night. Listen to this!

"Oh, dear, dear, and to think of our Lord with the straw under Him, and His feet covered with the frost of that cowl'd night!"

"And the poor child! Look at her; why, she's only a little girl, like Norah; and not a woman near to help her in her throuble."

"Look at His little hands stretched out, like any child. Glory be to His Holy Name. Sure, only for Him where 'ud we be?"

"And poor St. Joseph! No wondher he's fretting. To think of him two cratures in his hands, and he not having house or home to shelter them!"

"Wisha, Mary, 'twas a pity we worn't there that blessed night. Sure, 'tis we'd give 'em the best we had in the world, an' our heart's blood."

I shared to the full this feeling about St. Joseph. And when after Father Letheby's Mass I came down, and brought over my old arm-chair, and placed it in front of the crib, and put down my snuff-box, and my breviary, and my spectacles, and gave myself up to the contemplation of that wonderful and pathetic drama, St. Joseph would insist on claiming the largest share of my pity and sympathy. Somehow I felt that mother

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and child understood each other perfectly—that she saw everything through the eyes of God, and that therefore there was not much room for wonderment; but that to St. Joseph the whole thing was an unspeakable mystery of humiliation and love, infinite abasement and infinite dignity; and I thought I saw him looking from the child-face of his spouse to the child-face of the Infant, and somehow asking himself: "What is it all?" even though he explicitly understood the meaning and magnitude of the mighty mystery.

Father Letheby has a new series of pictures of the Life of our Lord, painted by a French artist, whose name I can never recall except when I sneeze—Tissot. I do not like them at all. They are too realistic—and after all, the ideal is the real. I have a special, undiluted dislike of one picture—the *Magnificat*. I'd have torn it up and put the fragments in the fire but that it was not mine. But he has one lovely picture—"Because there was no room". The narrow lane of the Jewish city—the steep stairs to the rooms—the blank walls perforated by a solitary, narrow window—the rough stones, and the gentle animal that bore Mary, treading carefully over them—the Jewish women, regretfully refusing admission—the sweet, gentle face of the maiden-mother—and the pathetic, anxious, despairing look on the features of St. Joseph—make this a touching and beautiful picture. Poor St. Joseph! "Come, take the reins of the patient animal, and lead him and his sacred burden out into the night! There is no room in the City of David for the children of David. Out under the stars, shining brilliantly through the frosty atmosphere, over the white, rugged road, into an unknown country, and 'Whither, O my God?' on thy lips, as the child at thy side shuddered, and no finger from heaven nor voice from earth directed thee; unless, indeed, that faint flashes of light athwart the net of stars told thee that the angels were cutting their way down through the darkness, and into the spheres of men, and that all heaven was in a tumult of expectation, whilst in yonder city men slept, as they always sleep, unconscious, when God is near. And then when the feeble plaint broke from Mary's lips: 'I cannot go further', and the gentle beast turned aside into the rocks and whins, and called to his companions of the stable, and the meek-eyed ox looked calmly at the intruders, and there

—there—dear God! to think of it all—*In mundo erat, et mundus eum non cognovit.*"

I sat quietly there until Benediction at three o'clock, and then I remained rolling my beads through my fingers, and singing in my heart the grand majestic O's of the preceding day's offices, at the end of every decade, until five o'clock struck. From time to time my little children would come, and, leaning on my knee, would gaze with wonder and affection at the Child of Bethlehem; and then, looking up into my face, put wonderful questions about deep mysteries to their old Father. For all day long, a stream of visitors passed before the crib; and the next day, and the next, crowds trooped over from Moydore and the neighbouring parishes, for the fame of it had gone abroad over the land; and men and women came, jealous of their own pastors, and wondering at the sudden uprise of Kilronan. Then the climax was reached on the twelfth day, when the Kings appeared, and the group in the stable was complete. The "black man" from Nubia came in for more than his share of honours; and it was admitted all round that Kilronan was immortalized, and the other parishes were for ever in the background.

"May God bless the man that gave us such a sight," said an old woman fervently, as I left the wondering crowd and went home to dinner.

"May God bless all our priests," said another, fearing that I might be offended.

"Wisha, thin, Father Dan," said a third, "what a wondher you never tould us what you had in store for us. Wisha, thin, it

wasn't worth while keeping it such a great saycret."

There is no end to the ingenious charity of these people. On my plate at the dinner-table, amidst a pile of Christmas cards, was a dainty little duodecimo. I took it up. It was from Father Letheby. And what was it? The *Imitation* in Greek, by a certain George Mayr, S.J. Wasn't this nice? My pet book done into my favourite language! It was the happiest Christmas I ever spent. *Quam bonus Israel Deus!* So too said Father Letheby. But I had some dim presentiment that all his well-merited pleasure would not be quite unalloyed—that some secret hand, perhaps a merciful one, would pluck a laurel leaf or two from his crown. We had a pleasant academic discussion after dinner about the honourable retention of ancient Irish customs—he quite enthusiastic about them—I rather disposed to think that the abuses which invariably accompanied them made their final extinction altogether advisable. We put our respective theories in practice next morning with the most perfect consistency; for Hannah drove indignantly from the door the wren-boys, just as they were commencing:

A thrate, a thrate, if of the best,
We hope in heaven your sowl will rest;
But if you give it of the small
It won't agree with our boys at all.

And, on his part, Father Letheby listened with intense delight to this dithyrambic, which ushers in St. Stephen's day all over Ireland; and he dispensed sundry sixpences to the boys with the injunction to be always good Irishmen and to buy sweets.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

[Alice Milligan, born in Omagh, County Tyrone, wrote for the Irish National Press for some years under the *nom de plume* Iris Olkryn. Her ballads are either of a political nature or founded on native history and legend, and are very stirring strains. Indeed she has an excellent gift for ballad poetry. She has written Irish plays for the Irish Literary Theatre, and has identified herself with Irish National feeling in its widest sense. The following poems are given by her kind permission.]

THE VISION OF ST. PATRICK.¹

Patriek the saintly from his roofless cell,
At northern Saul, in trance or dreaming sleep,

¹ The vision of St. Patrick, as here related, is founded on a version of the tradition given in a volume of the old Ulster Archaeological journal; the only departure from the original is made in connecting the Saint's vision of the lighted hill-tops, with the fires of St. John's Eve, and hence taking the interpretation of the vision to be, that the sufferings of Ireland are a preparation for a high and holy destiny. The "nine hundred years" of suffering are borrowed from the legend of Lir's lonely daughter.

Was, by a miracle of God, men tell,
 Unto the clouds uplifted, there to keep
 All the night long his vigil by the side
 Of that great angel in whose guardian care
 This island was ere it was sanctified
 By Christly sacrament, or offered prayer,
 Or any saints of earth from Erin were;
 And from his cloudy station gazing through
 The void abyss that he was raised above,
 Lo! of a sudden, swam into his view,
 A vision of the island of his love;
 Wherein from coast to coast in radiant light,
 Flamed every mountain peak, no shadow fell
 Into the folded lap of vale or dell;
 But all the land, to his entranced sight,
 Shone as with lustre of a chrysolite.
 The Angel then broke silence, thus to tell:
 "This happy island God shall greatly bless,
 Illumining with the light of holiness,
 And make it, as it doth in semblance, flame
 With lustre, true of many a holy name;
 Till to far lands the light shall spread abroad,
 From this the chosen lamp for the light of God".
 Then with clasped hands and eyes to heaven-
 ward raised,
 St. Patrick kneeling, shed most joyful tears
 Of thankfulness, and in glad words he praised
 God for such guerdon of his toiling years.

 But of a sudden the angelic brow
 Was shaded as with sadness of vast love,
 And earthward bending Patrick saw that now,
 The visioned isle he seemed to float above,
 Where through the lapse of early years he had
 toiled,
 Was from that former glory waning dim,
 The whiteness of exceeding lustre soiled,
 And all the radiance darker grown to him.
 Then in the stead thereof, from flames like blood,
 In ever thicker volumes there outbroke,
 As from a furnace newly piled with wood,
 A drifting, darkening, cloud of horrible smoke,
 And round the mountains in a rising flood
 It poured, till soon the land was overspread,
 By shrouding darkness of the vaporous pall,
 Through whose impenetrable fold was shed
 Of faintest light no flickering beam at all;
 And from the utter darkness of the cloud
 Rang the confusing roar of clamour high,
 Clashing of battle blades, and mockery loud
 Of men who slew in hate, the bitter cry
 Of those who, sorely wounded, sank to die,
 In a lost cause against a conqueror proud,
 Warring without success; thus shouts of pain,
 Of triumph, death, defiance from the crowd,
 Made all the land like one vast slaughter plain,
 Through lapse of years, that lapsed, alas, in vain;
 For after awful tumult of that strife,
 Long space of silence fell, more awful still,
 As if the land were void of breath and life,

And peace had come since none were left to kill.
 Then Patrick, groaning loud, lamented much,
 With tears of anguish bowing low his head,
 Till of a sudden the angelic touch
 Of his companion's hand; and this was said:
 "Sorrow not, Patrick, shedding hopeless tears,
 For this thy land is not forsaken quite,
 And after lapsing of nine hundred years,
 The Lord shall kindle on her hills the light
 Of holiness and glory; see, the star
 Of promise dawns!" Then Patrick looked afar,
 And saw on Ireland's utmost northern verge,
 A beam, as from a little candle flame,
 Silvering the fringes of Atlantic surge
 And travelling southward; wheresoe'er it came
 The overshadowing pall of mist recoiled
 Before its coming; till from shore to shore
 The purple mountain peaks stood up unsoiled
 By stain of any cloud, and the wide land o'er
 The lights leaped out upon their crests once
 more;
 And holy Patrick long in rapture stood
 Silent, as if by excess of gratitude
 And joy immeasurable stricken dumb;
 Then after the illumined isle he had viewed,
 Found words to ask by what invisible hand
 Of saint or angel would deliverance come,
 And light be brought into that darkened land.
 Ere any answer, reverently, in awe,
 He knelt adoring earthward, for he saw
 That Saint, who had been bearer of the light,
 Stand amidst flames upon a hill at rest,
 One hand was raised in blessing, but the right
 Lifted above the land a cross of fire,
 With which he had kindled every mountain
 crest,
 And Patrick knew him by his rude attire,
 As saintly herald of the holiest,
 And Baptist of the Lord most high, when he
 In mortal guise, with blameless footsteps blest
 The river banks of desert Galilee.
 Then said the angel: "Patrick, all is well
 With this the island of thy tenderest love,
 The Lord shall honour it all lands above,
 Hath honoured even by suffering that befell.
 The sword, the pestilence, the prison cell,
 The torture of the scaffold, and the pain
 Of death in exile; these were not in vain,
 And naught was done in anger, that was done.
 Behold the countenance of the martyred one,
 Who on her hills hath lit the holy fire,
 He in likewise hath lain in bondage low,
 And suffered pain, and hath conquered death and
 woe,
 Made victim of a vengeful queen's desire
 In the Galilean dungeon long ago!
 Lo, how at kindling of the cross he rears,
 The holy hills of Ireland shine again
 With long o'ershadowed radiance; after tears,
 And torture, and long centuries of pain,

Light of a darkening world thy land appears
 Purged by the penance of nine hundred years!"
 Then Patrick, uttering a joyful cry,
 Wakened from vision with his hands held forth
 In act of blessing, 'neath a midnight sky
 Of moonlit azure, that was traversed by
 One large slow star, that fell unto the North.

THE DARK PALACE.

(ON THE DESOLATION OF AILEACH.)

There beams no light from thy hall to-night,
 Oh, House of Fame,
 No mead vat seethes and no smoke upwreaths
 O'er the hearth's red flame;
 No high bard sings for the joy of thy kings,
 And no harpers play;
 No hostage moans at thy dungeon-rings
 As in Muircherteach's day.

Fallen! fallen to ruin all in
 The covering mould;
 The painted yew, and the curtains blue,
 And the cups of gold;
 The linen, yellow as the corn when mellow,
 That the princes wore;

And the mirrors brazen for your queens to gaze in,
 They are here no more.

The sea-bird's pinion thatched Gormlai's grainian,
 And through windows clear
 Of crystal pane, in her Ard-righ's² reign
 She looked forth from here.
 There were quilts of eider on her couch of cedar,
 And her silken shoon
 Were as green and soft as the leaves aloft
 On a bough of June.

Ah, woe unbounded! Where the harp once
 sounded
 The wind now sings;
 The gray grass shivers where the mead in rivers
 Was outpoured for kings;
 The Min and the Methers are lost together
 With the spoil of the spears;
 The strong Dun only has stood dark and lonely
 Through a thousand years.

But I am not in woe for the wine cup's flow,
 For the banquet's cheer;
 For tall princesses with their trailing tresses
 And their brodered gear;
 My grief and my trouble for this palace noble,
 With no chief to lead;
 'Gainst the Saxon stranger on their day of danger
 Out of Aileach Neid.

A. E.

[A. E. was born at Lurgan, County Armagh, in 1867. He has had few adventures of the body, having been for some considerable time chained to mercantile pursuits in Dublin. This, however, did not prevent his soul from having some very fine adventures indeed. He has published two little volumes of poems—*Homeward Songs by the Way*, and *The Earth Breath*—with Mr. John Lane; though so intangible are they, so unearthly, that it is difficult to appraise them. The wonder is that being so little earthy he yet should have found so many to be of his company.]

THE EARTH SPIRIT.¹

A laughter in the diamond air, a music in the
 trembling grass,
 And one by one the words of light as joy-drops
 through my being pass.

"I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver moon-
 glow in the mind;
 My laughter runs and ripples through the wavy
 tresses of the wind.
 I am the fire upon the hills, the dancing flame
 that leads afar
 Each burning hearted wanderer, and I the dear
 and homeward star.
 A myriad lovers died for me, and in their latest
 yielded breath
 I woke in glory giving them immortal life though
 touched by death.
 They knew me from the dawn of time: if Hermes
 beats his rainbow wings,
 If Angus shakes his locks of light, or golden-
 haired Apollo sings,
 It matters not, the name, the land: my joy in all
 the gods abides:
 Even in the cricket in the grass some dimness of
 me smiles and hides.

¹ This and the following poems are given by kind permission of the author.

² Her Ard-righ = Nial, ancestor of the O'Neills, whose palace was Aileach.

For joy of me the day-star glows, and in delight
and wild desire
The peacock twilight rays aloft its plumes and
blooms of shadowy fire,
Where in the vastness too I burn through summer
nights and ages long,
And with the fiery-footed planets wave in myriad
dance and song."

A CALL OF THE SIDHE.

Tarry thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's
glory:
Gay are the hills with song: earth's faery children
leave
More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted
eve,
Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some
wondrous story.
Hush, not a whisper! Let your heart alone go
dreaming.
Dream unto dream may pass: deep in the heart
alone
Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.
Canst thou not see adown the silver cloudland
streaming
Rivers of rainbow light, dewdrop on dewdrop fall-
ing,
Starfire of silver flames, lighting the dark be-
neath?
And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky
heath!
Come thou away with them, for Heaven to Earth
is calling.
These are Earth's voice—her answer—spirits
thronging.
Come to the Land of Youth: the trees grown
heavy there
Drop on the purple wave the ruby fruit they bear.
Drink: the immortal waters quench the spirit's
longing.
Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past, in
elation,
Filled with wild joy, grown brother-hearted with
the vast,
Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars
past
Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration?

THE PLACE OF REST.

"The soul is its own witness and its own refuge."

Unto the deep the deep heart goes,
It lays its sadness nigh the breast:
Only the Mighty Mother knows
The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still;
It folds itself around with peace,
When thoughts alike of good or ill
In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast
For comfort for its hopes and fears:
The Mighty Mother bows at last;
She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there
The fire of beauty smites through pain:
A glory moves amid despair,
The Mother takes her child again.

THE GATES OF DREAMLAND.

It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at
Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the
water laps the shore.
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their
purples are unfurled
Yet his sleep is filled with gold light by the
masters of the world.

There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling
with his hair:
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are
dancing by him there:
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed to
richest red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy
clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world
is weary now;
'Tis the twilight of the ages, and it's time to quit
the plough.
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up
the dew,
And its gold is changed to graylight before it
falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer
heart is near;
What's the starlight in her glances when the stars
are shining clear?
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the
flower face glows above?
'Tis the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for
your love."

Oh, the mountain gates of dreamland have opened
once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the
ears of men;
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming flushed with
opal light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey
heart of earth.

MRS. BLUNDELL (M. E. FRANCIS).

[Mrs. Blundell was born at Killiney Park, Dublin. She is the daughter of Mr. Sweetman of Lamberton Park, Queen's County, and married in 1879 the late Francis Blundell of Crosby, near Liverpool. This home of her married life is the background of many of her stories. Among her books are: *Whither?* (1892); *In a North Country Village* (1893); *The Story of Dan* (1894); *Town Mice in the Country* (1894); *A Daughter of the Soil* (1895); *Frieze and Fustian* (1896); *Among the Untrodden Ways* (1896); *Maimie o' the Corner* (1897); *Miss Erin* (1898); *The Duenna of a Genius* (1898); *Pastorals of Dorset*; *Flander's Widow*; *Here, There, and Over the Sea*; and *The Manor Farm*. The following extract is given by kind permission of Messrs. Harper, the publishers of *Frieze and Fustian*.]

FATHER PAT.

(FROM "FRIEZE AND FUSTIAN".)

"I wisht yer reverence 'ud spake to my little boy. Me heart's broke with him, so it is, an' I can't get any good of him at all."

"What has he been doing?"

"Och, I declare I'm ashamed to tell ye, sir, but he's always at it, an' he doesn't mind me a bit, though I do be tellin' him the earth'll maybe open some day an' swallow him up for his impidence."

"Dear, dear, this is a sad case! Where is the little rogue?" And Father Shehan swung himself off his big bony horse, and, passing the bridle over a neighbouring post, stood looking at Widow Brophy in affected perplexity.

"I'd be loth to trouble yer reverence, but if ye'd step as far as the lane beyant," jerking her thumb over her shoulder, "ye'd see him at it."

She led the way, an odd little squat figure of a woman, the frill of her white cap flapping in the breeze, and her bare feet paddling sturdily along the muddy road. Father Shehan followed her, smiling to himself; and presently they came in sight of the delinquent. A brown-faced, white-headed, bare-legged boy, standing perfectly still opposite the green bank to the right of the lane. A

little cross made of two peeled sticks tied together was stuck upright in the moss, a broken jam-pot stood in front, while a tattered prayer-book lay open before him. A large newspaper with a hole in the middle, through which he had passed his curly head, supplemented his ordinary attire; a rope was tied round his waist, and a ragged ribbon hung from his arm. Behind him, squatting devoutly on their heels, with little brown hands demurely folded, and lips rapidly moving, were some half-dozen smaller urchins, while one, with newspaper decorations somewhat similar to young Brophy's, knelt in front. They were all as orderly and quiet as possible, and Father Shehan was at first somewhat at a loss to discover the cause of Mrs. Brophy's indignation. But presently Pat turned gravely round, extended his arms, and broke the silence with a vigorous "Dominus vobiscum!"

"Et cum spir' tu tuo," responded the urchin at his side, in life-like imitation of his elders at the hillside chapel.

The mystery was explained now. Pat was saying Mass.

"Did ye ever see the like o' that, Father?" whispered Mrs. Brophy in deeply-scandalized tones; then, making a sudden dart at her luckless offspring, she tore off his "vestments" and flung them to the winds, and with her hand well twisted into his ragged collar—the better to administer an occasional shake—she hauled him up for judgment.

"Gently, Mrs. Brophy, gently," said the priest. "Don't be frightened, my poor lad. I'm not going to scold you. That is a very curious game of yours—are you pretending to be a priest?"

"Ay, yer reverence."

"Ah, ye young villain!" began his mother, but Father Shehan checked her.

"Hush now, hush, my good woman. Tell me, Pat, do you think it is right to make fun of holy things?"

"I wasn't makin' fun, sir," whimpered Pat, touched to the quick. "I was just thinkin' I raly was a priest, an', an' sayin' Mass as well as I could."

"Well, well, don't cry, that's a good boy. Maybe you really will be saying Mass some

day. Who knows? But you must be a very good boy, and you must not think you are a priest yet. You will have to be ordained, you know, before you can say Mass. Now, run off and find some other game."

Pat grinned gratefully through his tears, wrenched himself from his mother's grasp, and, surrounded by his ragged followers, disappeared over the hedge.

"I wish we could make a priest of him," said Father Shehan, as he retraced his steps, "he is a good lad."

"Why then he is, yer reverence, he is," agreed the mother, with the delightful inconsistency of her kind. "He is indeed, very good. An' why wouldn't he be good? Sure I bate him well. Troth, ye'd hear him bawlin' at the cross-roads many a time. But is it him a priest? Ah now, that's the way ye do be goin' on; ye like to be makin' fun of us all, yer reverence, so ye do. The likes of him a priest! Well now!"

She burst out laughing very good-humouredly, for, in spite of her assumption of severity, there was not, as she would have said herself, "a better-natured crathur" anywhere than Mrs. Brophy.

"Stranger things have come to pass," said Father Shehan. "But I fear there is not much hope in this case. To make him a priest you must give him an education, and to give him an education you must find money. And as neither you nor I know where to look for that, it's a poor look-out."

"Troth, it is, yer reverence. God bless ye, ye always say somethin' plisant to us anyway. Good-evenin', Father, safe home!"

Long after the priest was out of sight Mrs. Brophy stood at the door with a smile on her face. Only for the education, which would cost money—"on'y for that"—her Pat was fit to be a priest! Didn't his reverence say so? It was a great thought. Her little white-headed Pat, in spite of the tricks and "mischeevousness" in which he indulged to the full as much as any other lad of his age—even he might one day stand before the altar, clasp the chalice, call down the Redeemer from on high! Tears of rapture filled her eyes at the thought. A priest of God! To the simple faith of this good poor woman there was no greater height of blessedness.

"Oh, mother, if I could on'y be a rale priest!" Pat had sighed many a time. And she had bidden him "g'long out o' that an' not dar' say such a thing!"

But now it was a different matter. Only for the money, Father Shehan had said, the thing was possible. Only for the money! Just what she had not got. Ah, if a mother's heart's-blood would have done as well!

But one never knows what strange things come to pass in this queer world. Father Shehan had distinctly said that he could not find the funds needful for Pat's education for the priesthood, and yet, through his instrumentality, the boy was enabled to follow his vocation.

It happened that Father Shehan had a friend who lived in Liverpool, a very rich man, who was also pious and charitable. Of this good gentleman the worthy priest suddenly bethought himself one day when Mrs. Brophy again spoke of the intense wish which her boy still had, and the manner in which he was accustomed to "moither" her respecting it. To the rich English friend the poor Irish priest accordingly wrote, with the result that the former agreed to undertake the cost of Pat's education, merely stipulating that the lad was to be brought up at St. Edward's College, Everton, and to devote his services when ordained to the Liverpool diocese.

The rapture, the gratitude of both son and mother cannot be described. The long separation which must ensue, the life of self-denial which lay before the one, the perpetual poverty to which the other was now doomed—for Pat was her only son, and she had formerly looked forward to the days when he would be able to work for her—all were accepted, not only with resignation but with joy. Was not Pat to be a priest!

The day after his departure Mrs. Brophy, donning her cloak and big bonnet, with its violet ribbons and neat border, forcing her feet, moreover, into the knitted stockings and stout boots which regard for her comfort caused her to reserve chiefly for Sundays—Mrs. Brophy, I say, went to call on Father Shehan, and to make a request.

She wanted a "bades", a rosary, which was to be kept till the time that Pat, endowed with full sacerdotal authority, would be able to bless it for her.

Father Shehan laughingly produced a large, brown, serviceable one, which the widow reverently kissed and then tucked away in her bosom.

"Now, whenever I feel a bit lonesome I'll be havin' a look at this," she said, nodding confidentially to her pastor. "I'll take out

me holy bades, an' I'll rattle them an' kiss them, and say to meself 'Cheer up, Biddy Brophy, yer own little boy'll be blessin' them for ye some day, with the help o' God!'

"Well done, Biddy! I hope you won't be often lonesome," said the priest with a smile, in which there was a good deal of compassion, for tears were on her tanned cheeks though she spoke gaily. It was to God that this good, brave little woman had given her all—but it was her all nevertheless.

"Isn't it well for me?" said Biddy. "Bedad, I do be thinkin' I'm dhramin' some-times!"

With her old-fashioned curtsy-bob the widow withdrew, and, as she walked down the road, the priest remarked that she held her apron to her face.

One day, a month or two afterwards, Father Shehan met her on the road, and stopped to speak to her.

"Yer reverence, you're the very man I wanted to see," she said. "D'ye know what I do be thinkin'? Will I have to be callin' Pat 'Father' or 'yer reverence' when he's a priest? Troth, that'll be a quare thing!"

"I think, Biddy, in this instance it won't be necessary to be so respectful. You may venture safely to call him by his name."

"Ah, but he'll be a rale priest, ye know, yer reverence, as good a wan as y'are yer-self," cried the mother, a little jealous of her boy's dignity, which the last remark appeared to set at naught. "Musha, it wouldn't sound right for me to be callin' him Pat!—Pat! an' him a priest! I'll tell ye what,"—struck by a sudden thought—"yer reverence, I'll call him 'Father Pat'. That'll be it, 'Father Pat!'"

"Yes, that will do very nicely indeed," said the priest, composing his features to a becoming gravity, though there was something as comical as touching in the widow's sudden respect for the imp whose person but a short time before she had been wont to treat with scant ceremony. "At this moment, Mrs. Brophy,"—consulting his watch—"it is probably recreation-time at St. Edward's, and Father Pat is very likely exercising those fine sturdy legs of his at cricket or football, and proving the strength of his healthy young lungs by many a good shout. But it is well to look forward."

"Ah, Father, sure where would I be if I didn't look forward? It isn't what me little boy is doin' now that I care to be thinkin'

about, but what he's goin' to do, plaze God!"

It was indeed chiefly the thought of the glories to come that kept Mrs. Brophy alive during the many long hard years which intervened. "Bad times", hunger, loneliness, rapidly advancing age on one side, and on the other her blessed hope, her vivid faith—and Pat's letters. Oh, those letters! every one of them, from the first scrawl in round hand to the more formed characters, in which he announced his promotion to deaconship, beginning with the hope that she was quite well as he was at present, and ending with the formula that he would say no more that time—such items as they further contained being of the baldest and simplest description—were ever documents so treasured before? So tenderly kissed, so often wept over, so triumphantly cited as miracles of composition! Mrs. Brophy was a happy woman for weeks after the arrival of one of these letters, and was accustomed to produce it a dozen times a day in a somewhat limp and crushed condition from under her little plaid shawl for the edification of sympathetic neighbours.

"I heard from Father Pat to-day," she would say, long before her son could claim that title; while in speaking to the young and others whom she wished particularly to impress, she would allude to him distantly as "his reverence".

What was Biddy's joy when he at last wrote that he was really to be ordained at a not distant date, and named the day on which he was to say his first Mass! How she cried for happiness, and clapped her hands, and rocked backwards and forwards! How proudly she got out "the bades", and rattled them, and kissed them, and hugged herself at the thought of the wonderful blessing which her "little boy" would so soon impart to them!

"If you could only hear his first Mass, Biddy," said Father Shehan when she went to impart to him the tidings.

"Ah, Father, jewel, don't be makin' me too covetous. Sure that's what I do be sthrovin' to put out o' my head. I know I can't be there, but the thought makes me go wild sometimes. If it was anywhere in ould Ireland I'd thramp till the two feet dropped off me, but I'd be there—on'y the say, yer reverence, the say is too much for me entirely! I can't git over that. Saint Peter himself 'ud be hard set to walk that far."

Here she laughed her jolly good-humoured laugh, wrinkling up her eyes and wagging her head in keen enjoyment of her own sally, but suddenly broke off with a sniff and a back-handed wipe of her eyes: "Laws, Father, it 'ud make me too happy!"

"Do you really mean that you would walk all the way to Dublin if you had money enough to pay for your passage to Liverpool?"

"Heth I would, an' twice as far, yer reverence. Wouldn't I stage it? If I had the price o' me ticket there'd be no houldin' me back. I can step out wid the best when I like, an' sure anyone 'ud give me a bit an' a sup when I tould them I was goin' to see me little fellow say his first Mass."

After this, strange to say, "the price" of Biddy's ticket was forthcoming. Poor as Father Shehan was, he managed to produce the few shillings needful to frank her from the North Wall to Clarence Dock. Her faith in the charity and piety of her country folk was rewarded, the "bit an' the sup", and even the "shake-down" in a corner, willingly found as often as she needed it, and in due time, tired, dusty, and desperately sea-sick, she arrived in Liverpool.

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated Biddy, delighted to find herself once more on dry land. Then she "chucked" her black velvet bonnet forward, shook out the folds of her big cloak, clutched her bundle, and set out undauntedly for Everton, pausing almost at every street corner to enquire her way.

"Lonneys! isn't England the dirty place?" she said to herself as she tramped along through the grimy Liverpool slums. But as she drew near her destination, wonder and disgust were alike forgotten in the thought of the happiness which was actually within her grasp. She was to see Pat, upon whose face she had not looked once during all these years, and to see him a priest! To be present at his first Mass, to ask his blessing—ah, to think that her little boy would be able to give her "the priest's blessin'!"—and last, but not least, she would give him her beads to bless. She had not told him of her intention to be present on this great occasion, partly because, as she told Father Shehan, "it was betther not to be distractin' him too much", and partly because she thought his

joy at seeing her would be heightened by the surprise. No wonder that Widow Brophy walked as though treading on air instead of greasy pavements.

It was touching to see her kneeling in the church, with eager eyes fixed on the sacristy door, and the rosary clutched fast between her fingers; but it was still more touching to watch her face when that door opened and her son at last came forth. So that was Pat! "Bless us an' save us!" would she ever have known him? And yet he had very much the same face as the little bare-legged child who had first "celebrated" under the hedge, a face as innocent and almost as boyish, if not quite so brown; but he had certainly grown a good deal, and his Latin was of a different quality, and there was, moreover, about him that which the mother's eyes were quick to see—the dignity of the priest, the recollectedness of one used to familiar converse with his God.

Who shall describe the glory of that first Mass for both son and mother? Who indeed could venture to penetrate into the sacred privacy of the son's feelings as he stood thus before the altar, his face pale, his voice quivering, his young hands trembling as they busied themselves about their hallowed task? But the mother! groaning from very rapture of heart, beating her happy breast, praying with so much fervour that the whole congregation might have heard her, weeping till her glad eyes were almost too dim to discern the white-robed figure of her son—surely we can all picture her to ourselves.

When the young priest was unvesting after Mass, there came a little tap at the sacristy door, a little, modest, tremulous tap, and a strangely familiar figure met his gaze.

"Father Pat," said Biddy in a choked voice, and dropping a shaky curtsy, "I've come to ax your reverence if ye'll bless my bades for me, an'—an' will you give meself yer bless—"

She tried to sink on her knees, but the mother instinct was too strong for her, and with a sudden sob she flung her arms round his neck.

"My boy!" she cried, "sure it's me that must bless ye first!"

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P.

[William O'Brien was born at Mallow, on the 2nd of October, 1852. He was educated at Cloyne Diocesan College and Cork Queen's College. After a distinguished apprenticeship to journalism, he founded *United Ireland* in 1880. He was returned to Parliament for his native town in 1883, and has sat for various other constituencies. Mr. O'Brien has published *Irish Ideas*, *When We Were Boys*, and *A Queen of Men*. He is founder of the *Irish People* newspaper.]

THE WRECKERS.¹

(FROM "A QUEEN OF MEN".)

The prow of the currach breasted the waves as airily as the neck of a barnacle, but she could not clear the island. Along the southern shore, under shelter of the black wall of the Cru'ach Mohr, she outflowed the barnacles themselves, but the corner rocks of Kinn'atevdilla were roaring under the assaults of the breakers. Through the depths of the darkness these could be seen like a ghostly army leaping on the ramparts, and reeling back pale with their thunderous fury. The currach wore stealthily around the edge of the white battle-field. It seemed as if the haughty seas, charging for the topmost cliffs of Inishcle'ir, disdained the petty prey of this little canvas-backed shell stealing away into the night behind them. But, once outside, the gale blew in their teeth, as though it would whisk them back clean over the island Cru'ach Mohr and all, and they were struggling on the edge of the current that was now beginning to pour down in full flow from the Bills.

"If we are caught in that tide, it is down in the Killerries or in the Tir Tarringirra (kingdom come) they will find our bones," growled Derrig, bringing his oar up as out of the jaws of two sea-monsters.

"A sea-hawk could not do it," said Tirr'elach. "Will we turn her head?"

"Keep her head to it. We'll try," was the reply of Ca'hal.

"'Twas your father's son that said it!" cried Tirr'elach. "There isn't a wave

around this coast that dare say nay to you!" and with a wild whoop and a "Horree! horree! and again to it, horree!" he sent the currach over the swell of a coming billow, and down again over a smooth precipice of water, just as the wave smashed into a waste of broken spray behind them. For a time, what with the swirling rain, and the giddy plunges into abysses of sea that towered over them vast as floating mountains tottering upon their heads, they lay in mere blackness, and could see nothing but the foam of the billows, as they came licking their white lips with the joy of swallowing them. Presently, as they skimmed over some tremendous billow's top, the practised eye of the mariners could make out the black coast-line from Achill Head to Rennvyle, piled up in massy cliff-faced fortresses, beleaguered by the white legions of the cannonading seas. The shadows of the island cliffs gleamed close to leeward through the white smoke of the surges. Achill Head was a speck worlds of mountain coast away. The rowers bent until their foreheads all but touched their sandals in the struggle to carry the currach beyond the track of the current from the Yellow Bank before it should be in full career. Out of the grave dug for them in every wave to the requiem of screaming winds, they rose with a triumphant "Horree! horree!" their throats hoarse with the strong stimulant of brine, their hearts panting with the fierce joy of storm-birds on the wing. But the mysterious change going on in the depths underneath was gaining upon them like fate. Wind and tide were too much for them. They were drifting shorewards.

"A sea-hawk could not do it," repeated Tirr'elach, drawing up his oars to wipe away the sweat which was streaming into his eyes.

Through the deeper growl of the storm suddenly burst the boom of a gun. Ca'hal's face was at the moment lashed as with whips of steel by the spray of a wave that had just broken under their bow. When the currach emerged, the lights of a great ship were glimmering through the gloom to windward. The cannon boomed again, and lighted balls of pitched tow blazed out through the mist and rack.

¹ By kind permission of the author.

"It is a Spauniach!" cried Tirr'elach. "But, in the honour of God, look ashore!"

A tongue of fire shot up from the land, and mounted higher and brighter. Ca'hal rubbed his eyes to make sure the tossing of the currach was not deceiving him. The fire came, not from the friendly signal-tower which marked the Southern Channel, but from behind the breakers of Allatruffaun, with nothing but precipices a thousand feet sheer towering overhead, and nothing but wastes of white breakers bellowing in the caverns underneath.

"It is murder!" groaned Ca'hal, and the name of Dowdarr'a the Red struggled through his clenched teeth.

Another tremendous upheaval sent the currach to the crest of a mountain wave. The great ship had come nearer—frightfully nearer. The islanders had never seen so majestic a thing afloat. The Galeaza came on, dark and gigantic as some sea-monster of fable, whose wings were its banks of great swinging oars. It was scudding before the gale with bare and broken masts in the full run of the tide. No sooner had the fire flamed up ashore than Ca'hal could see the Galeaza's unwieldy bulk lying over against the current in an altered course: it was shaping straight for where the treacherous signal promised the channel—straight for the breakers of Kinn'atevdilla with all the force of its three hundred rowers.

"It is not too late to warn them. A twist of the helm would bring them safe behind Innishurc," cried Ca'hal. "Round with her head!"

"Tis madness in this broken sea," shouted Derrig as from his grave under the pelting spray.

"Give me your oars," Ca'hal said, between his teeth.

"We'll try it, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" sang out Tirr'elach. "Ab-ab-oo! Here goes!" They had struggled almost out of the sweep of the current, where a counter-tide began to run for the channel of the Calliacherom. Derrig's left hand had no sooner lifted its oar than a cross-sea, heaving forward, crashed across the bow of the currach as its head strove to rise, and buried the little boat and its rowers in a yawning sepulchre of spray, to the joy of the maniac winds. Ca'hal's first feeling was one of suffocation, then of some stunning tumult in the head, ending in silence. The wind beating his forehead, and a taste of

brine in his throat, soon told him that he had been whirled to the top of a wave again. He even thought he could hear the halloos of his comrades somewhere in the wild wastes around him. He shook out his hair like a sea-gull after its sleep on the waters, and with scarcely less confidence in his native element, surrendered himself to winds and waters to waft him where they would. He had not long to wait. An eddy on the edge of the current washed him shorewards on the swell of a great billow. He had almost steadied himself on the sands amidst the blinding sea-wrack, when the returning billow, with its hollow, hungry gulp, swallowed him again; but it was only to disgorge him with the next wave, bleeding and insensible, high among the rocks bounding the little beach of Glassillaun. He was awakened by the moans of a man, and, groping among the rocks, found the body of Tirr'elach, the Harper.

"What, alive and safe! Better than all the drugs in Father Walter's cordial is the sight of you, son of Owen! Myself? Musha, some devil of a rock took a share out of my head, that is all. Derrig, is it? Ask me will the fweelaun fly safe home in a capful of wind."

"My poor Tirr'elach, you are bleeding," said Ca'hal, whose hand was wet with blood pouring from the Harper's forehead.

"Bee dho hust! (hush!) or it is better blood will be lost," was the whispered reply. "There are worse spirits abroad to-night than the storm. Look there, on the point of Glassillaun! Oh, murder! she is going straight for it!"

There was a rift of light among the flying tatters of cloud in the southern sky where the wind was dying down. Sure enough through the swirling rain and spray, the great hull of the Galeaza was driving nearer and nearer to the rocks where the helmsman, calculating that the wreckers' fires under Allatruffaun marked the breakers at Kinn'atevdilla, looked to find the Southern Channel. It was the *San Lorenzo*, the flagship of the Naples Division of the Invincible Armada. The mighty fleet, swarming with the heroes and aventureros of Lepanto and the Jornada of Terceira, under captains whose very names rang with the sonorous majesty of a Te Deum—the Martinez de Recaldes, the Miquel de Oquendos, the Martin de Bertendonas, the Hugo de Moneados, the Diego Flores Valdes, and the rest—had for

six weeks staggered around the whole eastern coast of Britain to the farthest Orkneys, under a series of such blows from tempests, ill-luck, and incompetent commandership as had never before rained down upon a human enterprise. Having lost but two ships out of their host to the enemy, they floundered blindly through unending storms on inhospitable coasts, strewing their course along the Hebrides and the iron coasts of Connacht with the wrecks of their regal galleons and treasure-ships, until the proudest soldiers of Europe were gnawing the flesh of their mules, and faint from their half rations of verminous biscuit, rotting garbanzos, and stinking water; and the Captain-general of the Ocean Sea, shut up in his cabin with his despair, had no more cheerful orders to signal to the shattered remnants of his Invincible Armada than to crawl back as best they might to the mourning land of Spain. The *San Lorenzo* had been reeling from storm to storm in the open sea, with furled sails and torn rigging, in the last extremities of hunger and disease, when, caught in this night's gale and in the wash of the rapid current inside the Bills, it was determined to run for the Cu'an Moh for food and shelter.

The friendly tongues of the fires ashore were confirmed by the shouts that were heard on the Galeaza from the occupants of the overturned currach. Under the swing of its mighty oars, the Galeaza was stretching forward for the channel with the full momentum of its unwieldy bulk, with plenty of sea-room to clear the fires, which, to the helmsman, marked the Kinn'atevdilla breakers, when a dull roar to starboard struck like cold steel on the helmsman's heart. The order to rest was whistled along the rowers' benches. A faint white line began to show out of the murk. The next moment the rent in the clouds disclosed the fate awaiting the Galeaza. The breakers of Kinn'atevdilla were roaring on the beam of *San Lorenzo* a mile to the south. The ship was driving headlong upon a coast which was a jagged wall of iron. The cliffs and surges were still deep in the darkness. The order to back full speed was shouted into the waist, but, while the huge blades were reversing, a great shudder shook every timber of the Galeaza, and every nerve of the stoutest aventurero on board. The gigantic ship trembled like a wounded animal on the point of the low headland on which it had

struck. Cannon and culverin, mules, wine-jars, treasure-chests, went over the side in vain in the attempt to warp the Galeaza off her bed in the rocks and sands. Every successive billow started fresh seams. Water was already hissing through the hold. She could only be torn off to go to pieces. Men with bloodshot eyes were hacking at the ropes of the barcas with their hatchets. Others, worn with disease and hunger, prayed with palms extended on their breasts, and stirred not.

From the cove in which they had been thrown up, Ca'hal and the Harper were near enough to see the barcas launched in the surf, and tossing for a moment on the swell of some tremendous wave, apparitions of the lost throwing up their arms as the white deluges opened to swallow them. Planks, barrels, the bodies of horses and men began to be flung with deadly thuds upon the beach at their feet. One chaloupe alone righted itself. Their hearts thumped at their sides as they saw it clear the breakers at the Point. They heard a suppressed clamour of voices and scrambling of feet among the cliffs overhead. Men were sliding down the crags which rose between the fires at Allatruffaun and the cove outside which the Galeaza had gone aground. The chaloupe was already touching the sands when a violent gust hurled it against a sunken rock and tore its timbers asunder as with the crash of a hundred axes. But the wave on which it had been borne was already retreating, leaving the wrecked boat high and dry, and while the next wave was thundering forward half a dozen men crawled out of the broken timbers high up on the beach.

The men knelt on the sands in a circle around one who, in a strong voice, recited the Antiphon: "*Ecce de nubibus celi Domini misericordia magna!*" There was a hush as though the screaming winds and thunderous seas had heard the voice of One stronger than themselves. The soldiers of Spain bowed their bare heads, fervent as monks in their choir, and responded: "*Montes et mare cantabunt coram Deo laudem!*"

Again came the thunders of the storm, mingled this time with discords more fearful still. With wild yells, figures burst from behind the rocks, and swarmed over the beach towards the kneeling Spaniards. The dawn was already piercing the haze, and Ca'hal could see one of the Spaniards,

whose noble port, even without the great gold chain about his neck, was a sufficient emblem of command, advance towards the wreckers with extended hand.

"We are brothers," he said, "come for your deliverance and the deliverance of our Holy Faith."

"You are Byngham's prisoners," cried a voice in broken Spanish. "Your swords or your heads!"

"Ah! then, in the name of Jesus and Santiago!" The Spaniard's sword was out, and he lunged forward, but hunger and exhaustion were too much for him. He stumbled on the sands, and as he fell forward received the thrust of a broadsword deep in the lungs.

The tragedy had passed in an instant, while the "Alleluia" of the Antiphon was still sounding. He who had recited it stalked forward from the circle of kneeling Spaniards, massive as a moving castle, and waving a great crucifix, banner-like, over his head, cried out in Gaelic:

"My grief until the judgment-day, what is this? O Kinaul na wolla'chtan! (accursed breed!) did Christ die for such a people?"

The wreckers withered as under the breath of an anathema. The foremost sank on their knees in the sands. Their teeth chattered as the cry, "The Abbot!" trembled on their lips.

"Throw that sword down, or take from me a curse that will wound you deeper than a sword's point!"

The sword, still dripping with blood, was not lowered. "I fear neither your curses nor your Spaniards. Leave the road, O Cleric, or—"

A groan of horror burst from bearded men, as the bloody sword glittered over the Abbot's head. Others in the background—brawny Clandonnel Scots in iron caps and shirts of mail falling down to their naked red shanks—gave an approving growl. A barrel of aquardiente washed on the beach had already been broached. Eyes were kindling with an unholy flame.

The Abbot stood terrible as a mountain on whose heights thunderbolts were forging. Transferring the crucifix to his left hand, with his right he seized the rapier from the wounded Spaniard. The sough of terror from the kneeling wreckers went up again. The Redshanks closed in, somewhat daunted, watching their champion. The Abbot's blade

was being wielded with the fierce joy of a soldier again girt with his weapon after an age of fetters and inaction. The lightnings of the altar and the battle-field were blent in his eye.

"Not you, Father,—not you!" A figure had risen up between the combatants. The rapier was snatched from the Abbot's hand, and in his place Ca'hal O'Maelia stood confronting Dowdarr'a. A pale, rosy light from the east was glowing upon Dowdarr'a's red-gold hair and superb limbs. Ca'hal's sword-arm contracted with some curious spasm of paralysis. For a moment the dripping sword in front of him vanished, and he was again in the boyish humour to sink down before his idol in wonder and worship. Standing there before the dawn in the glory of ruddy health, his head set upon its strong throne of shoulders and chest with the grace of a young war-horse, his figure clothed as with the sun in the resplendent jerkin and laces that had first intoxicated him with the braveries of the Gailliv, Dowdarr'a the Red had never before appeared to him more dazzling with the prerogatives of a young god. But of a fallen god, alas!—for the bright blood of his cheeks was darkening into black purple with hate, and the very gold of his rich English attire was tarnished by the night's tempest, and his eyes were baleful lakes of fire.

"Thanks to the Devil, it is you!" he cried, furiously running in with all his force. Ca'hal had to bound back to parry the tremendous thrust that was going straight for his heart. He felt the hot sting of steel somewhere about his breast, but the stroke was repulsed with a success that drew a curse from between his antagonist's white fangs. The wreckers watched with gaping mouths, while Ca'hal, taking a swordsman's advantage of the young giant's contempt and fury, turned the point of the broadsword again and again, and then slipping within his guard, pricked Dowdarr'a back, stupefied like a bull loosed from his first toril, and furious with the darts of steel that came in on him he knew not how. A shout rose from the wreckers. Dowdarr'a had stumbled over the body of the Spaniard. He fell on his back with a thud against the sands. The rapier had gone deep into the flesh of his sword-arm, and Ca'hal was standing over him, his foot upon the broadsword which had slipped from the grasp of the wounded arm.

"Strike, in the Devil's name!" cried the wounded man, over whose head the point of the rapier was glittering.

"If only the Dowdarr'a I once knew would live again—"

"As your conquered slave to prepare your bridal bed! Morrausg (with a winding-sheet upon you) for a hypocrite! The true depth of hell is not deep enough to cover my shame this day." The wounded arm began to search at his girdle; his sgee'an was glittering cold in his hand. Ca'hal drew back to be prepared for a spring. The group around him sent forth a hollow cry, which struck on his heart like the note of a death-bell. Dowdarr'a had lifted his arm with a groan of anguish, and plunged his sgee'an into his own breast, deep to the hilt.

"There is still time for repentance. God and Mary are merciful," cried the Abbot, kneeling and laying his ear to the heart from which no blood was coming. "Too late!" he said, standing sternly up. "Let all traitors and apostates beware. All that a son of our Holy Church may say for him is, God forgive him!"

Some crossed themselves, and whispered "Amen!" with the sigh of the wind in a lonely place. Others, hot with the fire of the aquardiente, closed in with the hungry growl of beasts of prey. The swords of Ca'hal and Tirr'elach and the Spaniards encompassed him with a ring of steel, but the Abbot, firm-planted as the eternal rock, tossed them aside, and faced the glittering eyes and knives of the Redshanks. All in a moment the alarm-bell from the Keep clanged through the island, and the blasts of horns began to ring from hill to hill.

"We're still six stout swords," whispered Ca'hal. "Father, stand back and let us try their edges on the Scots before the whole clan is down upon us."

"Boy, the swords of all the legions of the Lord of Hosts are with us," was the calm reply.

"We'll want them," grumbled Tirr'elach. "See! here comes Graun'ya Uaile herself."

The Vanree'han flung herself from the back of her steaming pony and halted for a moment while her eye took in the scene. The storm-clouds were still darkling as they hurried away in the rear-guard of the retreating tempest, but the livid light from the east was already clear enough to present every element of the tragedy to Graun'ya

Uaile's keen eye at a glance—the great Galeaza going to pieces with every new thunder of the breakers at the Point of Glassillaun—the waves speckled with planks, spars, chests, and dead men's bodies—the little beach, terrible with the roar of the corpse-laden surges—the Abbot's uplifted crucifix and bare square-set head towering sternly in the midst of flashing weapons and eyes that flashed more savagely still. The apparition of the Vanree'han caused one of those unearthly hushes, in which the very beating of the waves seemed to deepen the silence.

The thunders rolled again along the Abbot's forehead. "So this is your doing," he said, striding forward to meet her. "See how you will like your work!" He seized her by the wrist, and drew her towards where the wounded Spaniard was lying. The wreckers stood overawed, with open mouths of wonder. The Vanree'han made no gesture of protest, though her hand was being crushed as in a vice, and a sensation of being forced—of being dragged—forward came over her. The Abbot cast her hand off and pointed downwards. Suddenly a cry sharp as the plunge of a sword tore her breast, and she flung herself madly on the sands beside the body.

"Death of my heart!—my dream!" she groaned. "Oh no, no, not dead—he is not dead!"

The sound of her voice thrilled the dying Spaniard like some magician's draught. The dark eyes under the soft curves of the eyebrows opened with a delicious wonder, and lost themselves in the unfathomable deeps of tenderness that cried to him in the yearning gaze of Graun'ya Uaile. She raised his hand to her lips, and kissed it with a sacramental solemnity. The dark olive face, noble with the old Spanish beauty of Guzman the Good, softened into a smile of divine content.

"It is you!" he whispered faintly. "It is Heaven!" The smile was still there and the dark eyes still seemed to rest on her: but it was only seeming. The head fell back on its bed of black curls as into a coffin.

The wreckers, whose shirts of mail were not as proof against the shafts of death as their rugged hearts, held their breath. The words of anathema on the Abbot's lips would not come. A wail of women somewhere behind, in the direction of the castle, rudely broke the stillness.

Graun'ya Uaile's ear pricked up. She started to her feet, as if called back to the world from some deep dream, and stood haughtily erect.

"What is it, my Sheeva?" she cried to the attendant, who had just come on the scene, and stood tremblingly apart.

The Sharrivaun's eye, which had looked on reddened battle-axes and exploding culverins undauntedly, cowered under her mistress's scrutiny. Her tongue grew too thick to permit her utterance. She fell on her knees, stammering out, "My child, my child!" while the whole expanse of her purple-blue jaws and mighty bosom was shaking with sobs that reverberated with the rumblings of an earthquake.

"Speak on—and quickly," said the Vanree'han. "Do you think it is tidings of hope there can be this day for me?"

"A man of the Bourkes is just come across the Cu'an from the Gailliv. The MacWilliam—alas the deed!"

"Speak on, my Sheeva!—Byngham has not dared—"

"Yesterday—on the Bowling-green of Cashlaun-Barry—"

"What!—slain?—hanged like a churl?—the boldest sword, the truest gentleman of Conn'acht!" groaned the Abbot, his hands clasped against his face.

"Our chief, our adviser, and our mighty man!"

"And Byngham is on the march for the West for the plunder of the Spaniards."

The Abbot's head rose like a mountain's peak over the clouds, and his eyes sent forth darts of lightning. "So, woman," his terrible voice rang, "this is how Byngham has rewarded you for your treason to Church and country! Or was the murder of the MacWilliam part of the plot too?—part of the price?—and is Byngham coming but to share with you the wreckage of the Spaniard, the jewels of Don Alonso? Woe unto the clan that bred you! May their silver be turned into dross, and their wine be mingled with bitterness, and their strength be as the ashes of tow!"

Graun'ya Uaile was as if she heard not. As the sound of the Abbot's commination died away she turned to him with head proudly arched, and an imperious wave of the hand, "Another time for this," she said. "I am not what you think me—at

least, in so far as I have wronged those who are gone; it is enough that sadness and I will never separate from this day. My Sheeva, hasten to the castle, and see that these gentlemen of Spain receive proper entertainment. I would be alone!" and she waved her hand again towards the mountain-path from the beach.

Her eye and the eye of the Abbot met, as in some silent duello. There was that in the woman's love and sorrow which overawed him. He found himself moving silently away in the direction in which her eye commanded him.

The beach was now swarming with the wild figures and weapons of the clansmen roused from their beds of rushes by the alarm-bell. "I would be alone!" repeated the Vanree'han, turning towards them, impatiently stamping her foot. The clansmen's eyes rested greedily on the booty encumbering the beach, but they turned sullenly away. The Redshanks glowered mutinously behind their broadswords. One of them had sidled to the body of Don Alonso, fascinated by the great chain of gold about his neck, on which the first rays of sunrise were sparkling. He was already tearing off the chain.

"A yeelminuch graundha! (you ugly mercenary!) do you dare?" cried the Vanree'han, whipping out her sword and striking off the fingers that held the chain. She stooped for the gold ornament, and cast it with all her strength far into the waves. "The man who looks for booty here this day will drown as deep as that chain of gold lies."

The old passion of love and fear for Graun'ya Uaile flamed out in presence of that haughty and commanding figure. The gigantic Redshank cast an eye upon his wounded hand, and departed without a groan. The clansmen slunk away faster and faster, with downcast heads, dimly sensible they were in presence of a grief too strong to be argued with by stroke of sword or greed of booty.

Graun'ya Uaile looked around. There was nobody left but the Sharrivaun, apart, silent, immovable as one of the Glassillaun rocks. She was alone in the tremendous cathedral, whose walls were iron cliffs, and whose organ music was the lamentation of the waves—alone with the dead, with her sorrow, and with her love.

MRS. ESLER.

[Mrs. E. Rentoul Esler is the second daughter of Rev. Alexander Rentoul, M.D., D.D., Manor Cunningham, County Donegal, where she was born. In 1883 she married Dr. Robert Esler. She has published *The Way of Transgressors, The Way they Loved at Grimpat, A Maid of the Manse, 'Mid Green Pastures, The Wardlaws, &c.* Mrs. Esler's studies of North of Ireland life, of that Presbyterian portion of it which is as different as possible from the Catholic and Celtic, are admirable.]

THE CRIMINALITY OF LETTY MOORE.¹

Mary Willett had decided to emigrate. As this is not her story, it is unnecessary at this juncture to explain why.

It was an October afternoon, but chilly; the frost had come too soon, and the leaves were too russet and too brown for the time of year, and the breath of the north wind was cold.

Mary stood by the window of Letty Moore's kitchen, looking out. One takes a careless attitude sometimes when not quite at ease with the topic under discussion. Letty sat facing the light, which fell fully on her small-featured, large-eyed face, and showed the anxiety there.

"I wouldn't go, if I were you," Letty said.

"If you were me you just would," Mary answered with a short laugh.

"You are so young," Letty went on wistfully.

"That is a fault one outgrows with time."

"And you are so pretty."

"That should help me."

"I don't know that it does, always, when a girl has her way to make."

"It is decided that I am going, anyway, so there is no use in seeing the worst side of things now."

Letty began to cry. "Does John approve?" she asked. John was Mary's brother.

"Of course he does; but for him I couldn't go—he will find the money; he says it is only fair, since I am set on it."

Letty wiped away her fast-falling tears. "I wish—I wish—" she said miserably.

"If there was any good in wishing," Mary interrupted in a hard tone, "I should wish that home was a happier place for us young ones, and that John might marry you."

"That has been nothing but your fancy ever," Letty said firmly, and for the moment the bright flush of colour in her face made her almost as pretty as her friend. "Because you like me you think he does, it's nothing but that."

"I don't know that he'll ever tell you of it," Mary went on, "having so little to offer you as things are, but he has always been fond of you."

A current of thought ran, like slow and harmless flame, through Letty's mind; she had not a fortune, it was true, but she had her industry—that meant money, and a home of her own, in case John thought the paternal home was too full already. But girls do not enunciate thoughts of this kind, even to their closest intimates. Letty seemed to think in lightning flashes, but when she spoke her words were measured, and quite irrelevant to the subject of her thoughts.

"When do you mean to go?" she asked.

"Next week, if I am living."

"Oh, dear," Letty said with a bursting sigh, "and the weather growing colder every day, and—everything!"

Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"I'll give you my fur cloak," said Letty, hurriedly. "It'll not need much altering to fit you, and it's that warm it'll keep the life in you, and I'll make you a hood for the journey, a lined one, to fit close round your face."

Mary threw her arms about her friend's neck, and burst into tears, all her wounded pride, her resentment, perhaps her dread of the enterprise before her, finding utterance thus.

Letty Moore was a professional; that is to say, she had been trained to dressmaking, and lived by it exclusively, in which respect she differed from several others at Grimpat, who worked at the business fitfully, and had some income apart from it. But there was not a fortune in the industry even to a professional. No Grimpat woman ever thought

¹ By kind permission of the author.

of more than one new dress in the year, and, where that was a good one, such as a silk, why, it did for several subsequent years, of course. But this involved few changes of fashion, and on the whole, was for the peace of mind of dressmakers.

There were times when Letty wished that she was not the best dressmaker, which goes to prove that she was a little more of a woman and a little less of an artist than might have been believed, and that was when accident brought her now and then a sudden rush of work and responsibility. It was on the very evening of Mary's visit to her that old Mr. Tedford died, and as he was very well-to-do, and of the highest respectability, it seemed as if the whole neighbourhood claimed kindred with him and went into mourning. Letty stitched and stitched, and fitted, and altered, and sent home parcels all day long, so that the eve of her friend's departure had arrived before she found time to make in her fur cloak the few alterations she had spoken of. When these were completed she locked up her house and took the carrier's cart to Nutford. She was bound to supply the hood she had promised, and there was no suitable material to be procured nearer home. Owing to work and pre-occupation, Letty had forgotten that the day was a Thursday, and that the Nutford shops closed early on Thursdays. When she found the windows all shuttered and the doors all barricaded, Letty's natural conclusion was that Nutford was also in mourning for Mr. Tedford. But after a moment the reasonable explanation occurred to her, and she sped from house to house and from street to street—in vain; such shops as remained open offered nothing better than could be found at Grimpat.

Letty went home in a kind of despair. She had promised that hood, and Mary was depending on it, and to present herself before Mary in the morning without it was a prospect she had not the moral courage to face. Arrived at her own house, she opened every trunk, and drawer, and receptacle. She studied the possibilities of every remnant, but there was nothing that would be of the slightest service. Scarlet satin, striped yellow and black silk, and patchwork were equally out of the question. She could not send her friend out into the world barred like a zebra or gay as a parakeet.

"To think of disappointing her, and her so fond of me!" said Letty, with a sob. She

recalled Mary's quick rush of rapture at the mention of the hood, her half-whispered words, "If only everybody was as good as you!" and felt that to break her promise was too grievous to think about.

"I don't know how I'll face her, and that's the truth," she said.

The floor was littered with scraps, cuttings, and odds and ends. She began to sort them mechanically, putting the larger pieces back whence they had been taken, gathering the smaller bits into a covered basket that she kept for refuse, opening and shutting the drawers mechanically, scarcely knowing what she did.

Suddenly she paused, and a kind of tremor stole over her. In one of the drawers was a piece of silk which she had been commissioned to keep till the spring. Old Mrs. Smith had bought it as a present for her niece, and had entrusted it to the dressmaker pending her niece's next visit. Letty withdrew the silk from its wrappings of tissue paper and laid it on the bed. On the outer cover was the vendor's name, "John Marshall, Nutford".

"If only I had been in time," said Letty, "I could have got a bit of that; it's the very thing."

She drew forth a fold of the silk and touched it with caressing fingers. The ground was black, with a pattern of triangular patches of pink—a quaint, old-fashioned pattern, the mode of an hour, a pretty but ephemeral thing; but Letty did not know that. She took her yard-measure and ran along the length of the piece. "Nine yards," she said. Those were not the days of voluminous sleeves or bouffant skirts. "Three-quarters of a yard would make the hood, and I have the lining, and the wadding, and black strings that would do, and I could match the silk to-morrow at Marshall's and put it back. It wouldn't be a sin; I don't think it would be a sin. It is for Mary's sake, not to disappoint her, and her so fond of me. Oh, dear! I hope it's not a sin; I wouldn't do a sin for anything." But she had taken up the scissors, and had cut off the length of silk required, even while she protested.

Until late in the night she sewed feverishly. When the hood was finished, she tried it on herself. "It makes me just bonnie!" she said with a gay little laugh, and truly at the moment her eyes were as bright as stars and her cheeks like roses. Letty

did not know that the fever of a first mis-doing was in her veins.

She slept little that night, because she had Mary, and the hood, and John Willett, and all the others to think about. The thought that when Mary had gone she would scarcely hear of John, and certainly never anything intimate concerning him, added a conscious element to her depression.

There was much excitement at the Willetts' when Letty arrived there, almost as much as if the occasion had involved a marriage or a funeral. The neighbours had come to say good-bye; a few of the more intimate would remain to speed Mary's departure, the others left their little gifts and good wishes and went away.

To dispose of gifts at the last moment, when one is starting on a journey to another continent, involves trouble; Mary was very busy and excited, half-laughing, half-tearful, her sisters disposed to envy her, and to promise that they would join her as soon as she advised them to do so, while Mrs. Willett moved about like a large and solemn Minerva, talking mournfully of wilful children and the dangers that awaited those who were ungrateful for a home.

Letty had determined to go with Mary to Nutford; she wanted her to wear the cloak on her journey to Liverpool, but she did not want her to wear it at Grimpat, where it would be recognized. When she had said good-bye to her friend she would go to Marshall's and match the silk. She did not acknowledge this even to herself, but it is possible that amid her sorrow and her fears she found it not altogether unpleasant to travel half an hour side by side with Mary's brother.

The leave-takings were over at last, and Mary, a little despondent, a little elated, steamed away towards the New World. Letty watched her out of sight, wiped her tears, and then took her way briskly towards the draper's. The practical trod hard on the heels of the dramatic, as always happens in this mixed life of ours.

Mr. Marshall could not match the silk; he said it was useless even to attempt to do so; that the dress was one of a set purchased in lengths and so retailed, that he bought the lot at a clearance sale, and had not the faintest idea where they had been made.

Letty thought she would faint when she received this information; floating darkness seemed to shut the man's unimaginative face

away from her, and the breath on her lips felt cold. Mr. Marshall was frightened—he caught at her hastily across the counter, and helped her to seat herself. "You are not well," he said.

"Not just too well," she answered dully. "I have been working very hard lately, owing to Mr. Tedford's death, you know, and then to see Mary Willett go away has been a kind of trial; she is my oldest friend."

"The world is full of trouble," said Mr. Marshall; the occasion demanded speech, and he could not think of any more apt or apposite.

Letty said nothing; she leaned her arms on the counter and contemplated him in pale dismay.

"You don't know even if that bit of silk was French or English?" she asked, after a pause.

"I don't know a thing about it but what I have told you. Is it very important that it should be matched?"

"The dress length is a bit short for what I want; I can't make it the way it was intended, unless I get three-quarters of a yard more."

"Then you'll have to make it some other way," the man answered pleasantly. "What would you say to a bit of black or a bit of pink for trimming?"

Letty shook her head as she rose. "No, no," she said, "it wouldn't be a bit of good; nothing will be any good but just the silk itself."

Mr. Marshall looked after her as she went down the shop. "She works too hard," he said, "and she is a nice little body—getting on, too, when one comes to think of it. She has been a regular customer of mine for seven or eight years." Then Mr. Marshall sighed, though neither he nor anyone else could have told why.

Letty went down the street like one in a dream. The cold north wind ruffled her hair and fluttered her trim skirts, and blew coldly into her distended eyes. "I am a thief," she was saying to herself, "a thief!" Taking the silk when she believed she could put it back scarcely seemed a liberty, much less a crime; now its aspect was altogether different.

"I wonder what I'm to do!" the girl said to herself. There were women to whom she would have gone immediately and made confession, and offered anything in compensation for the missing material; but in Mrs.

Smith's case this was not to be thought of. Mrs. Smith would simply tell the whole parish that Letty Moore was not honest, or to be trusted, because she had stolen a piece of her silk gown. Then the thought of John Willett came into Letty's mind, and of how he would receive this tidings. "What will become of me, any way?" she said.

"I'll not charge her for anything but the bare making," said Letty. "I'll put in all the lining and bone free, and give her value that way, and I'll line the bottom of the skirt with a bit of silk; if she notices it, I'll say I had it by me, and she is welcome to it." Then she sighed again; it struck her already that the path of the wrong-doer is a tortuous one, and Letty was very fond of plain dealing and straight ways.

When she reached home, she took out the piece of silk and looked at it; then she began to cry in a tired way. "To think of me being a thief; but it's just what I am. I suppose it's this way people begin to rob banks and get sent to prison. I wonder will she find out? if she doesn't I'll—" she did not know what wild condition she wanted to offer to destiny, she only knew that she was ready to promise anything provided she escaped the consequences of this one misdoing. Meantime, Mrs. Smith had also been to Nutford, and had also had an errand to John Marshall's, and thus, by one of the evil chances which overtake certain unfortunates, she sat down in the very chair poor Letty had vacated, and was welcomed by Mr. Marshall with just the same smile and the same insinuating movement of the hands. Mrs. Smith laid her reticule on the counter, opened it, took out her list, and spoke first of bombazine.

While Mr. Marshall waited on her, she picked up abstractedly the strip of silk Letty had left behind, and wound it absent-mindedly round the finger of her cotton glove. When her purchases were effected, and she was about to open her purse, the bit of silk caught her attention for the first time.

"Another bit of my silk, Mr. Marshall," she said, unbending. "Have you got a new consignment of them dress lengths? I wouldn't mind a black one for myself, if you have a black as good a bargain."

Mr. Marshall shook his head. "It's a rare chance to get such goods as they were, so cheap. One doesn't do that twice in half a dozen years. I could sell them ten times

over if I had more. There was a young lady in to match one of them a while ago, and she is just distracted that there is not more to be had. That's her pattern round your finger."

"Mr. Marshall," said Mrs. Smith impressively, "you told me you had just one pink and black, and that you sold it to me, yet here's another pink and black of somebody else's!"

"Whatever I told you at the time was the truth," said Mr. Marshall, with dignity. "There is no need to say what isn't, to sell my goods."

"But here's another pattern of the same," Mrs. Smith persisted. "Who brought this pattern?"

"It was Miss Moore."

"Letty Moore the dressmaker! Well, now, to think of that! Fancied my silk for herself, I suppose, and thought to match it. But you haven't another, you say? Well, I'm glad of that; set her up, indeed, with a gown like my niece's. Now she's cut this pattern off my piece; I don't call that dealing on the square, do you?"

"Miss Moore is a very respectable young woman, and wouldn't do anything she couldn't stand over, I'm sure," said Mr. Marshall, with decision. "I have done business with her for a very long time, and I have a great regard for her."

"That's as may be, Mr. Marshall; but if she's cut a pattern off my stuff, I don't call it on the square, and so I'll tell her."

Letty was not feeling at all well that afternoon. There are mental shocks that try the sensitive as much as a period of illness. In town communities the filching of a small piece of material would not seem a very serious matter; the culprit would regard it with indifference, and the defrauded person would probably not take it very much to heart. But Grimpat morals were very rigid; neither Letty nor anybody else regarded a breach of the eighth commandment lightly.

"She'll not want the gown till the spring, and in that time, maybe, the Lord will somehow give me a chance of putting things right," the girl said; but she was not hopeful. Letty meant to pray very hard, and to practise divers good deeds in anxious desire of a miracle. But instead of a miracle from the sky, came Mrs. Smith up the garden path—reticule, umbrella, and widow's weeds complete.

"I called to speak about that bit of silk

that you took charge of for my niece," said Mrs. Smith, after an interchange of greetings. She had not failed to observe Letty's start of dismay, and the sudden pallor that followed it.

"Yes, Mrs. Smith."

"I'm not sure when my niece will be coming, and so I thought I'd as well send her the bit of stuff, and let her have it made up at home; so I'll take it."

"I'll send it," said Letty, "it's too much for you to carry."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Smith, "the weight of nine yards of silk is neither here nor there. I gave you no linings, did I?"

The girl answered "No", faintly.

"Then it will be the lighter to carry."

Letty went upstairs and took out the piece of silk, and folded it neatly with hands that were as cold as ice. She knew she was going to be found out and ruined. At the moment she wished that she could die; if she were dead, her misdeed and Mrs. Smith's comments thereon would matter less. She stood with her hands resting on the folded parcel, waiting for some merciful miracle of this kind, but none came. Her heart beat slowly and faintly, but it kept on beating. When Letty saw that help would not come from this quarter, she went downstairs.

"You've tied it up, have you?" said Mrs. Smith, a little suspiciously. "You mightn't have done that without measuring it, for fear you might give me somebody else's piece instead of my own."

"That's your piece, right enough," said Letty dully. "There was only one of that sort." Then she clutched at her terror with desperation. "I'll measure it for you, if you like, Mrs. Smith."

This offer reassured the elder lady. "Not at all, Miss Moore," she said with some cordiality. "It's been all right in your hands, I'm sure." Then she took her leave graciously enough.

Letty looked after the old woman's rigid figure as she walked away. "Maybe she won't open it for a while, and in the interval I'll make her a present worth twice the value of what I've took, then she'll know, if she thinks about it at all, that I've paid her back."

But Mrs. Smith was not the type of person to act in such an irrelevant manner; she took off her bonnet and shawl and gloves when she reached home, but she measured the silk before she put them away, and the silk was three-quarters of a yard short.

"One never knows people," said the lady, nodding to herself, "I would have thought Letty Moore as honest as the sun. Well! I'll show her up."

Drama was rather remote from Mrs. Smith's experience, but she saw a good many dramatic possibilities in the present situation, and they exhilarated her. Herself as a confiding and defrauded person, Letty Moore as an abashed culprit, who had long traded on the good faith of the community, and the whole of Grimpat for an admiring audience, afforded a striking situation. Mrs. Smith banked up the fire with ashes, because she intended to be absent some time; then she went back to Letty Moore's.

Letty was sitting behind the geraniums by the window. She did not feel able to work that evening, and so was thankful that work was rather slack. Thus it happened that she saw Mrs. Smith come in at the little gate. At the moment she was not able to meet her; like a terrified child she ran upstairs and hid her face in the pillow of her little bed.

Mrs. Smith knocked till she was tired, then she lifted the door latch and entered. The kitchen was empty, but the worthy woman concluded that Letty was at home, otherwise she would not have left the door on the latch; she therefore sat down to await her appearance.

Letty had heard the knocking; the lifting of the latch was a softer sound, and did not reach her. In the protracted silence which followed she concluded that Mrs. Smith had gone away, and so, after a time, she picked up courage to descend the stairs. But Mrs. Smith was sitting in wait for her at the stair-foot.

The good woman had rehearsed every form of accusation in the interval, and had thought of saying, "You stole my silk, give me back my silk"; but at sight of the girl, a milder mood came over her, and she said, politely enough, "I called about that silk, it seems shorter than when I left it with you."

"It couldn't be shorter, Mrs. Smith," said Letty, looking at her antagonist with terrified eyes. "What could make it shorter?"

"That's what I don't know," said the visitor firmly; "I only know that I gave you nine yards of silk, and that you gave me back eight and a quarter. I know, too, that you were trying to match it, for I found the pattern at Marshall's."

Letty sat down, her hands lying listlessly

in her lap, her face pale and stricken. People have committed a murder and felt less overwhelmed, at the moment of arrest, than did honest, upright little Letty Moore, in face of the knowledge that she was discovered to have "conveyed" three-quarters of a yard of cheap silk.

"I needn't deny that I took it, Mrs. Smith, since you know all about it," she said slowly. "I didn't know it was a dress length. I thought it had been cut off the piece, and that I could match it, I knew it came from Marshall's."

"And what did you want with my silk—what had you to do with it?" said Mrs. Smith, her anger rising. "It was stealing, whatever you say."

"I had promised Mary Willett a hood, but with Mr. Tedford's death and all, I was kept busy until the last minute; when I went to buy the silk the shops were all closed. If they had been Grimpat shops, I would have knocked and made them open, but I couldn't do that at Nutford. I felt as if I couldn't break my word to Mary. Your silk was here in the house, and when I was looking for something that would do I came on it; I thought if I took what I wanted off it I could put it back the next day, but Mr. Marshall says it can't be matched. I am quite willing to make it good to you in any way you like."

"I'll have my bit of silk, or nothing," said Mrs. Smith frigidly. "I don't want your money, or your trimmings, or your matchings, I just want my material back again, and I'll have it, or I'll know why."

Letty said nothing, but her silence and her stricken attitude, instead of mollifying Mrs. Smith, goaded her to fury.

"If there's law in the land or in the Church," she went on, her voice rising, "I'll take the mask off your face—a meek, pretentious, whited sepulchre. To think of the gowns, and cloaks, and linings folk have entrusted to you, Letty Moore, believing in you as if you were the Gospel; it's easy to see now how you come to be so well-to-do, with three-quarters off here, and a yard off there, but I'll open people's eyes."

Letty rose and stood before her accuser.

"You'll have to do what you think right," she said, in a suffering, toneless voice. "I never took a thread or a hook-and-eye belonging to living woman in my life before. I have told you just the truth of how I came to do it this time."

Mrs. Smith gave a snort of infinite scorn. "Every thief who is caught says it was the first time. We'll see how many folks have missed things when I show you up. And you teaching in the Sabbath School, too! Well, next Sabbath you can teach the eighth commandment. To think of such a—*a whited sepulchre!*" In her vocabulary Mrs. Smith could not at the moment find another term as scathing. As she spoke she went out, and banged the door heavily behind her.

Letty resumed the seat she had quitted, and leaning her elbows on the table, took her face between her hands. She felt quite cold, and her pulses beat in languid throbs. Mrs. Smith would tell everyone that she had stolen her silk, and one and another would come to think, in time, that she had always been dishonest. It would ruin her business, but a hundred times worse than that, it would ruin her good name. To think of all the people who trusted her learning that she was a thief! To think of the minister, and John Willett, and his mother, who, in her own way had been disposed to favour her! The talk would creep to Nutford, too, and Mr. Marshall, who had always thought so well of her as a customer, would probably set someone in future to watch her when she entered, lest she should secrete the reels of cotton or remnants of ribbon that were lying loose.

At this thought two slow tears of bitter suffering ran slowly the length of her pale cheeks.

"God knows I didn't mean to steal," she said aloud, and the tones fell curiously on the still air. "God knows I never defrauded man or woman before of anything in all the days of my life." Then after a long pause she added, "There is always God."

She faced the position with despairing patience. Even God could not bring her blamelessly through it, because she had taken the piece of silk; she *was* guilty. Had she been wrongly accused, she would have met whatever followed, confidently foreseeing her ultimate justification; but for the guilty justification was impossible. "I can never hold up my head again," she said blankly.

After a little, the sense of physical prostration passing away, she rose and resorted to her needlework mechanically. But it dropped from her limp hands—she felt too tired, too stupid, and uninterested.

It was towards dusk when the door

opened, and the minister came in. The moment she saw him Letty knew what he had come to speak about.

Mr. Witherow was a tall, slim man with a clearly-cut and rather rigid face, a face to which anxieties about his congregation had added as many lines as the years had done. In creed Mr. Witherow was a Calvinist of the Calvinists, whose ideas of Heaven, and Immortality, and the Day of Judgment were as clearly defined as his knowledge of week-day and Sacrament services. Mr. Witherow had never doubted once in his whole lifetime that, at the Day of Judgment, he would be called by name to answer before the assembled nations for each individual member of the congregation committed to his charge. In his dreams Mr. Witherow frequently heard himself asked in a voice that was like a thunder-peal, "Richard Witherow, what of Andrew Wilson? Richard Witherow, what of William Burt, committed to you in the long past?" This made him thankful that his congregation was small; it made the attendant anxieties less, and showed him a shorter period of reckoning on the Dread Day. But it kept his life here very strenuous, and loaded him with a sense of personal responsibility that is not generally felt in the profession.

"I have had a visit from Mrs. Smith," the minister began simply. "She is in a terrible state about three-quarters of a yard of silk that she says you cut off her dress length."

"I took it," said Letty slowly. "I told her I took it."

Mr. Witherow inclined his head sorrowfully. "I did not mean to steal, and she knows that," Letty pursued steadily. "I offered her any compensation she would accept—"

"She wishes to have you made an example of; she says you ought to be excommunicated," said Mr. Witherow, and his thought was as serious as his words.

"If you will sit down, sir, I will tell you just how it happened," said Letty, "and then if you think well to cut me off from the means of grace—I shan't complain." Then she told all the story over again, amid slow, unheeded tears.

"It is very unfortunate," Mr. Witherow said with a sigh, when she had concluded. "To borrow a piece of silk without leave was a very small thing in itself, but it is an opening of the door to evil. When people

borrow money in that way, meaning to put it back, the act sometimes brings them penal servitude."

Letty gave a shudder. "I have been thinking it all out," she said; "in old times people were hanged for as little as this."

"Indeed yes," said the minister thoughtfully, "people were hanged or transported for the merest trifles; a man got fourteen years' penal servitude once, and died under sentence, for stealing a potato-pie. We have reason to thank God we are not so cruel nowadays."

"I suppose she could have me arrested?" said Letty in a dreary voice.

"I dare say she could, and fined, but I don't think she will, though I hold her to be a rather bad kind of Christian; she only wants to expose you, and she will do that, talking among the neighbours."

"I think the best thing I can do is to restore sevenfold and then to go away from here," the girl said huskily. "I'll make as good a living among strangers as I can do at Grimpat, once I have lost my character, and I would rather not wait for the old neighbours to give me the cold shoulder. I meant no harm, God knows, but I'll have to take the consequences of doing harm, all the same."

"When Mrs. Smith came I reasoned with her," said the minister slowly. "I told her she was showing a very bad spirit, even if you were guilty, which I did not believe. I talked to her very seriously." Then he rose to go. "I will talk to her again," he said. "Have you any objection that I should offer to restore sevenfold? The Scriptures do not speak of more, and fourfold was generally held to be sufficient."

"A hundredfold," said Letty with a sob. "I have a little money saved in all these years. I'll give her anything she asks."

Mr. Witherow felt very depressed as he walked down the road, not so much by the thought of Letty's individual suffering as at the thought of all the suffering that so often follows inadequate causes. "No doubt it is because she belongs to the elect that her first step astray is punished so severely," he said with a sigh. Mr. Witherow firmly believed that the path of the elect here was thick with thorns, but in compensation he held that these made for the safety of pedestrians towards the Kingdom. Then his thoughts reverted to Mrs. Smith. She certainly was an unlovely Christian, but she

had been placed in his care, and he was responsible for her. Her unloveliness would not justify him if he had one day to answer "I do not know" to the question "Richard Witherow, what has become of Sarah Smith?"

"I'll tell her of Letty's offer," he said; "if she declines to accept it, I'll excommunicate her for her lack of charity—and that will surprise her more than losing her silk," he added, smiling for the first time.

Mrs. Smith was having tea when Mr. Witherow called on her. She was looking bright and animated, because she anticipated interesting results from the several calls she intended to pay before bed-time.

Mr. Witherow took off his hat as he entered, but he did not accept the seat Mrs. Smith indicated, not intending to unbend to the intimacy implied in a sitting attitude.

"I have been to see Miss Moore," he began gravely, "and I have learned all particulars regarding your loss. Miss Moore is willing to restore the value of the silk sevenfold. What is its value?"

"The piece cost twenty-seven shillings."

"Then let us assume that what she took—borrowed under a misapprehension, actually—is worth half-a-crown. In lieu of that, she authorizes me to offer you seventeen-and-sixpence."

"I won't take it," said Mrs. Smith triumphantly. "I would rather show her up than have the price of twenty silk dresses."

"If you don't accept Miss Moore's offer," said the minister imperturbably, "I will summon you before the Session. A woman who would want to destroy the character and prospects of a girl who has lived in our midst since childhood, and is a credit to the community—"

"A canting publican," interrupted Mrs. Smith.

"A credit to the community," Mr. Witherow repeated firmly. "The woman who would want to destroy her and her prospects for a half-crown matter, is not only a bad Christian, but a bad woman."

"Me!" said Mrs. Smith, with a shriek.

"If the matter comes before the Session we shall have no option but to excommunicate you," Mr. Witherow went on. "It will be a great grief to your children in America to learn that the church in which their father was an elder has been obliged to excommunicate their mother. It will be a blot on the family history."

"I want nothing but my own again, I have a right to that," Mrs. Smith maintained stoutly, but the usual colour of her cheek looked thin and veinous, and her breath came hurriedly.

"To restore your own little bit of silk is impossible under the circumstances. Miss Moore acknowledges that she took it. The Bible exacts nothing but confession and fourfold restitution; Miss Moore offers sevenfold—you had better accept her offer."

"She's got you on her side," said Mrs. Smith bitterly. "A sleek, canting—"

"Mrs. Smith," said the minister, "I hope I shall always be found on the side of the merciful. I desire nothing better either now or at the Last Day. The wish to ruin a poor young friendless girl could only be prompted by the devil, and as a minister of the Gospel I will oppose it, in every corner of the parish. This is my last word. I am very sorry that a woman of your age, so long held in esteem by the neighbours, should have ever wished to act such a cruel and evil part. Good-evening."

Mr. Witherow had scarcely reached the little gate outside the cottage ere Mrs. Smith was after him. "I will take that seventeen-and-sixpence," she said.

Mr. Witherow turned. "Do you understand what that binds you to?" he asked. "If you accept restitution, and subsequently talk of your loss, you will be guilty of slander, a serious offence in the eyes of the law of the land."

"I wouldn't be bothered with it," said Mrs. Smith fiercely. "To tie one hand and foot and tongue, and everything, and call this a free country, too!"

Mr. Witherow laid his hand on the old woman's trembling shoulder. "Mrs. Smith," he said, "your husband was one of the oldest elders in my congregation when I was ordained; he was a gentle and beautiful nature; he was one of the Elect—his memory is yet fragrant in our midst. You are yourself a woman, the mother of other women; you have been young; possibly that experience is not so remote that you are unable to recall it. Try on that account to feel generously, and, because of all that is honourable in your life-history, to act generously towards a sister woman. No one ever regrets a good deed, while a deliberate cruelty cannot fail to plant a sharp thorn in that last pillow on which each of us must ultimately lay his or her dying head. You

have now an opportunity of behaving nobly and making me proud of you. I will leave it to yourself to think whether or not you will embrace the opportunity."

Towards eight o'clock Letty Moore was reading her Bible; there are times when people find that the only refuge. "'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,'" she read aloud; as she did so, she turned her face involuntarily towards the window; but it was night, and the blind was down. At that moment there came a peremptory knock to the door. Letty opened it, and Mrs. Smith came in. To see the girl quail at her approach gave the old woman her last moment of evil pleasure.

"I came to speak about that silk," she said.

Letty did not answer; she only waited for the terrible announcement that was likely to follow. "I was thinking that maybe you might like to buy the whole of it," she went on. "It cost twenty-seven shillings new—you can have it for that."

Mrs. Smith was surprised and a little dis-

mayed at the passion of Letty's sudden burst of tears. "You are a good woman," she said between her sobs, "a good, good woman, though I thought hard things about you! I suppose it was because I was that miserable. You are a good woman!"

Letty always maintained that nobody knew the greatness of Mrs. Smith's nature till there was occasion to test it; in proof of her greatness she adduced that Mrs. Smith hated to be praised. When Letty married John Willett, Mrs. Smith sat beside the minister at the wedding-feast. Beyond the circle of those three, there never crept a whisper of Letty's misdoing; it is the solitary secret the latter ever kept from her husband. As to the piece of silk, it still lies in Letty's best-room bottom drawer, and when she wants to remind herself that well-meaning people may go far astray under sudden temptation, or that human hearts are often kinder than the careless would believe, she takes out the piece of silk and looks at it.

FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE.

[Frank Frankfort Moore was born in Limerick, on the 15th of May, 1855. He was educated at the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast. Mr. Moore is something of a traveller, having got as far afield as Africa and India, and his travels have helped him considerably, especially in those wonder-stories with which he has pleased boys. He was a journalist for many years, until his gifts as a novelist made it possible for him to depend on them alone. He had written many boys' books, plays, poems, and stories before he made his first happy hit as a novelist with *I Forbid the Banns*. Since then his career has been one long list of successes. *The Jessamy Bride*, *The Impudent Comedian*, *The Fatal Gift*, *The Millionaire*, *A Nest of Linnets* will be fresh in people's minds. His plays have been produced at the Lyceum, Opera Comique, and elsewhere. Mr. Moore has also published two volumes of verse. The following extract from *The Fatal Gift* is given by kind permission of Mr. Moore and his publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.]

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

(FROM "THE FATAL GIFT".)

The Park was not so greatly crowded when the sisters left Lord Harrington's house with Lord Blantyre to return to Westminster. It was Maria who had been thoughtful enough to suggest sending away the Duke of Hamilton's carriage. She was sure, she said, that Lord Blantyre would be civil enough to be their escort home, and her mother had acquiesced: there was, she knew, always a chance of a commotion taking place as they walked in the Park, and if another were to occur, the king could scarcely refuse her daughters a military guard.

But before the girls and their friend, Lord Blantyre, had more than reached the Broad Walk, the cry had gone forth that the Hibernian beauties were returning on foot from the Palace; and in a few minutes they were surrounded by a greater number of admirers than had ever assembled in the same place. The crowds were, however, respectful; the



F. FRANKFORT MOORE

From a Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY

Irish chairmen and porters had ceased to make the protection of the ladies a question of patriotism, and when their protectors disappeared the ladies ran no risk of being mobbed. The respect shown to them upon this occasion was very marked. They walked steadily onward between the ranks of the onlookers, most of whom held their hats in their hands.

"If we were actually princesses we couldn't be more respectfully treated," said Betty.

"Oh, this is the hour of our greatest glory!" cried Maria, looking at Lord Blantyre.

Before he could answer, their way was barred by a tall man with a stoop, and curious gray eyes that seemed to look beyond the faces on which they were turned. He wore a coat of sober hue and the bands of a clergyman.

He stepped from the crowd at one side, and stood directly in the way of the girls, holding up his hand.

"Dear ladies," he cried, "I am a messenger of the Lord sent to speak a word in your ears. You are commanded by the Lord to hearken to me. Nay, sir,"—Lord Blantyre had made a protesting motion with his hands,—"*nay, sir*; if you have a command to hinder me from speaking, and these ladies from hearing, it cometh from the Enemy. You wear the garb of an English officer, and you would die sooner than become a traitor to your king and country; therefore I know that you will have sympathy for me—one who has a commission from the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and who dares not become a traitor in thought or in deed. What, sir?"

"The time and the place are inopportune, sir," said Lord Blantyre. "We must beg of you to allow us to pass on our way. You have our deepest respect, sir; but we cannot hear you."

The man gave a look heavenward for a moment; then he stepped quite close to Lord Blantyre, and fixed his eyes, not upon his face, but apparently at some point beyond him.

"You will listen," he said in a low, clear voice, after a few moments of silence.

There was another pause before Lord Blantyre said slowly—

"I will listen."

The man turned his eyes upon the girls and then beyond them.

He raised his hand.

"We will listen," they said, as though they were children dominated by the will

of someone of whose power they had been made aware.

"I knew that I should have your ears," said the clergyman. "And yet it is not I that have your ears. I am but a man, and a man is of himself naught. But if the Most High has chosen me to be His trumpet, through which His breath is sent, to make a rallying music to the sons of men—to say to those whose knees are feeble, 'Be strong', to say to those who are strong in the Lord, 'Be steadfast', to say to those that are meek, 'Ye shall inherit the earth', then I am much more than a man: I am the voice of the Lord. Dear ladies, I have heard of the beauty with which your Maker has been pleased to endow you. The town has been ringing with it, as with a bell of silver sound that calls all people together to see some marvel. I have heard the sound, and it was in mine ears as a church bell calling me hither to prayer—to prayer for you who have received the most perilous gift that God sees fit to grant to women. Ah, dear ladies, 'tis not for me to call myself your judge; 'tis not for me to say that there is any evil thought or evil desire in your hearts beyond those which, alas! are in every heart that beats. But ah! the snare of beauty! Ah, the temptations of loveliness such as yours! Ask yourselves, my sweet children, if that beauty, which is God's gift to you, is being used in the service of God. Has it been the means of leading your hearts closer to God? Has it, think you, been the means of leading men's hearts closer to God? When the multitudes have crowded around you, as they are crowding at this moment, to gaze upon your beauty, do you give to God the glory, or do you take the glory to yourselves? Are your thoughts set upon the attainment of the glories of this world, which shall be burnt with fire, or of the glories of the world above, which shall endure for ever and ever? These are the questions which the Lord hath sent me to put to you, and if I put them lightly, stopping you thus with rudeness in your path, I should be unworthy of the Voice which speaks through me—the Voice which spake in infinite tenderness, infinite pity to women—the Voice which said to the one who had committed the offence which men have accounted the sin of a woman that can never be pardoned: 'Neither do I condemn thee'. Dear children, the blessing of our God be upon you. May you be blessed among women. If you desire to be blessed among women, then you will be blessed. If

you desire only to be beautiful among women, you will one day cry out upon your beauty as a curse and not a blessing. The Voice that uttered the Beatitudes said not 'Blessed are the beautiful'. Ah! Christ knew the world too well to say those words. The beautiful *may be* blessed, but we know who *are* blessed. The meek, the mourners, the merciful, the poor in spirit, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the persecuted, they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.

"But there is another beatitude beside. The Voice said: 'Blessed among women', of one woman. The pure Mother of a pure Son. The Woman who cherished all the duties of a Mother, and discharged them faithfully; the Mother whose patient steps led her to the stable over which the Star of Bethlehem shone; over which the multitudes of the heavenly host hung poised on outstretched wings, praising God, and saying: 'Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men'; the Mother who fled with the Salvation of the World at her breast, daring the desert; the Mother who watched her Son through His stainless life, and who had the courage to stand and see Him die that the world might have life. 'Blessed among women! Blessed among women!' Dear children, do you seek to be blessed among women? Then give your lives not unto the world, which shall not endure, but unto the heaven which is your inheritance, if you do the will of God. Cast behind you the world and the flesh and the pride of life, and press onward to the attainment of faith, hope, and charity. Then, and only then, you will be blessed among women; blessed though beautiful; blessed when your beauty shall have fled; blessed when your fair bodies shall be dust. My sweet children, enter the service of God. Be each of you ready to say, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord'. You who have all the beauty of the flesh, seek the beauty of holiness, and then my prayer will be answered when I say, as I now do with all my heart, with all my soul, 'God bless you both for ever and ever'."

He held his hands above them for a moment, but in no conventional attitude of prayer. Then he bowed gravely to each of the girls, and finally to Lord Blantyre. The crowd opened and swallowed him; men and women were on their knees on each side, bathed in tears, for he was a man whose voice moved the souls of men and women at his will.

"Mr. Whitfield is never inopportune to those who are fortunate enough to hear him," said an onlooker.

"'Tis a sad pity that he is not orthodox," said another.

"Ay, but he can save a soul with the most orthodox in the Church," laughed the other.

Maria and Betty were weeping in each other's arms. So they had often been moved when in Ireland by the playing of some of the ancient melodies of the country; the singing of some of those plaintive songs that came naturally to a people who lived within the sound of the mourning of an ocean. Never before, however, had either of the girls been brought face to face with such a power as that which had just moved them. The magnetic influence of a great orator—the incantation which is woven by his voice—had never been experienced by them. They wept, not knowing why they should weep.

Lord Blantyre was also deeply affected. He stood with bowed head at some little distance from the girls. The people who had been in their immediate neighbourhood while Whitfield was addressing them, had sufficient delicacy to move away. But just as Maria and her sister had recovered themselves so far as to be able to continue their walk which had been interrupted by the preacher, an open post-chaise with a pair of horses approached them at a trot. A lady who appeared to be the sole occupant of the vehicle had been sitting back on the seat with her hands covering her face; but the moving and the sounds of the crowd as the chaise approached the place where the girls were standing, seemed to rouse her. She sat upright and looked in surprise around.

In an instant she caught sight of the girls, and gave a hard cry, throwing out her hand suddenly toward them. Then she sprang forward, and steadying herself by the iron rail, she shouted out to the postilion to stop.

Before he had pulled up his horses, she had sprung from the chaise, and was running back to where the girls were standing. They were startled by the wild way in which she had pointed to them with that curious inarticulate cry, and they were now the more startled as she came toward them with her hair disordered and her cloak with its hood lying back, and the ribbons that should have tied it flying loose, disclosing a rich dress underneath. She was clearly a lady of some position.

"You cannot go on until you see what I have brought to you," she cried, catching each of the girls by the wrist. "Come, come; 'tis only a step to the chaise. Ah! you will be delighted. Never, never have you received such a tribute to your loveliness as I have brought to you. 'Twill not occupy you a moment, and the sight will fill you with pride."

The girls were too much bewildered to be able to make any resistance, and before Lord Blantyre could interfere, the lady walking between, still holding each of them by the wrist, had led them to where the post-chaise had pulled up, about a dozen yards away.

"You shall see it—you shall see the tribute to that beauty of yours which has made the town mad," cried the woman; and stooping into the chaise, she jerked aside a cloak that lay in a heap along the seat. The girls gave a shriek, for the removal of the cloak revealed the dead body of a man. The ghastly white face was lying against a cushion, and the hands fell limply down on the seat, one of them with the fingers bent as they had been round the hilt of the sword which he had died holding, when he had received the point of his antagonist's weapon, where the blood-stain was on his cambric shirt.

The girls shrieked out when that horror

met their eyes; but the woman only laughed.

"That is the noblest tribute to your beauty that it has yet received," she screamed. "He was my husband—my good husband until this madness seized him—the madness which your beauty has aroused on every hand. He was one of those who made themselves your champion. An enemy of his differed from him as to which of you was the more beautiful. They fought this morning, and he died under the surgeon's hands at mid-day. He died for you—look at him—thank him, if you can, for the sacrifice—the tribute of men's souls which such beauty as yours has demanded since the world began. Oh, my dear, dear husband—my own sweet love!" She had thrown herself frantically upon the body, and was speaking with her face close to that ghastly face, a hand on each of the white cheeks. "Look up, dear love, if only to tell them that you loved only me—only me—look up, my darling, if only to tell them that beauty is not a blessing, but a curse—a curse—a curse!"

She clasped the body as the girls were borne away shrieking, the one with the arms of Lord Blantyre about her, the other supported by Jimmy Blake.

"The hour of our greatest glory! the hour of our greatest glory!" Maria was crying.

GEORGE MOORE.

[George Moore is the son of the late George Henry Moore, of Moore Hall, Co. Mayo. He is a novelist and playwright. Among his novels the more famous are *Esther Waters*, *Evelyn Innes*, and *Sister Teresa*; among his plays *The Strike at Arlingford*, *The Bending of the Bough*, and the version of *Diarmuid and Grania*, in which he collaborated with Mr. W. B. Yeats. He is also an art critic, and has the rare gift of making his criticism delightful to the lay reader. One will not soon forget those delightful critical articles in the *Speaker*, some of which he collected afterwards in the volume *Modern Painting*, which he published in 1898. His connection with the Irish Literary Theatre is well-known. The extract from *The Bending of the Bough* and the following story in Irish are given by his kind permission.]

THE MAN OF IDEAS AND THE MAN OF ACTION.

(FROM "THE BENDING OF THE BOUGH".)

ACT THE THIRD.

The same as last act, JASPER DEAN'S drawing-room. Enter DEAN and KIRWAN. Voices heard cheering DEAN in the street.

Dean. My name is upon their lips, but it is you they are cheering.

Kirwan. Very likely. The man who cheers never knows whom he is cheering.

Enter MACNEE.

Macnee. I spoke to you at the door, sir, but you did not hear me. I hope you'll excuse me for having followed you upstairs.

Kirwan [*aside to Dean*]. You know this man, I introduced you to him just now.

Dean. Well, I hope all is going well for the meeting, Macnee?

Macnee. It was about that that I wanted to speak. I've sounded them, sir, and you can reckon all the clubs. It will be the biggest and the most determined meeting ever held in the town, sir.

Kirwan. You've seen about the posters.

Macnee. Yes, sir; any further orders?

Dean. No; I feel I can leave everything to you.

Kirwan. Thank you, my man. [*Exit Macnee.*]

Dean [*throwing himself into an arm-chair*]. At last a quiet half-hour in which to live. I got up this morning seeing the day before me as a long battle in which my will went out to conquer numerous enemies, sometimes drawn up in battle array, and sometimes one by one in single combat.

Kirwan. That is public life. How does it strike you?

Dean. The first thing that strikes me is a sense of unreality; my real self is not here. Macnee, who has only just gone out, seems to me like something I have dreamed.

Kirwan. I love their simple minds and their mysterious subconscious life—the only real life. To be with them is to be united to the essential again. To hear them is as refreshing as the breathing of the earth on a calm spring morning.

Dean. But they understand nothing of our ideals—that man, for instance.

Kirwan. The earth underfoot does not understand our words, but it understands as we may not. So it is with the people.

Dean. I envy you your deep sympathies and their sudden simplifications of the world.

Kirwan. Unfortunately I have not the magnetism that moves the people.

Dean. I often wonder why your love and sympathy, which are much deeper than mine, should not reach them, should not appeal to them, as readily as mine.

Kirwan. It is for that very reason; your appeal is stronger because you are not of the people; you are the romantic element outside them, the delight they follow always.

Dean. Looking at you I often wonder how it is that the whole world does not know of you. It seems to me to be a pity that you have decided that the world shall not know you. Your name is always on my tongue—I talk about you, I tell people how wonderful you are.

Kirwan. And their answer is, What has he done?

Dean. Sometimes.

Kirwan. I could have done many things. I could have written, I dare say, but perhaps after all literature is a temptation. It is a pleasure.

Dean. And yet it was from your writings I learnt that although our country can do without any one of us, not one of us can do without his country.

Kirwan. All begins in a sense of the boding sacredness of the land underfoot. I think I have made that clear.

Dean. The sacredness of the hills, I understand; but the people are alien still.

Kirwan. If you understand one you are very near to understanding the other. The landscape is the visible image of the mind of its people, created by the imaginations of the race.

Dean. For all is thought, all proceeds from thought, and all returns to thought, the world is but our thought.

Kirwan. And the thought of our ancestors.

Dean. When I talk with you, Kirwan, life seems to widen, the horizon seems lifted, it is thrown back. I was struck the other day when you told my aunt, who did not understand you in the least, that the question we are now agitating is not merely the payment of a debt of money, but a step on the way, on the long road which leads—

Kirwan. Whither the race is trending.

Dean. But the destiny of the race, what does that really mean?

Kirwan. That which is you, which is me, and which is leading us. It is a quality which never ceases among us; each of us bears his spark of the magical power; now and then a spark blazes up into a flame, and the fire fades down to a spark; but the last spark always remains.

Dean. It was from you that I heard these things for the first time, and I had only to look within myself to see that they were true. I used to think that material prosperity, that long, settled life, all the things they have at Southaven, were the only important things. But for a long time back, before I met you, I was conscious of a vague disquietude—that was how the change began in me, in a vague disquietude. I tried to convince myself that it was I who was at fault, and I struggled with my feelings, I battled with my heart, but without avail; I had to give way at last; and once I let my-

self go, my life, like a tree released from rocks and planted in natural soil, shot up, and as leaves my thoughts lifted themselves and saluted the sun. It is such joy to allow the truth into one's mind, to think for one's self, to be true to one's self. It was like a sudden change of light, and all that had seemed right was suddenly changed to wrong, and what I had thought despicable became right and praiseworthy.

Kirwan. Over there, if one shuts one's eyes, all is pitch blackness, but here, if one shuts them, there is still light.

Dean. And the things which I had thought beautiful grew vile, small, and the whole world trivial and black and barren as a handful of gravel.

Kirwan. You were dissatisfied even with the earth under your feet; the air was empty of supersensuous life. We are lonely in a foreign land because we are deprived of our past life; but the past is about us here; we see it at evening glimmering among the hollows of the hills.

Dean. We miss that sense of kinship which the sight of our native land awakens in us; the barren mountains over there, so lonely, draw me by their antique sympathy; and the rush of the river awakens echoes of old tales in my heart; truly our veins are as old as our rivers. But if I had not met you, Kirwan, I should have known nothing of these things. What should I have been if I had not met you? I dare not think. I should have lived without a dream in my heart, like Aunt Caroline. You remember the seemingly accidental way we met, yet when I met you I seemed to have always known you, and what you said seemed to be just what I was waiting to hear.

Kirwan. Everything comes to him who waits. However narrow the circle of our lives we need not wander beyond it, to meet all we need. I did not seek you in South-haven, I waited here at the foot of these northern mountains, and you came inevitably.

Dean. You expected me, then?

Kirwan. I expected someone.

Dean. But you are not satisfied, not altogether. You sometimes think I am a wanderer, a will-of-the-wisp whose course is zig-zag, and that I will light up the way but for a moment.

Kirwan. Our lowlands are full of these merry gentlemen, and our skies are full of meteors.

Dean. Yes indeed, yes indeed; we all begin

by thinking we are fixed stars, and then begin our erratic courses; we know not why or whither we wander, we were born to wander, perhaps. Kirwan, I want to tell you about myself, I want to open my heart to you so that you who are wise may tell me what I really am.

Kirwan. I have received many confidences, many have opened their hearts and with an unreserve that would surprise you.

Dean. Faith is what I need; outside of faith no life exists, unbelief is an empty gulf. I have discovered that. And it is that I may get faith that I seek you so constantly, it is for this that I watch, and that I listen; and the desire of faith in me is so great that my very pores open like thirsting flowers when you speak. It is faith that ennobles, and those who have not faith are conscious of their baseness and of the baseness of life. When I am with you, Kirwan, all seems true, holy, and worthy, but when you leave me to myself, when I live among worldlings, the beliefs you have inspired within me die like the leaves and flutter away.

Kirwan. As you become the voice of the people the personal voice which you dread will die out of your heart.

Dean [*looking up*]. Ah! . . . The instincts of Macnee are surer than reason, and we have to take up the great national chain to free ourselves from the little chains of personal interests. Life is a strange intricacy of chains.

Kirwan. There are only two chains, the material and the spiritual. I have always told those who come to tell me how interested they are in spiritual things, that there is but one way to attain the spiritual, and that is by sacrifice.

Dean. I'm thinking that if I am to become a leader of men, and give effect to your teaching, I must believe at once in the self-sufficiency and in the destiny of our race. The immediate influence behind me is you, I am your tool; other influences are behind you, and you are their tool. I am called to perform a task and to perform it I need not believe much in myself; I am nothing, but I must believe in the sacredness of the land underfoot; I must see in it the birthplace of noble thought, heroism and beauty, and divine ecstasies. These are souls, and in a far truer sense than we are souls; this land is the birthplace of our anterior selves; at once ourselves and our gods. Our gods have not perished; they have but retired to the lonely

hills; and since I've known you, Kirwan, I've seen them, there, at evening; they sit there brooding over our misfortunes, waiting for us to become united with them and with each other once more. You taught me to understand these things; and I think that I do not misinterpret your teaching.

Kirwan. If the moment has arrived, you will suffice. Your speech which carried the Corporation with you and your speeches to the people do not convince me so much of your individual capacity as that the moment has come, and that you really are part and parcel of the movement of a nation. Your ideas are merely personal, it is Macnee's ideas that are universal and valid.

Dean. Some day I shall believe as implicitly as you do in the great unity of things; I wish to feel when I look at the stars shining, or the flowers growing, that all is a great harmonious song, singing through space and through the ages; and that each race has its destiny; and that as no race has looked so long and so steadfastly through the shells of things out into the beyond, as our race, that it will be the first to attain this supreme end; we know the end is union with something beyond, though words may not further define it; we feel it throbbing always like a pulse within us. But, Kirwan, I should have met you earlier. The truths which you have spoken have not fallen on barren soil, but they have not taken root yet, and I fear every moment lest the wind should come and blow them away.

Enter MILLICENT.

Oh, Millicent, here you are! I wish you had come a little sooner, the conversation has been so interesting, Kirwan has been saying most interesting things.

AN ZÚNA-ÞÓSTA.

Þuðrætar þu le Muinntu li
 Þuðu an þeðann þo an Róir,
 mórán bliaðan ó þoin, uair éisint þan
 oðtmað auir óéas, b'eiou, átt ip
 þeacai ceart an rþéil þo úéanám
 amac. Niou þan átt rþéat neam-
 épuinn i meafþ na noaoine au; niou

auþþ an Róirþeáð Ós é átt auon uair
 amám 7 b'i a máðau þ'innip óð é;
 áþu þi ré imtiþte þlan ar cuimne
 muinntu an loþám. Þuðau þ a
 máðau lei þu þauþ a þin-þin-þeán-
 áðau rþór mór auþþ i otioþeáð
 iaraðta, áþu nuair éáimþ ré a þaile
 þu þeannuþ talam ó na Þuþþeáðþ,
 ma þa leó-þan an taob þoin an énoc-
 áin ar a þauþ an Tiþ mór. Þioþau na
 Þuþþuþ réin taþi éir a þeapmað þo
 þaðau uair i þeap niou uairle 'há
 þioþau an tþáð þoin, átt ní þauþ uair
 óá mþioð an Máþiþtiþ áþ caint leó
 ná cuimþþeáð ré au, maþ, cé þu
 þileauþ réin ná þauþ ionnta átt
 rþolóþa, nó þeipþiþþ an þláþiþtiþ,
 o'þan comþþeá éisint uairleáðta ar
 þac þuine aca ioþi þuaðauþþ áþu
 éauþniþ, i þliþe þo þþeapþau ar an
 otioþ eapau-þealuþþ eapþþa réin
 áþu na tioneþtuþóte eile. O'þan an
 þuan þo na þeán-uairleáðta aca, þa
 éóþi, i þan-þioþ oðþ réin, 7 ip oðþ
 þiom þu þan coþþaþac 'n-a éað, i
 þliþe éisint i meafþ na þcomþþan
 leiþ, mór ní éóþtao þam ar na Þuþþ-
 þeáðþ é, toþþ þan éan-þaint to
 þeit aca le hæþþeáðtaþ ná le
 þþiþþeantþ an þaile þiþ. Oo
 máþ na Þuþþuþ ar leiþ leó réin þan
 uaðar þan iomancátt. O'þolluþ þu
 oaoine uairle na Þuþþuþ; ip oéall-
 þaðac þo þaðau 'n-a otioþeáðþ
 þan þeáðtmað auir óéas; b'þaða a
 þinþþeátt áþu þa mór an meaf þi
 áþ muinntu an þaile áþu áþ an
 Máþiþtiþ oþþa.

þeap óá þiéto bliaðain o'auir to
 b'ead þeap an tiþe, áþu þa mór an
 iontaoþ þi áþ an Máþiþtiþ Ós ar.
 Þi an-éion aca ar a éeile. O'é þa
 þáille áþu þa máþ to, áþu þi ré
 'n-a comþþuþe i otþ þeas þeap ar
 imeall an loða. Þi þeipþ þeipþþeap
 máðar an Þuþþuþ 'n-a þcomþþuþe þan

Tiſ Mór. Sean-mhá b'eaó iao, ceann aca a hoét ip tſí píctó aſur an ceann eile a veic ip tſí píctó. Cócaipe b'eaó an té ba ſine aca, 7 cailin-tiſe an té b'óige. Bí an beipt aca tap éip cup ruar de ſac éan-obair. Ba móri a mburdeacar do'n mlaſipti Ōſ, mar ſileadair ſo paſadair pá comaoim móiri aige. Síil reipean ſur b'eipean bí pá comaoim aca-pan, aſur ba mínic aſ cumhneam oſia é aſur é ar baile, 7 nuair taſaó ré a baile do bean-nuigeaó dóib vípeac mar do-ſeanaó do luét an tiſe féin. Bí paſgal paſa aſ ſac éinne de na Duibheacaib, 7 bí duine aca níor ſine 'ná Eilip ná mlaſe féin. Mlaſiſeáó líi Čiarbubáin, nó ſpáiní líi Čiarbubáin doob' ainm oi, aſur bí ſí 'n-a comnuirde i otiſ míc a veipb'éar, Alarſiom Ō Duibip, ar imeall an loča. Bí ſí aſ oſuioim ruar cum a veic ip ceipre píctó, aét ní paſčar veimnteaó i otaob a haoipe. Aveipeaó mlaſe líi Duibip ſo paib mlaſiſeáó píde bliadain níor ſine 'ná i féin, aét níor féaó Eilip ná mlaſe cumhneam ar oáca čpuinn lae beipte mlaſiſeáó. líi paib puinn aične aca uſip, 7 cé ſur veipb'ſiúr dóib i, ba ſeall le duine iapaéta dóib i. Do póſ ſí i mbliadain a ré oéaſ, aſur éuaó annpoin ſo oti ceantair eile, aſur ba beaſ tuaiupſ do bí aca uſip ar feaó veic mbliadain ip píde. Veipti ſur čailin an-álunn i, aſur ſo paib a liaét fear i nſiáó léi. Ba veimnteaó ſur páſ ſí an aic le mac ſip-ſiaóaiſ ſean-ačar an Róipriſ Ōiſ, aſur ar poim ip tuigče ſur b'faó ó é, aſur ſur beaſ de čunntar a beačaó bí ar paſáil an uair ſin. Ip čunnte ſo paib tſí píctó bliadain ann ó o'imčriſ ſí leiſ an óſánač po. Do mlaſipeadair i oteannta a čéile ar feaó iſačaim páſa, b'éioip a naoi nó

a veic de bliadantaib, i ſConoae na Míſe. Annpoin ruair reipean báp obann, aſur do réip ſac oeałſaim, do bain a báp-pan čuio oá meabair oipe. Puarčar amac ſur páſ ſí Conoae na Míſe tap éip báp a ſip, aſur ſur čait ſí móſán bliadanta i otiopčaiſ iapaéta. O'ſill ſí čar air, amac, ar Conoae na Míſe, aét ní ſo oti an aic čeáona ann do čáinſ. Veipti ſur bain na mí-ſopčúna čáſla bí an meabair bí. Bí ſac uile píoc de čunntar a beačaó féin čailte aici, 7 aon lá amáin čáinſ iſeála ſo oti an ſailm—aſur b'iao na iſeála bpióin iao—ſo paib ſí 'n-a comnuirde i mbočán boét ar teóſainn na Nuáčongbála, aſur ſur móri an iſanail pá čomuppanačt, a hiomčur airteač aſur a riſe aic mlaſeaimna. Ip amlaio ſur b'éigin do'n tpaſaric a ſaolta do loſſ oi. Níor b'ſuipſ poim do oéanam, mar ba beaſ bpiſ oó ſa čeipriuſaó, aét pá veipeaó ruair ré amac ſur ó'n nſailm do čáinſ ſí, aſur iſpiob ré aſ tſuall ar na Duibheacaib. Čom luač ip ruair Alarſiom liciſ an tpaſaric, čur ré a bean ſo oti an Nuáčongbáil, aſur čuſ ſí an tpean-bean léi čar air.

“Aſur ſo veimín,” ar riſe, “ba mčio i čabairic ar an aic ſin. Bí ſupſim an baile aſ maſaó ſúti aſur aſa leamhaint, 7 aſ čaičeam ſuoaí léi, aſur o'obair ſo ſcałſpeaó ſí an beaſáin beaſ meabiac do páſaó aici. Bí an oipeao poim claſair aſ teačt tſiú an tuigče ſur ar éigin do bí ball tſipm pá oíon tiſe aici, 7 ní paib o'adain le n-ite aici aét bliſpini beaſa čuſaó na čomuppanna mar oéipe oi. Bí čailte aici le oéiſean-naige čionnur teine o'adaint, aſur o'iteaó ſí na pſiatai čuſaóſiſ na čomuppanna bí am. líi paib iſaile

na ngráir de'n éadóac uirru aét doim-
lác gíobal palac. Ní tugaó rí aipe
do ruo ar bíc aét dá gúna-póirta.
Do éoimeáto rí é rin i mborca asur
páirpéar 'n-a éiméall i tpeó ná
fluócpaíde é. Uí rí i gcomnuirde gá
láimpeáil asur gá infuáto péacaint
an mbéat enuimhe ann. Uí rí as caint
léi féin 'n-a éaob nuair do gábar
irteac an doirar. Síil rí gur b'amhlaid
bíor-ra éum a goir uaiti. Dubairt
na comurpanna liom gur mar rin do
bíot rí i gcomnuirde, go raib faicéior
a hanma uirru go ngoiríde a gúna-
póirta uaiti."

B'in é a bfuair bean Alartruim Uí
Duibhir de rgealaib ar Mlaighréad Ní
Ciarrubáin de bairi a turuir. Tugaó
reompa úi ran tig beas asur cé gur
cail rí cuir móir de'n fíadantaét 7
de comarthaib geilte de bairi dei-
bíot asur foitne asur éuraim, níor
fíll an oipeat de'n t-pean-éumíne
ruam uirru ip do éabpógaó léi éum
cur ríor ar a bfuair rí de úro-
doiréat tar éir báir a fíir. Ba úoig
le tuine uirru leir gur b'amhlaid náir
máic léi iarraét do éabairt pá éumí-
neam aip. Uí a dócain gmaírpáiréat
aicí mar géal ar laetib a hóige, dá
ráo go raibatar cluig an páiróirte as
bualat lá a póirta asur go raib an
t-aiteann pá bláit. Ní raib Tig Mór
an énuic tógta an uair rin. Péarac
máic do éaorab b'éat é an tpiat úo,
asur ba mímie Mlaighréad as tpiat
ar glingleat cluigini na gcaorac ra
gleann, ar an aiteann buirde, asur ar
na clogaib do buaireat de bairi a
póirta. Do labraó rí i gcomnuirde ar
na clogaib úo ar fon náir féat éin-
neac a déanam amac cat ar go
otángatar. Níor gnaéac ruam clog
an tSeirpéil do bualat ar fon póirta,
asur ní raib éan-élog eile ann. Ar

an aúbar roim, éuair pé de gac éinne
a déanam amac cat pá noeapra do
Mlaighréad a ráo go raibatar na cluig
as bualat tpiat gáib rí tar cliaéan
an énuic as déanam ar an Seirpéal,
asur gúna álunn a póirta do fuair
rí ó sean-máicair an Róirig Óig,
uimpi. Deiréat rí gur b'i féin an
té ba éanamla i gcomnuirde leir an
Sean-máigirtear, asur gur mó ba
éanamla léi i féin 'ná éinneac dá
beirte deirpéar. Uí Eilir asur Máire
'n-a leamhaib beaga an tpiat úo,
asur ip ar éigin o'féatatar cuim-
neam ar lá an póirta, asur níor
féatatar pioc do ráo i otaob na
gclog.

Uí Mlaighréad Ní Ciarrubáin epom-
ta as an doir asur níor féat rí
ruibál gan barta. Ba mímie do bíot
muinntir an tige as caint móir-éim-
éall na teineat, asur éagaó rí
o'urpéar éúca 7 ruo éigint do ráo
leó asur annpoin iméat uata aip,
asur iao-ran o'páigaint i moct gur
úoig leó gur b'amhlaid bíotar tar éir
tuine ar an raogal éall o'feicrint.
Do téiréat rí anoir ip aip éom fáda
le geata an gairtá, asur ba móir an
ráir eagla o'éinne b'éat as gabáil na
tpeó i o'feicrint annpoin i mearg na
mbláit; i doiréa donaríad; gan de
éangal aici leir an raogal ro aét
an éan-éumíne amám. Níor b'i an
péacaint donaríad ro 'n-a gnuir do
cuiréat eagla ar éairteallaé ámh,
mar níor bean gíánra i Mlaighréad
Ní Ciarrubáin i n-éan-éor. Ba mó
ba éairbreamail a gnuir 'ná gíánra,
asur dá bfeicirde ingean óg Alar-
truim le n-a hair níor déacair tuairim
do éabairt ar eairé an raagar eailín
do bí innti cúig bliatna ip tpi píctó
póimie rin. Ip é ip deallpáitige go
raib gnuir fáda éairteamác uirru pá

mar doóítear ar fionnadh. agus folc
ruaó ar nór Máirín. Bí Máirín ré
bliathna déas d'aoir 7 níor fíorúic a
cuir éadúis deir léi éar alcaib a cor.
Bí gac éinne go maic d'ó'n tpean-
mnaoi boct, aet b'i Máirín an t-éan-
tuine amáin ná raib éin-eagla uirri
joimpi, 7 ba minic do connear iad i
n-éinfeadct 'n-a reapaín le hair an
claidhe do bí ioiri gairrda an máoiri
agus an bótar móir. Bí crainn enó
capall as páir timdeall an tige,
crainn nór rínead leir na ballaib, 7
i rúe an tSamraio bíod lili ran ngairr-
da agus i gcaiteam an fógmair luir
na míol móir agus nóiníní gíneine.
'N-a noiaio rin bí poinnt de crannnaib
torca as páir, agus tamall eile ríor
bírrótán. Bí oirioirín éar an ríorótán
ro, agus téirdeat Máirín 7 Sean-
máigréat go minic go dtí an oirio-
irín reo, agus ba móir doob' iongnat
le gac éinne cat uime bíod an leant
beas agus an tpean-bean as cur 'r
as cúiteam. Níor féat Máirín éan-
cunntar cruinn do bheic léi ar a
n-abrao an tpean-bean léi i gcaiteam
na haimpíre do éairíoir ar imeall an
tíorótáin. Tus rí iarradct, uair, ar
innirín do Máirín cunntar ar oirde
an-faoda gírmíur go raib an leac-
oirín ar an locán ó éaob éaob. Bí
ruo éigin as rúe tpe n-a hinéinnib i
tcaob na gcolamán i tcorac an tige
íhóir, go raabatar dá tcarrao tcarra
an locáin as bulánaib, agus go raib
ceann de na colamánaib 'n-a luige
rá'n locán. Sin mar do rúg Máirín an
rgeal léi, cé gur beas ar éuis rí de.
Ba móir an páir iongantair an cion do
bí as Máirín ar an rean-mnaoi, aet
níor maic le Máirín féin rin do beic
d'á cur 'n-a leic, mar ríle rí féin gur
beas cion ná cruaisge bí aici ói. Ir
amlaio ná reaca Máirín riam éinnead

marb, 7 b'é bí 'gá buaíream i san-
fíor ná go bfuigeat an tpean-bean
bár rula mbéat rí féin imighe as
tuilleam a tuarparóil. Bí geallta
as a haéar ir a maéar go leigiríoir
oi imteadct éom luat ir beat a hoct
deas curca ói aici, 7 bí rúil aici go
mairfeat Sean-máigréat dá bliath-
ain eile, agus ná beat d'fíadcaib uirri
féin tuine marb d'feicirín. Níor
beas do bhorruis roin i cum ríear-
óil do'n tpean-mnaoi, a cuir bíó
do mionugat ói, a cur d'fíadcaib uirri
ite go minic, agus a rúirdeacán d'fag-
ail oi san móil. Nuair ná bíod an
tpean-bean ra éirín, bíod Máirín i
gcomnuirde as caint ir as gáiríre, 7
ba minic do ríleat a haéar ir a
maéar gur b'é glóir íhóirín do me-
laó an tpean-bean ar a reompe
féin. Éan-lá amáin ní deáirnaio
Máirín ríoc gáire. Deáirnaio Sean-
máigréat teadct amad ar a reompa.
Bí raicéir oirra nuair ná reacaóar
i as teadct cum an téa d'ól, agus
duhárao le Máirín dul agus a ráó
léi teadct.

"Cá b'íor dam, a máéar, ná go
b'ruil ruo éigín imighe uirre; ní
leómainn-re dul."

Táinig Máigréat irtead ra éirín
an tpean-bean úo, agus ba móir an
t-iongnat bí ar gac éinnead nuair
d'fíarfuig rí:

"Cat éuis go b'ruil Máirín as
gol?"

Níor aigú don tuine aca Máirín
as gol, má deir rí a leicéir i n-éan-
cór, aet bí a fíor aca go léir cat ba
éir b'óin oi, agus go deirín do
coirgeat 'n-a leic i uair nó d'ó i rúe
an lae.

"Ná cloirímí a tuilleat 'n-a éaob,"
arra bean lí Duibí; "táimíó boóar-
ta aici i gcaiteam an lae. Ní mipe

ir ciontaís leir, mar ní féidir liom gúna tabairt dí cum dul go dtí an pinnce seo.” Lean sí uirthi mar rin, dá inniúint go raib pinnce le beir ag reirbhíreádaib an Tíge Mór, agus go raib cuiread fácta ag Máirín ann, agus tré méir a reirge ní eus sí fá n-deara náir féad Mairíneá i cuis-rint. “Cao ir féidir liom-ra déan-am?” ar pír. “Dá mbéad an t-airgead féin agam, ní béad am agam cum pór do éir ar gúna ná cum ceann do déanam. Tá pinnce reirbhíreá ó Sáranna ran Tíge fá láthair. Táir daoine ar gac éan-airt de’n dútaig ann, agus a gcuir reirbhíreá i n-éirfeáct leó, agus ní feicfeair cularó níor meara ar m’ingín-pe ’nádá ar daoine eile, 7 ní raigair sí ann. Dubairt-ra poin léi ceana; tá a pór aici. . . . Ní fáca ruam poime seo amlaíó í.”

Níor rtao bean Uí Dúibhir pór de’n déimurán do éarad le n-a hingín, 7 cé go raib a pór ag Máirín an ceart do beir ag a máthair, ba dóilíg lei gan dul go dtí an pinnce, agus fuir sí pór agus féadaint an-bhóndac ’n-a ghuir.

“Mar rin atá sí ar fear an lae,” arpa bean Uí Dúibhir, “agus b’fear liom dá mb’é an lá i mbárac do béad ann, mar ní beiró éin-éiric uirthi go mbéiró an níó seo go léir éarainn.”

“Aéct ní’lim-pe ag gearán i n-éan-éor, a máthair; raigair mé a córlaó má’r maic leat. Ní fearaírao cuige dúit beir cóim oian poin orm. Ní’l faic agam dá ráó, aéct ní féadaim na rmaointe bhóin do cóimeáó uaim.”

“Go deimín ní féadann Máirín go rultmar i n-éan-éor,” ar ran trean-bean, “agus ní maic liom ná féidir léi dul ann.” B’in í an céad uair go raib a cuisrint ag Sean-Mairíneá ó

táinig sí do cóimuiró i n-éirfeáct leó, agus b’féadaraí go léir uirthi. Do rtaoaraí tamall, agus iongnad an traogail orra, féadaint an raib ciail ceart aici nó ná raib. “Ir deacair do leanó ós mar í seo gan é beir ’n-a cumair dul go dtí an pinnce ran Tíge Mór agus í tar éir cuiread b’fagail. Ní hiongnad Máirín go bhóndac ar; ir cuimín liom féin an trád go mbéinn-pe go bhóndac leir agus tá sí an-éoraíail liom-ra.”

“Aéct, a gharín, cao ir féidir liom-ra déanam? Ní dulca dí ann ra cularó rin uirthi anoir, agus ní’l aici aéct éan-gúna amáin eile, ’ré rin an gúna bíor uirthi ag dul ar díreann. Ní leirfead-ra dom’ ingín——”

Aéct connaic Alartom go raib an trean-bean cum tuillead do ráó, agus dubairt pé le n-a mnaoi i scoogar: “Cloirimir cao tá le ráó aici.”

“Tá mo gúna-pórta-ra ann, agus ní abhóinn ná go bfuil pé rin áluinn a dóctain déinne. Níor éir éinne ruam é ó’n lá úo do éirfeair féin é ag gabail éar elatán an énuic anonn. B’in é an lá go raabaraí na cuis ag bualaó. B’in é lá mo pórta-ra. Níor iméig rmuir ná rmaíó air ruam ó poin, mar eusar aipe maic óó. Féad-raíó Máirín annro go han-dear ann. Beiró sí díreáct mar bíor-ra an lá úo.”

Níor labair éinne. B’féad an t-éar 7 an máthair agus an ingean ar an trean-mnaoi. Cuir an gearl-amáint seo an gúna-pórta do tabairt ar iarad an oirfead iongnad orra ir do éirí fillead a cuisriona éirí ó éianab. Bí gac éin-níó dá raib aici, agus dubairt go raib sí raibíó uair, tar éir rleamnuagad uair, agus níor ran éin-níó ’n-a reitb aéct an gúna ro. Náir maic eusad sí

aire úo? Riamh ó éainis rí cum com-
nuiríte i rictis na n'Óuibheac, ir ar
éigin do leisfeadh rí ó'énne aca ríú
amháin féadaint air. Éogaí rí ar an
mborca anoir ir arís é cum é aer-
uagáí agus cum campóir do rísaíreac
tráirna air, aet úúnaí rí an doirar i
gcomhnuiríte. Ní fácaí air ríamh é aet
éan-uair amháin ar feadh cúpla nóim-
eac. Ir amháin éogaí rí amac é cum
a éairbeaint dóibh díreac marí béaí
leanbh beas as éairbeaint áilleagáin,
aet ní túirge ríneac air amac a láma
cum bheir air 'ná ríog rí léi é, agus
o'airuigeac air i as cur glar ar an
mborca 'n-a ríab ré. Aet anoir bí rí
cum a éabairt ar iarac do m'áirín.
Ní éiríofóir gur éirí rí acá do bí aici
oá ríab. Síleac air gac uile nóimeac
go n'óeacair rí deairmáí air agus
go n-iompógaí rí uacá irteac 'n-a
reomraí rí. Oá leisfeadh rí do
m'áirín a cur uirí, ní leisfeadh bí
iméac ar an rí leir. Éioac
aéairac aigirí uirí fá díreac éair
éall.

"Cahin do éoruirgeann an rínnce
reo?" ar rí. Ní túirge innreac an
t-am oi ná duairt rí ná béaí aici
aet am a oóéain díreac cum m'áirín
o'ullmugaí agus rí rí léi i rí 7 a
máéair irteac 'n-a reomra rí. Bí
eagla ar m'naoi lí Óuibí go ríab
tuilleac de'n oiríé-éineamaint i
nóán do m'áirín, agus éin rí ríar
a haigreac ná caíreac m'áirín an
gúna do baint oi oá mbéaí ré uirí.

"Nuair bíó an gúna ro oir, féac-
raí tú díreac marí o'féacair-ra an
lá bí na éirí as buacáí."

Éogaí rí rí ar an mborca an gúna,
an éirí, na ríocáí agus na bróga.
Bí gac éin-ní ann. "Bí an tSean-
m'áiríreac do b'onn oim-ra iac ro
go léir. Tá an ríoc éacáí do bíó

oim-ra ar m'áirín, agus féacraí rí
go díreac marí o'féacáinn rí. Nac
áluinn na bróga iac?" ar rí, "féac
ar na búcláib. Oiríó ríac oi go han-
máí, marí tá a cora anoir díreac mar
bíóí mo cora-ra ríac ó."

Agus éairí coiríní m'áirín irteac
oir na brógaib éom máí díreac ir
oá mba gur bí rí do éineac iac,
agus o'oir an gúna bí éom máí ir
o'oir na bróga, agus do ríocraí rí
gúraí m'áirín díreac marí do ríoc-
raíreac rí a gúraí rí, air léi,
ríac ó, nuair bí rí ríac ríac mar
gúraí m'áirín.

Sí an éirí boet go ríocraí
éacraí ar gúraí i ríac an éabair-
tair, go leanraí rí amac ra éirí i
agus a ríac léi an gúna do baint oi,
agus ná féacraí rí ríac go rí an
rínnce i díreac na ríac. Ní ríab
éan-truamíneac aigirí aici go rí
go ríab rí leac-ríac cum an ríac
m'áirín. Éairí rí ríar rí an bráir.
Duairt a máéair 7 a haéair ná béaí
díreac leir an rínnce go rí, b'éirí,
a ré a éogaí ar m'áirín, agus duairt
léi eóéair an doirar do éabairt léi,
aet duairt gúraí go éraíreac rí
rí 'n-a ríac go ríocraí rí éair
n-air.

"Ráac do éoráí ar feadh ta-
maí i gacáir. Má bíó ríar
oir, ríreac ar an leabair. Ní
baogal ná go gclóirreac m'áirín go
máí, marí ní éorógaí rínnce. Ní
bíó ré ar a cumar ríac irteac
gan m'í oá haíreacáin."

Da móir an t-iongaí leó i éor as
leabair éom díreac-éiríleac rí, agus
o'raíreac 'n-a ríac go meacáí
oirí de ríar eagla ríamh a ríac-
raíreac obair. Anrío do bráir-
raí a áiríam uirí ríreac dóibh glar
do cur ar an doirar, aet ní fágaí

pipe an éirínn. Ní faib éan-éatúgadh uiríu i rtaob an gúna, agus o'fan pí annpoin ag féadaint irtead ra teinir, agus ag amharc an éailín go foiléir, dar leat, ir i ag pinnce. O'féad pí go han-fárta 7 o'fághadann annpoin í. Ar feadh uaire o'fan pí 'na fuirde mar rin ag maectnam, agus ba d'ois léi sup b'amhlaid bí pí ag féadaint ar m'áirín óis áluinn ag pinnce agus an gúna pórtas do veineadh trí píeio bliadain poime rin uiríu. O'éiríu pí fá d'ois ar an maectnam ro ar m'áirín agus uiríu féin. Bí an teine an-ipeal. Bí na fóio móna 'n-a luaithe b'áin, 7 bí solur na gealaige ag taitneam ar an uirláir. Fuair pí a maide le hair an teinteáin. Fágadh ann 'n-a comhair é. Do cuimníu pí annpoin go dtug pí iaracht a gúna-pórtas do m'áirín, 7 luig pí ar an leabaid ag fá: "Cloirfeadh i ag buala do an doirair." O'im-tig uair éairt ir i mar rin 'n-a cois, agus annpoin do d'uiríu pí aríir.

"Tá na cluig ag buala do, tá ná cluig ag buala do," adubairt pí; annpoin do rtao pí ar feadh cúpla nóimeat ra gairrda mar faib an gealaic ag lonn-pa do geal. Oirde mar rin do b'ead an oirde poim a pórtas, agus do rtao pí tamall ra gairrda i mearg na mbláit Samhaid, oirfeadh mar bí d'á déanam aici an oirde reo.

"Tá páinne an lae ann," adubairt pí. Ir amhlaid pí pí pé mearbál bí uiríu, sup breacadh an lae, solur na gealaige. Annpoin o'éirt pí tamall, agus pí pí go gcuilaid pí aríir fuaim na gclóg ag teacht trairna an énuic. "Seadh, feadh," adubairt pí, "rin iad na cluig aríir. Cloirim go han-foiléir iad, agus cairfeadh bhoruagadh oim 7 ullmugadh; níor éairt dam a coimeadh fuio ag feiteam oim."

O'ompuiú pí irtead. Cuair pí go dtí an borca 'n-a mbíodh an gúna ar feadh na mbliadanta go léir, agus, cé ná faib éan-gúna ann, ba d'ois léi-re go faib, agus ceann i b'ao níor áilne 'n-a an gúna do g'ráduig pí com móir poim. Bí an coramlaic éadonna air, aic go faib pé mile uair níor luacthair. Bí an ríoda imighe i mbuigeaic agus an d'at i noirfeadh, agus an uile poimnt de i n-áilneadh. Dar léi sup glac pí an gúna tairb're uirí a d'á láim, 7 sup fuir pí ríor mar faib solur na gealaige ir i ag rmaoin-eam ar a d'eirir ir mar féadfaid pí ann nuair éiofadh reirfean d'á hiarraid. Cuir pí a láma ar a g'ruais don uair amáin. Do leis d'ois tuirim aríir. "Cairfeadh toruagadh ar ullmugadh anoir; níor éairt dam a coimeadh ag feiteam oim."

Bí solur na gealaige ar a glúnaid póir, aic do d'uiríu an gealaic trairna na r'éirir i noir d'áile go dtí sup fágadh ire ran doiradair. Uir i go oirfeadh an uair do cuimníu m'áirín, bí ag an pinnce, ar an rean-mnaoi tús an gúna bí agus bí ag feiteam léi. I gceairt-láir cuir do bí pí gá pinnce le coir an Róiricis, ir eadh do buail pé irtead 'n-a haigneadh go faib fuo éigint imighe ar g'rainí.

"A Róiricis," ar ríre, "cairfid tú mire leigeant a baile anoir, ní féadaim a cuilleadh pinnce anocht. Táim veiminteadh go b'uil fuo éigint imighe ar an trean-mnaoi, Maigheadh ní éairíodh, comnuigear linne ran tig. Ir ire do tús tamall de'n gúna ro dam. U'e reo a gúna-pórtas-ra, agus ní faib pé fuam ar a reit le cúig bliadnaid ir trí píeio. Ir ar éigin do leigfeadh pí d'éinne féadaint air, aic duairt pí go fadair-ra an coramail léi féin, agus o'airíu pí mé

as sol nuair ná faib éan-ghúna asam cum teacht go dtí an pinnce, agus tug sí a gúna-pórta féin dam."

"féadann tú go han-óear iní an ngúna-pórta máiread, a Máirín. Níl iní an rmaoineamh rin aet ceapadóir-eacht gan bhrí." Aet connaic pé láitnead go faib eagla as teacht ar an gcailin agus supí teartuis uaití imteacht agus dubhairt pé:—"Aet ead cuige supí dóig leat go bfuil puo éisint imtígte ar an tpean-mhnaoi?"

"Tá sí an-dorta."

"Máiread, níl puinn de'n doir curta úi aici ó o'fágar an uair deiridí i."

"Leis dam imteacht, a Róirteig' a dara. Ir dóig liom go scaitfead imteacht. Táim cinnte go bfuil puo éisint bunorcionn léi. Níor airigeat mé féin mar peo siam poime peo, 7 ní béinn ar an nór po muna mbéad go bfuil fáet éisint leir."

"Sead, bíod asat, má'r tultá tuit."

O'féad sí mar faib an ghealac as caiteamh 7 oo pite ríor an bótar. O'fás sí an Róirtead as féadaint 'n-a diaid 7 é 'gá ceapad go mb'féirir go faib társ éisint pasálda aici ar bár na pean-mhá. Oiróce breas bealtaine oo b'ead i. Bí gealac geal go háro ran ppéir, agus gluire an eapraig go flúirpead ar na coilltib agus ar na bánatib. Aet cuir ciúinear na hoiróce rin rsgannpad ar Máirín, 7 nuair rtao sí cum binn a gúna o'árhoac o'airis sí na laéain fiaána as sogalaig 7 mears na ngiolac. Sil sí ná faib ran domán aet polar agus oiréadap. Bí rgaile duba ar na rgeaduib oo

iróicead na logáin bí lán de cairr-geaduib 7 de raicnis. Ní pasad Máirín an corán trió an goill bis ar eagla go mbuasitfead an bár uimpirí ann, mar síl sí supí b'amlaib bí sí as puit páir leir an mbár 7 go scaitfead sí beir as baile poime. Ní pasad sí an comgar aet pite sí supí teir anál uirí. Tar éir tamall oo pite sí gpear eile, aet ní túirge bí sí tar an ngeata iris 'ná bí a fíor aici go faib buairóce uirí as an mbár. Buail sí fá oó, aet ní fuair éin-fneasra. Annpoin oo tós sí an lairte, 7 táinig iongnad uirí an doir oo beir gan glar air. Bí gpiorac éisint 7 mears na lusiitfead, 7 tar éir oi tamall oo caiteamh gá réitfead, oo lap sí coinneal. Oo tós sí an coinneal 7 n-áiríoe agus o'féad timdeall an tige.

"An io' oolao taol, a gpaíní, nó bfuil gad éinne eile imtígte a oolao?"

Oo oirio sí comgarac úi, agus annpoin pus mian éisint fíorpeata gneim uirí. Níor máit léi siam féadaint ar buine márb, aet anoir ní faib tult ar aici; 'n-a teanta poim, ir amlaib bí tuit aici 7 bfeadaint air, agus ba dóig léi go otug sí fá nveara an coplamadct úo ar oiréadac Sean-Maigheao com minic rin.

"Go deimín," ar pite, "tá sí an-copamail liom. Béad-ra amlaib, lá éisint ir oóca má máirim leir."

Annpoin oo buail sí doir an treompa 'n-a faib a haéar agus a mátar 'n-a goolao.

a críoc.

taróo o donnacáa,
o'airis.

ANNA JOHNSTON (MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS).

[Mrs. MacManus was born in Ballymena, and lived nearly all her life in Belfast, till her marriage with the well-known novelist in 1901. To the great grief of her friends and country-people she died at Easter, 1902. She wrote much prose and verse, and began publishing when she was about fifteen. She contributed to most of the Irish magazines and newspapers of her time, and to *Harper's Magazine*, the *New York Criterion*, *The Century*, and other American periodicals.]

SHIELA-NI-GARA.¹

Shiela-ni-Gara², it is lonesome where you bide,
With the plover circling over and the sagans
spreading wide,
With an empty sea before you and behind a wail-
ing world,
Where the sword lieth rusty and the Banner
Blue is furled.

Is it a sail you wait, Shiela? Yea, from the
Westering sun.
Shall it bring joy or sorrow? Oh, joy sadly won.
Shall it bring peace or conflict? The pibroch in
the glen
And the flash and crash of battle round a host of
fighting men.

Green spears of Hope rise round you like grass
blades after drouth,
And there blows a white wind from the East, a
red wind from the South,
A brown wind from the West, *Agra*, a brown
wind from the West—
But the black, black wind from the Northern
hills, how can you love it best?

Said Shiela-ni-Gara, "Tis a kind wind and a true,
For it rustled soft through Aileach's Halls and
stirred the hair of Hugh;

¹ This and the following poem are given by the author's permission.

² One of the allegorical names for Ireland.

Then blow, wind! and snow, wind! What
matters storm to me
Now I know the fairy sleep must break and set
the sleepers free."

But, Shiela-ni-Gara, why rouse the stony dead,
Since at your call a living host shall circle you
instead?

Long is our hunger for your voice—the hour is
drawing near—

*O Dark Rose of our Passion! call and our hearts
shall hear.*

THE BROWN WIND OF CONNAUGHT.

The brown wind of Connaught—
Across the bogland blown
(The brown wind of Connaught),
Turns my heart to a stone;
For it cries my name at twilight,
And cries it at the noon—
"O, Mairgreed Ban! O, Mairgreed Ban!"
Just like a fairy tune.

The brown wind of Connaught,
When Dermot came to woo
(The brown wind of Connaught),
It heard his whispers too;
And while my wheel goes whirring,
It taps on my window-pane,
Till I open wide to the Dead outside,
And the sea-salt misty rain.

The brown wind of Connaught
With women wailed one day
(The brown wind of Connaught),
For a wreck in Galway Bay;
And many the dark-faced fishers
That gathered their nets in fear,
But one sank straight to the Ghostly Gate—
And he was my Dermot Dear.

The brown wind of Connaught,
Still keening in the dawn
(The brown wind of Connaught),
For my true love that's gone.
Oh, cold green wave of danger,
Drift him a restful sleep—
O'er his young black head on its lowly bed,
While his weary wake I keep.

PATRICK J. M'CALL.

[Patrick J. M'Call was born in Dublin on the 6th of March, 1861. His father was a member of an old Tyrone family, driven out by the plantation of Ulster. Mr. M'Call was educated at St. Joseph's Monastery, Harold's Cross, and at the Catholic University school in Leeson Street. He has published *Irish Noinins*, a volume of verse (Sealy, Bryers, & Walker), 1894; *The Fenian Nights' Entertainment*, a volume of stories, in 1897; and *Songs of Erin*, in 1899. The following poems are given by his kind permission.]

LIGHT O' THE WORLD.

"Love, will you come with me into the tomb?"
spake from his coffin the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, where-
soever a maiden can."

"Open, open, Grave," he cried, "and let the Light
o' the Meadows through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a loving sigh, "and let
the Fair Maid too

Long was the way till they reached the hills—
"Still will you go?" said the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, where-
soever a maiden can."

"Open wide, Green Hills," he cried, "and let the
Light o' the Green Hill through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a weary sigh, "and let
the Fair Maid too."

Cold was the way till they reached the sea—
"Still will you go?" said the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, where-
soever a maiden can."

"Open, open, Sea," he cried, "and let the Light
o' the Waters through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a piteous sigh, "and let
the Fair Maid too."

Dark was the way till they reached the sun—
"Still will you go?" said the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, where-
soever a maiden can."

"Open, open, Sun," he cried, "and let the Light
o' the World a-through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a joyful cry, "and let
the Fair Maid too."

THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.

(A.D. 1745.)

There's a ripple in the waters of our four wide
seas;

There's a murmur on the mountains like at
dawning hour;

There's a whisper 'mong the ash-trees as they
shake their keys,

And a thrill stirs all the sleeping land with
wondrous power.

For the sowing-time is coming with its lingering
days,

When the fields no longer slumber 'neath the
winter snows,

When we'll plant the Tree of Liberty, 'mid
hymns of praise,

And greet again our long-lost, little Harvest
Rose!

'Mong the glens of Kinel Fary, in the land of
Owen,

We await the morning whistle of the Black-
bird clear:

From the royal heights of Aileach to the Golden
Stone,

We are ready, all — kerne, gallowglass, and
mountaineer.

Soon we'll plough the fields with horses' hoof
and soldiers' foot;

And we'll water them till fetlock high the
black blood flows;

Then we'll plant the Tree of Liberty, of spread-
ing root,

And greet again our little, shining Harvest
Rose!

Long our little, shining Harvest Rose has
blighted been,

By the cruel, clinging Red Wind from the
charnel East—

Every branch and bloom lay stricken, till no leaf
of green

Could greet the hopeful, longing eyes of chief
or priest!

Still we're watching and we're waiting for the
pass of night,

Till the saffron dawn-wind o'er the hills of
glory blows,

That will bear a morning summons on its wings
of light,

For the budding of our little, shining Harvest
Rose!

Hark! a clarion is resounding from the Grampian Hills—
 'Tis the whistle of the Blackbird at the dawn of day!
 Every heart with rosy rapture at the song-burst thrills,
 As we rise from rushy bed and bush to join the fray.

As we go our daughters speed our path with praise and prayer,
 And a blush on every mantling cheek like sunset glows;
 But a redder, sweeter blossom we will welcome fair,
 When we greet again our little, shining Harvest Rose.

HERBERT TRENCH.

[Herbert Trench was born in 1865 at Avoncore, Middleton, County Cork. He is of Irish, partly Gaelic, descent on the maternal side (by the Allins of Youghal, the Sealys, and Corrs of Corr Castle) as well as by his father's family. In 1889 he was elected to an open fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford. He is an examiner at the Education Office, Whitehall. His *Deirdre Wed and other Poems* appeared in 1900.]

DEIRDRE IN THE WOODS.¹

(FROM PART III. OF "DEIRDRE WED".)

(*Naais speaks*) . . . "O to see once more
 Thee dance alone in this divine resort
 Of wings and quietness; where none but rains
 Visit the leaf-pelted lattice—none o'er-peers
 And none the self-delightful measure hears
 That thy soul moves to, quit of mortal ears."

Full loth she pleads, but cannot him resist,
 And on those mossy lights begins to dance:
 Away, away withdrawing like a mist
 To fade into the leafy brilliance.
 Then, smiling to some inward melodist,
 Over the printless turf with slow advance
 Of showery footsteps maketh infinite
 That crowded glen. But quick! possess by strange
 Rapture, wider than dreams her motions range
 Till to a span the forests shrink and change.

And hither, in beam-glimmering arms she brings
 All zests of promise—all the unlook'd-for boon
 Of rainbow'd life, all rare and speechless things
 That shine or swell under the brimming moon.
 Who shall pluck timpani? For what need of
 strings
 To waft her blood who is herself the Tune,

Herself the heart of her own melody?
 Art come from the Land of the Ever-Young?—O stay

For his heart, too, when thou dost rise away—
 Burns dark and spirit-faint within the clay.

And griefs, like the yellow leaves by winters curled,

Rise after her, dead pangs disturbed, arouse.
 About that bosom the gray forests whirled
 And tempests with her beauty might espouse,
 She rose with the green waters of the world
 And the winds heaved with her their depth of boughs,

Then vague again as blows the woodbine odour
 On the dark lap of air she chose to sink
 Winnowing with plumes; as to the river-brink
 The pigeons from the cliff come down to drink.

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SCHIEHALLION.

Far the gray loch runs
 Up to Schiehallion;
 Lap, lap the water flows
 Where my wee boatie rows;
 Greenly a star shows
 Over Schiehallion.

She that I wander'd in
 Over Schiehallion—
 How far beyond your ken,
 Craggs of the merry glen,
 Stray'd she, that wander'd then
 Down fro' Schiehallion.

Sail of the wild swan,
 Turn to Schiehallion!
 Here, where the rushes rise,
 Low the dark hunter lies:
 Beat thou the pure skies
 Back to Schiehallion.

¹ This extract and the following lyric are given by the author's kind permission

MRS. MANNINGTON CAFFYN ("IOTA").

[Kathleen Mannington Caffyn was born at Waterloo House, County Tipperary, the daughter of William Hunt and Louisa Goring. She lived in the country till she was twenty-one. She then trained for nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital; and after a short nursing career, married Dr. Mannington Caffyn. His ill-health obliged them to emigrate to Australia, where they lived several years. Soon after their return, in 1893, Mrs. Caffyn made an immense success with *The Yellow Aster*, which will still be fresh in the minds of novel-readers. She has since written *A Comedy in Spasms*; *Children of Circumstances*; *A Quaker Grandmother*; *Poor Max*; *Anne Mauleverer*; *The Minx*; and has contributed to many magazines. The following extract is given by kind permission of the author and her publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.]

A DISTURBING ELEMENT.

(FROM "POOR MAX".)

Miss Becher was slowly dressing. An abstracted frown crumpled her forehead, a frown better fitted to a fluffy fringe, with, behind it for brain, a simmer of blurred and complex emotions, than to that high serene brow of a past age, making heavenward.

The thoughts that beat and pressed upon the lady this spring morning were vague, disturbing, and singularly intricate, blending but grudgingly with the accustomed sounds of the early day—the intermittent cackle of the hens, the feeding-screams of the peacocks, the stamping of the horses in their cobbled stables, the deep mellow complainings of the toothless bloodhound in his kennel, the raucous bawl of the tow-headed crow-boy, the padding of soft hoofs towards the far pasture-field.

Miss Becher—after a most unaccustomed fashion—felt vanity and austerity alternately warring together in her members.

To counteract this unseen zigzagging of the sensations, finding prayer inadequate, she subsided into the pages of an old book that lay on the little spider-legged table beside the east window.

Miss Becher liked to face towards the east when she said her prayers or read this book. It had been compiled by her grandmother, and was filled with tags concerning the mercy of God and the goodness of women, with various awed and timorous mention of less obvious matters, the bewildering changes in the ages, for example, with the fine immutability of man. Always himself, constant to his inconstancy from one generation to another let æons whirl as they may, with his dazzling alternations of light and shade, his sublime flashes of divinity, his incomprehensible plunges among the fiends, the fleeting quality in his loves, his unalterable and ever-enduring devotion to a good dinner.

Having regard to this latter peculiarity, the margins of the book were strewn thick with ancient and notable recipes for the dressing of meats, the preserving of fruits, the brewing of cunning and comforting cordials.

In the midst of a flower-scented rhyme, Miss Becher, through an audacious buffet from a too wide-awake sunbeam, became aware, all at once, that she must hasten. She closed her book regretfully and arranged her cap in the old blue-enamelled oval glass on her dressing-table, with care and circumspection, then with an air of most sprightly stateliness, a legacy from her pleasant youth, she descended the low, broad staircase. When she reached the last step she paused, a look of somewhat surprised expectancy upon her fine straight-featured face, and the next second a door to the right of her was thrown open precipitately, and the counterpart of herself, in all but size, and strength, and sex, stepped forth with outstretched hands.

"Pardon me, Alethea," he cried, "I believe—I—really believe that I had—almost forgotten! Have you slept well, my dear?"

By force of habit she had begun the return formula, but the inveterate truth within her snapped the words off sharp. It were mere foolish speaking to presume that Daniel had slept well, with eyes like boiled gooseberries, and for the first time in fifteen years he had forgotten her morning greeting. Surely chaos was abroad!

"It is a beautiful day," she said nervously, as they went to the breakfast-room.

"Oh, the day is right enough, but I have a touch of incipient gout; I think I'll walk about a bit while you make the coffee."

Miss Becher went about her duties in a leisurely way and watched Daniel. He was walking up and down the room, a trace of disorderly jerkiness in his discreet soldierly tread most distressing to behold. There was, besides, a touch of vagrancy in his calm eyes. They wandered restlessly across the moving blue waters to the quiet hills, and he had forgotten to pronounce a blessing on the meal. This was embarrassing. To proceed with even the preparations of things of the flesh untempered by any touch of the Spirit hurt the mind of Alethea Becher.

"It's that Huguenot blood working in poor Daniel," she mused, grasping the cream-jug and regarding the captain concernedly. "It's a loyal strain, so he says—I detest foreign products myself—and—religious, he also maintains; dear Daniel is obstinate—but it's wild, and vain, and light—light enough surely when the mere fact of the coming of this girl can set up gout symptoms in him! Gout symptoms indeed! A love more than a quarter of a century old to send a man rampaging about the floor like that! Dear me! At any rate, it's rather too old a love," thought she with unconscious irony, "to warm and nourish an elderly man, and the trout will be ruined. I—I'll not remind the poor boy of his omission—it might hurt his mind; and, after all, in this state he's hardly accountable for his actions."

"H—hem! Here are trout, brother, from the hill-stream. They're importunate creatures, demanding immediate attention."

He started, sighed, and sat down.

"Trout, and your cream-sauce! There's a taste of youth in the combination. It is a curious circumstance," he went on, while he helped the trout, "that it is always trifles which occur to us in all the more important crises of our lives. Even in the first moment of action it's not greatness or glory or your soul that troubles you. Unless it occurs to a fellow to think of the safety of his own miserable skin, it's some little ridiculous memory that strikes up in him. In that affair in Burmah, the last thing of which I can remember thinking was trout and cream-sauce, and it was of these I raved afterwards in my delirium."

Alethea looked at him.

"That was twenty-five years ago," said Miss Becher aloud, and to herself she added,

"The month Dorothea was married. He has not spoken of it all these years, and it was trout and cream-sauce of which he raved! Under some circumstances I am inclined to think it might be rather agreeable to be a man. To be a woman and not to babble is somewhat difficult.—Daniel, are you ready for coffee?"

"And so Dorothea's daughter comes to us to-day," he said presently.

"The only one left of four, and the youngest," remarked Miss Becher. "And she is eighteen."

"And she has no mother," pursued the captain slowly, making as though he meant to eat another trout. "Virtually she never had one. A mother for four days hardly counts. And she has lived her life in German schools, and taken instructive walking tours during the holidays, personally conducted by governesses. It's a curious beginning to a life. It will be interesting—"

"Daniel!" said Miss Becher rather faintly, and standing up hurriedly. "Daniel, here she—"

"I—I thought—"

"She has come by the night mail. Brother, come with me."

He arose courteously and followed her, his heart thumping under his old shooting-jacket in a fashion that was youthful, indiscriminating, and exceedingly discomposing. When they had reached the door their visitor had already jumped off the outside car that stood awaiting orders, laden with her luggage, strewn with her parcels.

She was now standing on the steps hesitating before she rang.

All that they had time to notice about her was that she was tall and, for a slender creature, deep bosomed, that her eyes were purple and extraordinarily bright.

"Cousin Alethea," she cried breathlessly, "Cousin Daniel!"

With that she threw her arms around Miss Becher and kissed her on either cheek, and, without a misgiving or a qualm, she fell upon Captain Becher, who had now composed himself, and held in readiness for the occasion a gentle, well-ordered greeting, and him she dealt with in like manner.

She appeared to be much interested and concerned about the conveyance of her trunks, and in less than five minutes every man and woman in the establishment was bitten with her eager excitement. For it was an Irish household, and her eyes were bright.

The next thing her bewildered hosts discovered about her was that she was amazingly hungry and overflowing with the incidents of her journey, which, in spite of the fact that her guardian governess had only quite lately parted from her, seemed to have been adventurous and absorbing to a startling extent.

The vivid frank abundance of her adjectives entertained the captain hugely, and kept the old butler Mike pottering about the room long after he had the smallest pretence of business there. But then he was a privileged person, of an unobtrusive habit.

Miss Becher, while she listened and served, felt as though volcanoes were about, and grew possessed with a ridiculous inclination to get to her east window to cry a little.

Daniel patted his old pointer reflectively, and now and then he helped Judith to fill in a picture with some knowledge when mere words failed to convey her proposed impression. This pleased her; it showed that she was being attended to, and it would have hurt her very seriously indeed to have discovered in any sort of way any failure in attention.

When she had finished her breakfast she went to each window in turn and looked out, then she glanced at the room—the pictures, the elegant samplers, the old china everywhere.

Finally she turned upon the captain and Miss Becher.

"This is home, then," said she suddenly. "It's quite funny to be at home, and it's

lovely, and—" she inquired, turning from one to the other, half shy, half laughing,— "and are you glad to have me at home? I hope to goodness you are glad."

"My child, we are very glad," Miss Becher said hurriedly, feeling frightfully embarrassed; the eyes of the girl were so distressingly clear. For a minute the captain was silent, then he stood up rather stiffly.

"Yes, we're very glad; more especially since we've seen you, my dear," he added, with a gallant glance.

"Now," said Judith, "that sounds extremely nice; I like it. It's like the beginning of a new order of things, and newness is delightful. But, you're going—have I tired you?" she asked anxiously. "Fraulein Goss said that you were of an academic habit, and I probably should."

"You have not tired me, my dear, but I have other things to do besides saying nice things to vain little girls! Besides, I must have quiet and silence in which to make ready some more, else the occasions may crowd upon me, and the demand exceed the supply; that, you see, would be a disaster."

When he got to the quiet and the silence he sat down and rested his head in his hands for a long time. Then he took out some Poor Law papers, and prepared to deal with them as they deserved, but the pen wobbled in his fingers curiously.

"She is her mother over again," he thought, "and her mother wore pink also, but she never kissed me."

HANNAH LYNCH.

[Hannah Lynch was born in Dublin. She has lived much in Spain, in Greece, and in France. She has published many novels, including *Prince of the Glades*, *Dr. Vermont's Fantasy*, *Denys D'Anvrillac*, *Through Troubled Waters*, *Daughters of Men*, *Rosni Harvey*, *Jinny Blake*, *An Odd Experiment*, *Clare Monroe*, and *The Autobiography of a Child*, which excited great interest when it ran in *Blackwood*. It has since, in a French dress, run through one of the principal French reviews. Miss Lynch is a well-known contributor to the monthly reviews, is Paris correspondent of the *Academy*, and has written *Toledo* for Mr. Dent's "Medieval Towns"

Series, and *French Life in Town and Country* for Messrs. Newnes.]

A VILLAGE SOVEREIGN.¹

Her inches were hardly proportionate to her years, and these measured three. She balanced the deficiency by breadth, and toddled about on the fattest of short legs. She was not pretty after the angelic pattern, and was all the more engaging.

It would be difficult for her biographer to

¹ By kind permission of the author.

say which were the more adorable; her smile, that raced like a pink radiance from the soft little chin to the crystal blue eyes, or the two perpendicular lines of thought and fearful anxiety that sometimes sprang between the mobile brows, and generally furnished the occasion for stamping her foot at some refractory subject, or were brought into play by an earnest insistence on having the unanswerable answered without delay.

As most of her hours were spent out-of-doors, and hats were antipathetic to her, it followed that few of her subjects enjoyed sight of the carefully combed and curled little poll that left her mother's hands every morning. Instead, they had the more disturbing, if less elegant, picture of fine brown silk rolling and shaking, like the floss of a King Charles, in the dearest confusion imaginable round and about the bright little face. The invasion of curls just permitted the pretty upward play of brown eyelashes against the protruding arch of brow, so that the big blue eyes looked out from a forest of winter shade. She had the divinest of mouths, an arched rosy bud, formed as a child's mouth rarely is, sweet and perfectly shaped, with an imperious claim upon kisses. Not to wish to kiss her, was to prove yourself inhuman. She was never dirty, though not exactly a precisian in the matter of raiment. It would not be safe to trust her with an orange, if it were intended she should sit upon the chairs of civilization, an emblem of spotless childhood; but she could be relied upon any day to pass a neighbourhood where mud-pies were being manufactured and not succumb to the burning temptation to bemire herself.

Such was Norry, the uncrowned queen of a remote little town on the edge of a glorious Irish lake. Like the Oriental philanthropist, she loved her fellow-men. Her existence was based on the first law of Christianity, with such a surprising result that her fellows of all classes, creeds, sexes, and ages worshipped her.

She was not of the order of female infant that is content to stay indoors and play with dolls. Nor were outdoor games the chief delight of her life. What she liked was the making and sustaining of universal acquaintances.

She woke with the dawn preoccupied with the fortunes of Tommy This and Molly That, and chattered about them while she gra-

ciously submitted to the encroachments of soap, water, bath-towel, and brush; and she was still discoursing of them in passionate interludes while Marcella fed her upon bread and milk and porridge in the kitchen.

She it was who welcomed all new-comers into the town — tramps, travellers, and visitors. Her formula was as rigid and unchanging as royal etiquette. She drew no line between beggars and noblemen, but simply said to the trousered male: "Man, what's your name?" If there were any geniality in the reply (and there usually was), she as invariably added: "The blessings of Dod on you. Kiss me!" Upon her lips, however, the command took the form of *tish*. The person in petticoats she addressed as "oman", and if the 'oman happened to be accompanied by a baby, it was an exciting moment for Norry.

Babies, puppies, and kittens constituted the most interesting portion of humanity in her eyes. They were all *doaty*, as she called them. She insisted on kissing every baby that crossed her path, even on occasional visits to the thronged city where her grandmother lived, to the dismay and discomfort of her handsome young aunts. Whatever she had in her hand she needs must bestow upon the long-frocked creature, not infrequently to repent her of her generosity five minutes later, and demand restitution of the gift.

When she had, so to speak, conferred the freedom of the town upon the stranger, Norry instantly toddled off with eager intent to acquaint the world that Johnny Murphy or Biddy Magrath had been welcomed to her dominions.

The episode of Norry and the Marquis is a tale in which the town takes much pride. The idlers round the bar still tell it to one another with unabated glee; and Norry's kindness to the big man is one of the reasons why the town has lately begun to look with less open disfavour upon that haughty aristocrat. For the lord of the soil is not a genial person. He is distant, high-handed, and ungenerous. He takes no inconsiderable income from an impoverished land with never so much as a *thank you*, a humane inquiry into the prosperity of his tenants, or a single evidence of thought for their welfare; and he spends it to the last farthing, along with his good manners and smiles, in England. There we hear of him as a delightful type of the Irish gentleman, off-

handed, witty, and a capital host; in Norry's town (which ought to be his) he is known as a morose, close-fisted, and overbearing Saxon. So much may a man differ in his attitude toward one race and another.

A wave of universal joy passed over the town the day Kitty Farrell publicly rebuked him for his lack of manners among his own people. Kitty keeps the newspaper-shop, and an Irish daily paper being one of the few things the Marquis could not import from England, it followed that he ran up a small account with Kitty during his last sojourn before Norry was born. Driving through the town on his way to the station, the lord of the soil stopped his carriage and called out from the window to Kitty to know the amount due.

"Half-a-crown, me lord," said Kitty, dropping an elegant curtsy that quite carried off the inelegance of bare feet and tattered skirts.

"There, girl," cried the Marquis, flinging a silver piece on the ground.

Kitty did not move so much as an eyelash in direction of the fallen coin, but as the carriage began to roll on again, my lord lying back as proud as an invader, she ran after it, shrieking at the top of her voice: "Me lord, me lord, I telled ye ye owe me half-a-crown."

"It's on the ground," the Marquis retorted frowning. "I threw it out of the window."

"Oh, me lord, I have nothing to do with your throwings. Maybe 'tis your diversion; 'tis no affair of mine anyway. What I want is me money paid into me own hand, as between Christian and Christian. Your driver is welcome to the other bit of silver, if he likes, but I must be paid in me own fashion."

It was chanted in the sing-song brogue all over the town that evening, how grand a sight it was to see the Marquis take a half-crown out of his pocket, and submissively place it on Kitty's extended palm.

But a smaller flower of her sex was to subdue the haughty Marquis in quite another way. He had not visited his Irish estates since the appearance of Norry on the scene, and in consequence could not be aware that, in comparison with this pinafores autocrat, he was a personage of no influence or prestige whatever. On the other hand, Norry had never heard of the lord of the soil, and was under the impression that the beautiful park formed, like everything else

around her, a suitable environment and background for her own individuality.

While her mother dawdled over the breakfast-table, believing Norry still engaged upon her bread and milk in the kitchen with Marcella, the child was toddling up the main street, hatless, the brown floss on her head blown about in every direction. After her straggled a band of admiring children to whom she discoursed lispingly in her ardent, imperious, and wholly delightful fashion. They obeyed her because they loved her, but they would have had to obey her in any case. Disobedience and dissent were things she neither comprehended nor tolerated. She went towards the park, and at the top of the street commanded her guard of honour to await her return; not because she yearned to breathe awhile in the fresh morning air the privacy of incognito, for she was unacquainted with shyness as she was with fear; but she said she wanted to see Jacky Molloy's puppy, and Jacky was an invalid living in a cottage close to the park avenue.

Her intention was suddenly diverted as she turned the corner by the sight of an imposing stranger in a shooting-jacket. The park gate had swung behind him, and he was advancing rapidly in her direction. Norry put up a pink finger and laid it against her lovely mouth. With her this signified grave perplexity, and the gesture was rendered still more quaint by the lines of intense mental effort that so deliciously corrugated her forehead, and vested her in a fascinating aspect of worry. Even at so young an age are the cares of sovereignty apparent, and a regal mind is none the less uneasy because the emblem of royalty happens not to be visible. Here was a stranger entering Norry's dominions with an air of command, while she herself was not acquainted with him. She did not puzzle out the situation upon lines quite so clear perhaps, but she eyed the imposing stranger questioningly, and promptly made up her mind. It is possible she had a preference for ragged humanity, but she was quite above such meanness as drawing the line in the matter of tailoring. After all the lonely, unhappy stranger could not help being well dressed, she may have supposed, and it was really no reason why he should not be greeted as well as her favourite tramps and idlers. So she walked unhesitatingly up to him, and barred his way with one of her imperious gestures.

The stranger cast a casual glance upon her. She was not effectively pretty, and you had to look twice until you knew her, to realise how adorable she was. He was moving on in his cold ungenial mood,—for children as mere children did not appeal to him, above all the children of his Irish tenants—when her lisped demand and frown of ecstatic seriousness arrested him. “Man, what’s your name?”

The stranger stared at the little creature, at first in something like dismay; then the frown and the imperative glance that revealed a nature not to be trifled with, amused him, and finally captivated him. He thought it the oddest thing in the world, and smiled almost pleasantly as he answered, “Grandby.”

“Dood-morrow, Dandby; I am dad to see you, and the blessings of Dod on you, Dandby.”

There was a whiff of royal favour in the greeting on her side, a sense of duty accomplished and a generous feeling that this different kind of man had as much claim upon her goodwill as Murphy the tramp. The Marquis of Grandby, on his side, was convulsed with the comicality of it; for he was not so saturnine that he had no sense of humour. You see, he was born on Irish soil, by which we explain any virtue there might be in him, while the vices we good-naturedly lay to the account of his Saxon training. Anyhow, if he did get out of bed that morning on the wrong side, her Majesty Queen Norry soon set him right. He showed his entertainment in the situation by baring his teeth under a heavy grey moustache; then he drew himself up, lifted his hat, and thanked her with a gravity no less superb than her own.

Norry, I have said, had no salient marks of beauty; there was nothing about her either of princess or fairy, and she wore no more picturesque raiment than a little red woollen frock and a plain pinafore. But she stirred the heart of the Marquis to an unwonted softness. He was about to ask her name when she continued in her broken eagerness of voice: “Have you tum to stay with us, Dandby?”

Norry included the whole town in her definition of family, and the man living at the other end of the street was only a man occupying another room, and apt at any moment to drop into the family circle.

“May I not know your name too, little madam?”

“Norry,” she said impatiently, as if in reply to an irrelevant question.

“And Mamma’s name?” asked the Marquis.

“Mother’s name is O’Neill. She lives down there; we all live down there,” she jerked, chopping up in her excitement her lisping syllables upon the click of tiny teeth. “Wouldn’t you like to see Jacky Molloy’s puppy,—a doaty little dog? The Sergeant gave it to him.”

“Let us go and look at Jacky Molloy’s puppy, by all means,” said the amused Marquis. “But first, Norry, I think you ought to give me a kiss.”

Norry held up her rosebud mouth without a smile upon her perplexed and shadowed countenance. This was part of her duty, to kiss mankind, and the moment she felt to be a very serious one. The Marquis lifted her in his arms, and marvelled at himself as he did so. When he had kissed her, an irresistible impulse seized him. He did not set her down again on her fat short legs, but just dropped her on his broad shoulder. Norry shrieked with delight. Here was virtue triumphantly rewarded! She had done a good turn by an acquaintance worth making,—a man who could hoist a little girl so easily and jolt her at a swinging pace through the air.

She indicated the direction of Jacky’s house with a dimpled hand, and concluded her information with the assurance that she was glad she had met him. At the cottage-door the Marquis rapped, and said to the white-capped woman whom he summoned: “Norry and I have come to see Jacky’s puppy.” The woman at once curtsied in a flutter of recognition and surprise. “I met this little lady near my gates, and she was kind enough to make acquaintance with me. She proposed to take me here to see a puppy in the light of a favour, and I see she is accustomed to have her way,” he explained.

“Sure ’tis our own Miss Norry, blessings on her,” cried Mrs. Molloy, gazing tenderly after the child, who had already made her way into the inner room, where Jacky lay in bed nursing his puppy. “Sure ’tis herself we love, me lord; she’s like sunshine on a wet day.”

“Tum in here, Dandby, tum!” Norry shouted imperiously. “Watch me pull the puppy’s tail.”

Mrs. Molloy’s face wrinkled in a frightened smile. It was nothing less than awful

to her to hear the great man addressed as *Grandby*.

The Marquis submissively went inside, and satisfied Norry by kissing Jacky Molloy and taking the puppy into his arms. It was one thing to kiss Norry, but he really felt that, had any choice been left to him, he would have preferred not to kiss poor white-cheeked Jacky. He had no sentiment for children, but having accepted Norry's protection, he knew when it was becoming to yield.

Now Norry could not stay long in one place, and when she entered a house she felt it an obligation to visit every living member thereof, so while the Marquis, for mere form's sake, was putting a few casual questions to Jacky and his mother, she raced into the kitchen to greet the tabby.

Mrs. Molloy took the opportunity to follow her, and whispered quickly to her: "You mustn't call that gentleman Grandby, Miss Norry. 'Tis he as is himself the Markiss."

Norry caught the word, and, still strangling the tabby in her arms, returned to Jacky's room. "Dandby," she burst out in her passionate way, "Mrs. Molloy she says you isn't Dandby but the Marskiss. Are you the Marskiss or Dandby?"

"Some big people call me a Marskiss, Norry, it is true; but you must please call me Dandby,—unless you fall out with me."

"Norry never falls out with anybody," Jacky cried with enthusiastic emphasis.

"I'll tum a-morrow and see you adain, Jacky," said Norry, taking his championship as her due. "Now I'm doing up the town to see lots of people,—my aunt Mary, and the Doctor, and Father Luke, and Biddy Malone's goat. Dood-bye, Jacky; I'll tum a-morrow, Mrs. Molloy. Tum, Dandby! He isn't the Marskiss, Mrs. Molloy."

The Marquis slipped a silver coin under Jacky's pillow, and went out in obedience to his superior's order.

Outside Norry spied her guard of honour straggling down toward her. She bethought herself that her duty to the stranger was accomplished, and that she had her friends to look after. He, she concluded, might be trusted to find his way about the place. Releasing his hand, she gave him a bright explanatory nod, and shouted out: "I'm tumin', Kitty and Tommy, prently. Wait for me, wait for me," and waddled on at a running pace extremely diverting to watch.

The lonely stranger, thus abandoned to his own devices, found occupation for the day; but he remembered to question his agent about Norry. The subsidiary parents were naturally mentioned only to drop into insignificance. Norry's parents might belong to her, and as such receive some slight attention; but no living soul dreamed of believing that Norry belonged to them. They were excellent people, it was generally affirmed,—he a gentleman in every sense of the word, she a very charming young lady—but their fame rested mainly on the fact that they belonged to Norry. When they travelled up to town and left the child behind them, all the idlers and tramps of the place were constituted her nurses,—Marcella not being regarded as sufficiently ubiquitous to have an eye upon majesty of so vagabond a disposition. When she voyaged out of sight, a group of ruffians, engaged in supporting the town-walls between the pauses of refreshing exhausted nature, would forsake bar and gossip, and dawdle in her wake with their hands in their pockets, whistling as they went along. Like so many big mastiffs, each one felt upon his honour to protect her.

She had a word for all; not the meanest of her subjects went unrewarded. She felt as a princess feels, without any vanity, that she was the centre of universal attraction, and that the person who attempted to quarrel with her was bound by this very fact, as by an inevitable natural law, to get the worst of it. This perhaps was the unconscious meaning of her splendid generosity to her playmates, whatever their sex or class might be. If she insisted on their obedience,—and this, I am afraid, she did in no half-hearted way—at least she never told tales of them, or procured them punishment or blame, and always gave more than she received. The result was that there was not one rebel in her train, and I solemnly believe not one was jealous of her. Hers was a very equable and magnanimous disposition; and her reign was pacific, when, such was her power, it might have led to civil war.

The Marquis left the town next morning. From his carriage he caught sight of Norry clutching a slice of bread and jam at which she took bites in the intervals of voluble chatter with the parish priest, who had stopped to talk to her. The jam had made big red blotches on her pinafore, and her face and fingers were in a lamentable state.

Nevertheless, this second vision of her revealed her as more bewitching to the Marquis than the first. There was no wind, so her curls were in a more orderly confusion, and as she was less excited, her lisping chatter flowed on with a quainter fluency. The Marquis pulled the check-string, and the carriage stopped in front of Norry and Father Sullivan. "Good-bye, Norry," he called out.

"Dood-bye, Dandby," Norry cried, remembering his name without any hesitation. "Tum a-morrow adain; I'se sorry you're doing away."

Father Sullivan wheeled round in profound amazement and quickly uncovered. The Marquis gave him a curt nod, and before he could recover his wits and make proffer of an elegant greeting, the carriage was rolling down to the broad open road.

"Mrs. Molloy called him the Marskiss," Norry said contemptuously, with as much bitterness as her genial little heart was capable of harbouring toward a fellow-creature. The word *Marskiss* being an unknown quantity in her ears, she conceived it as a term of obloquy, and resented its application to the amiable stranger who appeared so properly grateful for her kindness and condescension. Now, if he had been called a Sergeant it would be quite another thing. *That* would have been the highest compliment, for, was not the Sergeant of her own town one of her very dearest friends,—Pat Maguire, a splendid specimen of the Irish Constabulary, who was ready any day to risk his life for her?

The story of Norry and the Marquis was round the town before the morning papers from Dublin were distributed. It was told in every shop, at every bar, and recounted in various ways to that bird of passage, the bagman; it was droned over fires in the bewitching sing-song brogue of the country, mellowed and adorned with the people's imaginative art, as it passed from mouth to mouth. Larry Reilly had his version from Father Sullivan; the Doctor had a more detailed and highly-coloured account from the Marquis's agent, who in turn received it direct from the noble lord himself. The agent, as fine a fellow as ever crossed a bog and rolled the Irish r, was the only popular person in the Grandby establishment, and the Marquis lost nothing in his version of the tale. Then there was Mrs. Molloy's account; and here the unpopular person, by

his attitude of bland submission to the autocrat of the village and his positively human behaviour, quite captivated the rustic heart. He wasn't, you see, such a black-hearted villain after all, or at least Norry had charmed the fiend out of him; shouldn't wonder if after this he reduced the rents twenty-five per cent all round. The Marquis did not reduce the rents, or accomplish any other act of virtue that we have heard of; but he returned to Ireland after a shorter interval than was yet known of since his marriage with a hard-faced and disagreeable Saxon.

Meanwhile Norry lived her life of *al fresco* sovereignty. Her mother had taken her up to the city once in what Norry described to us afterwards as "the bogey puff-puff", and there she had won hearts and broken them in about equal proportion.

She had a disconcerting habit of stopping every policeman she met, under the impression he must be related to her friend the Sergeant, with a quaint "Dood-morrow, Sergeant; the blessings of Dod on ye, Sergeant". She would insist on darting away from aunt or mother in a crowded street, to kiss the latest baby, or pat a stray dog, or strive gallantly in her enthusiasm to strangle a terrified cat; she wanted to stop and make acquaintance with the horses as well, and greeted every stranger that crossed her path with a reassuring smile, when she was forcibly restrained from asking his or her name. Once there was a fearful accident, outside her grandmother's gate. A mastiff was lying on the path irritable from heat and thirst. In any other mood, I am sure so large an animal would be gifted with sufficient sagacity to recognize a friend; but he panted and glowered in a sullen and angry temper, and when Norry stooped down to place two fat arms round "the doaty dog", the ill-humoured brute bit her arm furiously. That was a bad moment for her aunts. The child's arm bled, but Norry herself never cried; she was afraid the dog would be scolded if it were known how much she suffered. In the garden, without waiting to go inside, an aunt knelt down and sucked the arm till the bleeding stopped; and within ten minutes the magnificent dog was shot. An hour afterwards Norry was running about as bright and well as ever, though anxious eyes dwelt upon her for some days.

Her aunts wisely felt that a dead country town, with no traffic to speak of and a pre-

vailing sense of brotherhood, formed a more suitable and picturesque background for such a disturbing individuality as Norry's, and were not sorry to see her safely ensconced behind the railway carriage window shaking her little fat fist at them, with the smiling assurance that she would "Tum a-morrow adain in the bogey puff-puff to see them".

It was not long after her return that we noticed her bright colour beginning to fade, and shadowy blue circles forming under her eyes. Soon it was whispered, as a universal calamity, that Norry was not well. She lay at home on the sofa and cried a good deal, or made her mother hold her in her lap beside the fire. Poor Norry was not an angel, as I have said, and she was a very fretful and exacting little invalid. Her occupation, like Othello's, was gone, and she could not reconcile herself to the dulness of the sick-room. Only the touch of her mother's hand comforted her; that withdrawn, she at once fell upon wild sobbing.

No such fuss would have been made over the Marquis himself, or even the parish priest. Lifelong enemies encountered on their way to inquire for her two or three times a day. People not on speaking terms with her parents sent to ask every morning how she had passed the night. Marcella had to call in the services of a slip of a girl to open the door to the tramps and idlers from the nearest villages who came for news of her. Every morning and evening a bulletin was issued verbally and ran from house to house, from cottage to cottage. On her way to the telegraph office, Marcella was waylaid by a crowd of rough and tattered youths. "Troth an' she's very bad indeed," the maid replied tearfully. "We don't like to think of it at all, at all."

"Glory be to God, girl, but 'tisn't thrue. Sure what 'ud we do at all, at all, without her? 'Tis lost the town 'ud be if anything happened her."

"She's just the drawingest child the Almighty ever sent on earth," one fellow exclaimed, ramming the corner of his sleeve into his eyes.

That night the Marquis's carriage drove through the town, but no one had eyes or thought for it. The agent was summoned late to the Hall, for the Marquis meant to start by the earliest train for his son's estates in a neighbouring county.

Business done, gossip was a natural relaxation, and the Marquis had not forgotten

his friend Norry, and asked if she still ruled the town. The agent told the dismal tale, and the great man looked really distressed. "What, my little friend! Great heavens, it's not possible! I'll go off at once and inquire for her."

The Marquis and the agent walked together as far as the O'Neills' pretty house. Here the agent lifted his hat and departed, and the Marquis rapped loudly. The tremendous peal rang through the whole house, and the parents of the sick child upstairs started angrily. The Marquis, as befits a big man, spoke in a big voice; there was no need to go out of the room to ask who had made such an intolerable noise. The message ascended in the deliverer's own voice up the stairs and into the half-opened door of the room where sick Norry lay in her mother's arms, while the father stood measuring out some nauseous medicine.

"Tell Mrs. O'Neill that the Marquis of Grandby has called to inquire for her little daughter. If possible, he would be grateful for the privilege of seeing his little friend."

Young O'Neill gave the spoon and glass into his wife's hand, and went downstairs. The Marquis greeted him quite cordially. "Ah, Mr. O'Neill—so sorry—can't be true—temporary child's complaint, of course—assure you, quite looked forward to seeing my delightful little friend, Norry—monstrous, 'pon my word, to think of her as sick."

Tears were in the poor father's eyes, and he sobbed out something or other in which *My lord* was just audible. Young parents with an only child ill, perhaps dying, and that child at the age of three already regarded as a public personage! Is it to be expected that they should keep their heads or talk coherently, when even all the outside world was plunged in grief because of their private woe?

The Marquis slipped his arm into the stricken fellow's, and soothingly murmured: "Come, come, Mr. O'Neill, courage! Let's go up and see her. We must have the best of advice; little girls like her can't be snuffed out like candles."

At the door the Marquis was the first to cross the threshold unbidden. Young O'Neill slipped into his own room to work off a fit of increasing emotion. Norry was gathered against her mother's breast, white and querulous. She moaned ever since she had been forced to swallow her nasty medicine.

"Do you know this friend who has come to see you, Norry?" asked the mother, with a tragic upward glance of greeting for the Marquis.

Norry opened her eyes, and stayed her peevish whimper. She did not recognize him after eight months, and she was too oppressed by the atmosphere of the sick-room to smile. Looking down upon the wan and piteous little visage with the curls brushed back from the protuberant arch of brow and the blue eyes dulled and large and dark, the Marquis himself had some ado to recognize the vivid face with its sunny glance and rosy lips that some months ago had drawn the heart of him as never child had drawn it before. "Norry, don't you remember your friend Grandby, whom you took to see Jacky Molloy's puppy?" he asked, dropping into her father's chair, and taking the white baby hand in his.

Norry stared at him in an effort of memory. To the healthy eye there is a world of difference between daylight and candle-light, and small wonder so little about the stranger struck a reminiscent chord. She frowned crossly and turned to her mother for explanation.

"You remember the gentleman Mrs. Molloy called the Marskiss, Norry?" whispered her mother. And suddenly Norry remembered. Her sick small face wrinkled and quivered in one of the old bright smiles as faint as the echo of a melody. "Oh, yes, Dandby, I remember; and stupid Mrs. Molloy says ever since that he's the Marskiss."

The mother's heart overflowed with gratitude for that sweet smile. To her it seemed a promise of recovery, a presage of health and merriment, and the dear vagabond days restored. She kissed her child, and held her close to her sobbing breast.

"She'll get well, Mrs. O'Neill; she must. By heavens, we can't let her go! I'll send a messenger off this very instant for Sir Martin Bunbury."

The Marquis stooped and kissed the child, and strode away to post one of the Hall servants up to town by the last train for the great doctor. He broke his appointment with his son, and stayed on, calling every day at the O'Neills'. He was quite a humanized figure for his tenants by this. He was bound to them by a common tie, for he, too, acknowledged their queen and hung upon her whims. Because she spoke of the lake and wished she had a boat, he telegraphed

for the loveliest boat that money could buy. She soon grew to know him as well as Father Sullivan, or the Curate, or the Doctor. But she was faithful to old friends, and preferred Murphy the Tramp and Pat Maguire the big Sergeant.

The great man from overseas, summoned at the Marquis's expense, was at first dubious, then convinced that nothing could save the child. His words ran across the town, and knots of rustics and shop-boys gathered to shake their heads and bemoan their fate. The clouds had burst and sent rivers of muddy liquid along the street, and drove a gray pall over the earth sheer to the sombre horizon. It was a picture of dense immeasurable gloom; Norry's own town in tears, large hissing tears, tearing at the roots of her friendly trees and splashing into her magnificent lake, till it swelled beneath the sense of universal sorrow.

The Marquis was seen coming down the street from the park avenue, and it was decided to question him after his visit like an ordinary fellow-mortal. His hat was tilted over his eyes, and there was an air of sadness about him that stirred the spectators to a belief in some latent virtue in him. He was a hard landlord, true, but then Norry liked him, and he had grown fond of the child. Surely he might be pardoned not having reduced their rents.

His knock now was not so self-assertive as on the first visit. The young father was downstairs, with his head on the table, shaken by terrible sobs. Sir Martin Bunbury had delivered his appalling opinion. The Marquis silently closed the door and stole upstairs. Outside the sick-room there was no sound. He peeped in, and saw it empty. Much amazed, he wandered down again, and met Marcella crossing the hall with a cup in her hand; the back of the other she held against her eyes. "Where's the child?" asked the astounded Marquis.

"She's down here, sir. She wanted a change, and the mistress carried her to the drawing-room." As she spoke she opened the door, and the Marquis marched in. Mrs. O'Neill sat near the fire with a bundle of flannels in her arms, and out of this two tired blue eyes gazed at him.

"Dood-morrow, Dandby," said Norry, with a touch of the old spirit. The mother pressed her lips against the brown floss curls and smiled wanly at her landlord. "A-morrow," Norry went on, lifting her

head wilfully and striking out a thin arm in her eagerness, "I'll be better, and I'll take you to the lake, Dandby, with my boat; won't I, mother?"

"Yes, darling," said the courageous young mother.

"And papa'll tum, too,—won't he, Dandby?"

"If it is fine, Norry; but you know papa and I couldn't go out if it rained. We'd catch cold," said the Marquis, stroking her head.

She wrinkled her little marble face in a ghost of her sweet pink smile. It had the old light but not the colour, and she spoke with some of her quaint ardour and broken lisp. "Little children don't mind the wain, do they, mother? Me and Tommy O'Brien used to wun out in the wain to grow big. But 'tisn't the same wif big people, I s'pose."

She had not spoken so much for a long while, and her mother hardly knew whether to hope or be afraid. "Norry mustn't tire herself if she wants to get well," she ventured to suggest.

"Oh, mother, Norry isn't tired a bit. I fink she is better. Mother, do play the piano for Norry."

"What shall mother play?"

"Play *Polly Perkins*; you know, mother, the fink the Sergeant sings. Do you know *Polly Perkins*, Dandby?"

"If you like to gratify her, Mrs. O'Neill, I'll take her," said the Marquis reddening.

With a desperate glance Mrs. O'Neill deposited the whimsical baby in his arms, and after she had complied with her despot's command for a *tish*, half staggered over to the piano, blinded by her tears, to play the wretched vulgar tune just imported from the London music-halls.

Never was *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay* played in an atmosphere more tragic. The degraded jingle rose in the astonished silence nothing less discordant and inappropriate than if it had been played in a church. For Norry alone it was not out of place. She remembered her friend the Sergeant, and made a gallant effort to sing his parody. In a thin hurried voice she quavered, with painful earnestness:

Polly Perkins had no sense,
She bought a fiddle for eighteenpence;
And all the tuncs that she could play
Was *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*.

She closed her eyes with the violence of her

effort to finish the verse, and nestled her little brown head against the Marquis's arm.

Marcella came in with something for her to take, but the mother and Lord Grandby held up an arresting hand. There was a drowsy look upon the child's face that promised slumber. She muttered something vaguely, and the Marquis bent down to catch the words, feeling that he could never forgive the Sergeant if it proved to be *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*. "He isn't a Marskiss at all," she said. In spite of the heavy feelings of the moment, Lord Grandby involuntarily smiled.

He sat on there in the darkened little drawing-room, holding Norry asleep in his arms, while her parents and Marcella hung over him, sometimes kneeling on either side of him to inspect her and measure their chances of hope. Not for worlds dared he stir so burdened. The scene recalled a nursery episode at the beginning of his own married life. Somehow he had taken it less to heart in those days. A child then, even his own, had not seemed to him so precious a charge; it was the heir of his estates he thought of, not of the matchless sunniness of childhood. Now it seemed to him that the opening and closing of baby lids held all the mystery, the gravity, the import of the universe. And when at last the blue eyes opened, and unfevered sleep had given a faint tinge to the wan cheeks, he instinctively held out his hand to the father, and cried cheerily: "There, Mr. O'Neill, she's better already! You'll find she has passed the crisis in that light sleep."

The Marquis proved a prophet. Sir Martin Bunbury stopped on his way to the station, and this time announced the grand news that Nature had accomplished one of her mysteries. By some unaccountable freak the child had turned the critical point, and there was nothing now to do but to feed her up and keep her amused.

Imagine how she was fed, and how remorselessly amused! She might have emptied the single confectioner's shop daily, and daily have consumed the entire contents of the glass jars at Mrs. Reilly's gratis. Toys poured in upon her in the oddest confusion, and the town throve and sparkled and glowed upon the news that the "drawingest" child on earth was getting well.

As for the Marquis of Grandby, he was regarded in the light of a public benefactor. Had he not been the means of restoring

their sovereign to them, and was he not one of her devoted servants? Who could dare challenge his perfections now? Bother the rents! He might raise them any day if he

liked, and be sure he wouldn't be shot. Bless you, there he goes along the street, the best-hearted gentleman in Ireland. Three cheers, boys, for the Marquis of Grandby

M. HAMILTON.

[Miss Hamilton is a native of County Derry, where the greater portion of her life has been spent. *Across an Ulster Bog* was published in Mr. Heinemann's Pioneer Series in 1896. It has been followed by *A Self-denying Ordinance*, *M'Leod of the Camerons*, *The Freedom of Henry Meredyth*, *The Distress of Frank Scott*, and *Poor Elisabeth*. The extract from *Across an Ulster Bog* is given by the author's kind permission.]

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

(FROM "ACROSS AN ULSTER BOG".)

"She's just a-waiting on, Miss Nelly."

The M'Faddens' cottage was full to overflowing. Behind Miss M'Fadden's stalwart, dishevelled figure Nelly Baring could catch a glimpse of men smoking over the fire, women sitting in cheerful groups, children who had come in pursuit of their mothers, and now hung curiously about the door of "the room".

A strange, ghastly attraction had brought all these people together to see an old woman die.

Nelly Baring drew back, and tried to subdue her clear voice to a decorous pitch.

"Poor old creature," she said, "I heard she was better yesterday, and I thought she might be able to take some soup."

"I am much beholden to you, Miss Nelly. But she's taken a scunner against everything, saving a drop of whisky the doctor allows her now and again. Ay, she was greatly set up by feeling so well yesterday, but I knew rightly it was nothing but a frolic before death. Won't you step inside, Miss Nelly?"

"No, thanks; there are so many there."

"A death still throws a stir. But you're as welcome as flowers in May, Miss Nelly, and

maybe old Mary Ann would be fit to know you. If she does, she'll be quarely uplifted at seeing you. But she doesn't seem to know one, except"—(here Miss M'Fadden dropped her voice to a whisper)—"except Ellen Lindsay."

Miss Baring paused irresolutely.

"Is she here? I don't want to see Ellen. I shouldn't know what to say to her. I am dreadfully disappointed about her."

"She's quarely failed," Miss M'Fadden whispered. "Have you never seen her since? And haven't you seen the lamenter?"

This was Miss M'Fadden's name for the baby, and needed some explanation.

Miss Baring allowed herself to be brought into the house somewhat unwillingly.

Most of the neighbours were congregated in "the room". Miss Baring, with a word to Barclay, was following her hostess when Mrs. Mawhinney, who was sitting in the shop-window, stopped her to whisper an explanation of her presence.

"I never thought to see myself as long as I have been under a Catholic roof; but that poor, godless old body needs someone to see to her. It's tarrable for her to come to her latter end among Catholics. They are just watching to get the priest in to her, but if they do it will be across my body."

Mrs. Mawhinney looked exceedingly resolute. Nelly thought that Father Dymond, who was a small, delicate man, would have decidedly the worst of it in a struggle.

"Up the room" the laughing and talking had subsided into more decorous whispers on Miss Baring's entrance, and the groups drew a little apart.

Old Mary Ann lay very quietly, breathing faintly and muttering to herself. Possibly the atmosphere of the tiny room, with all the windows not only shut but nailed down, no fireplace, and more than a dozen occupants, was no assistance to the drawing of difficult breath. But then, as Miss M'Fadden

said, "it was quite time that she took a notion of dyin'."

They had expected her to die long ago. They had smoothed down her hands and tied a cloth round her withered jaws the evening before, and it had not seemed worth the trouble of removing it. But she was not dead; out of her small, shrunken face her eyes moved restlessly, following every speaker's words.

A stout matron, with a baby in her arms, related the deaths that had come under her personal observation, by way of making cheerful conversation.

"And he wasn't the man to spare expense. It would have done you good to see the beautiful lace and the flowers, and her hair all smoothed and curled as if for a wedden."

"It was the wasting sickness tuk her, if I'm not mistaken," said a friend, chiefly remarkable for a bright check shawl and very large, bare red feet, "and when that once takes a houl't there's naught to be done. Do you mind how the M'Guckins were taken—seven of them—as fine lads and lasses as you'd wish to see? But first the mother went, and then one after the other, as they came to grow up, they sickened and died."

Mrs. M'Gloughlan, the first speaker, hastened to put in her word:

"There was everything done for them. The father sent them to the salt water times and again, even with the last ones, when he knew he was wasting his money. They say he's quare and lonesome now he's none but himself."

"I am afraid that's the way with our Jenny," said another woman, pointing out a thin, stooped girl leaning against the bed. "I was in two minds about marrying her father, and I would better have left it alone. He hardly ever was fit for a day's turn till he died. And now there's Jenny—what will she ever do for me?—and she'll hardly be here come Holiday."

Everybody looked at Jenny, who flushed with a gratified sense of importance. If her mother's struggle for life, with a dying husband and delicate children, had hardened her into such words, she had nursed them, and nursed Jenny now, with passionate devotion. The girl had always known herself to be doomed, and took a curious pride in it.

A man, who had taken his pipe out of his mouth in deference to Miss Baring, now joined in—

"Do you mind Hughie Thompson's old

mother? She died in the House, and as soon as he heard it he ups and takes a coffin and a car and had her well buried too, and no stint about it."

"The only dacent thing he did was to take her out," said Mrs. M'Gloughlan, shaking her head. "They all like to be buried at home. There was Patrick Kennedy; them that he was with in America set great store by him, and offered to see to him the best, and have him buried in their own grave when he was giv' up by the doctor. But no, he must get home somehow; and home he got, and as soon as he saw the lake-shore he tuk to his bed quite content, and the breath left him before morning."

"One likes to be with one's own at the last," said somebody else. "Sure, if her niece," indicating the shrivelled form on the bed with her thumb, "had any dacency, she'd bury her at the laste."

"She'll not need to be beholden to her," said Miss M'Fadden; "sure, his honour gave me what will bury her comfortable."

There was something like a flash of intelligence and satisfaction in old Mary Ann's eyes.

"It's lonesome to be left like that," said the check-shawled neighbour; "there's where them that has childer has the best of it."

"I've childer enough, if they look to me," said Mrs. M'Gloughlan. "Annie there is coming on ten or eleven, I don't rightly mind which, and there are six behind her. I would sooner have had boys, but there's them says that if you get daughters well placed they'll maybe do as much for you."

"And likenough more. Look at Hughie Thompson letting his old mother go to the House, and he a warm man. That old body looks dwamish, Jane; she'd be the better of a drop of whisky to wet her lips."

"It's little use troubling," said Miss M'Fadden; "indeed it's near wore out I am mindin' her. It's time the poor old body tuk a notion of dyin'. I am not fit to stand another night of it."

Miss Baring had found the conversation very ghastly; most ghastly of all it seemed to her now that old Mary Ann's eyes, as she turned them from one to another, were pleading for a little more time.

Ellen Lindsay rose from a seat in the background, raised the old woman's head, and gave her a spoonful of whisky.

It seemed to revive her, and she spoke for the first time, in a thin thread of a voice—

"Is it you, darlint? Heaven's blessings on you for your goodness. It's a fine swaddy you are. I'm quarely mended. It's dancin' I'll be at your wedden before long."

Ellen, with a crimson face and lips trembling piteously, tried to disengage herself.

"Dancin' at your wedden," old Mary Ann repeated, while Ellen was conscious that a smile went round the cottage.

"Don't you see Miss Nelly?" said Miss M'Fadden.

The old woman was propped up in bed to help her breathing; the white linen round her face made it look particularly shrunken and yellow; she had the appearance of a mummy only half revived.

Nelly found it an effort not to shrink when the skinny hand made a feeble effort to reach hers.

"Heth, dear! is that Miss Nelly? Did you hear that they'd took away the dogs and drowned the puppies? Maybe if you would spake to his honour or her ladyship I would get back Charlie, against I'm fit to be

going about? Sorra one o' them was equal to Charlie."

"It's tarrable to see one so near her end thinking of the like of that," said Mrs. M'Gloughlan, shaking her head.

The faint voice went on—

"Come forward then, dear, till I see you proper. I'm quarely mended. Would you like me to lilt you a song?"

"Just lie still, dear, and don't be wastin' your breath," said Miss M'Fadden sensibly, but old Mary Ann would not heed her.

With Nelly's hand in hers she began a long, long song, chiefly unintelligible, about a young woman who went to a fair, and had various strange and not very edifying adventures. There was a breathless silence in the room; nobody had ever heard the old woman sing before, except to her dogs when she believed herself to be alone with them.

On and on the weak voice quavered, and no one knew exactly when it ceased. Nelly took a moment or two to realize the silence, then she softly drew away her hand and left the room with relief.

MRS. GOLDING-BRIGHT (GEORGE EGERTON).

[George Egerton (Mary Chavelita Golding-Bright) was born in Melbourne on the 14th of Dec., 1860, the eldest child of Captain John Joseph Dunne of Queen's County, Ireland. On her father's side she comes of a Roman Catholic stock of unmingled Irish descent, the only alien element for many generations being introduced by the marriage of a great grandfather with a Highland girl, the daughter of a recruiting captain in the Jacobite interest. On the spindle side she is Welsh; her mother was a Miss George Bynon, a Vale of Gower woman, of Welsh parentage on both sides, strict non-conformists. At four years old she was taken to New Zealand, and was in camp during the Maori war. Then the family sailed in a grain ship for Valparaiso, where her mother's paternal uncle and adopted father, Don Santiago Jorge Bynon, was vice-admiral of the Chilean fleet; they arrived during a bombardment. In 1868 they settled in Ireland. Her mother's death in 1875 changed the course of her life, as it was intended to

train her as an artist. She spent two years in Germany, and returned to Ireland in 1878. From 1883 to 1884 she worked in New York, then returned to London. Since that time she has visited both North and South America, and lived in Scandinavia and most European countries. She has published *Keynotes*, *Discords*, *Symphonies*, *The Wheel of God*, and *Rosa Amorosa*. The extracts are given by her kind permission.]

AN EBB TIDE.

(FROM "KEYNOTES".)

And down below the rosebuds opened into roses, and nodded with the effrontery of assured beauty to the Sun God; and the birds hushed them for their noon siesta; and he lay with shut eyes and held her hand tightly; and sometimes he spoke to her, and sometimes he muttered to himself. She

caught the words, a line of his favourite Mangān:

"Sleep! no more the dupe of hopes and schemes,
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow;
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams,
Twenty golden years ago!"

The odd, unpleasant smell seems to hang about them as if too heavy to diffuse itself in the thin clear air; the smell of cow-sheds that clings to the cow-girl's clothes is perfume to it. It attracted the flies, and they gathered like swarming bees on the window-panes and door-posts; and buzzed, and hummed, and stung, like bushmen carousing over a find of dead meat; and they crept over the bed and stuck in his hair, and she tried to keep them off his face, and when one of them crawled up her own, with tickling, clinging feet, she paled and shuddered. The cow-girl stepped out of her clogs and went into the drawing-room and brought out a gaily-painted palm-leaf fan, and, stationing herself at the head of the bed, set it in motion. His breathing is getting laboured, and at times an ugly flush crosses his face. Once, when it is deeper than usual, the girl cries:

"Oh, Lord God, Lord God!"

He hears her, and looks up.

"Ah, Gudrun! is that you? Good girl, good girl."

She sinks on to her knees, and moans and rocks herself, and then she looks at his closed eyes, and says to her:

"Mistress, may I? It can't harm you."

She nods her head wearily; she is fanning awkwardly with her left hand, and she says with her tired, tender voice:

"Gudrun wants to say good-bye, dear."

He opens his eyes, and for a moment the charm of his rare smile returns. The girl stoops and leaves a kiss upon his forehead, and then rushes away and flings herself down on the long lush grass that is never cut, under a big chestnut-tree. He looks at her, and lifts her hand to his lips.

"Always a big heart, always a great little woman!" with a groan. "And now I am to lose you, and it is the best thing could happen to you. Ay, there's the sting; leave you to some brute; that is my punishment. Oh, little one, don't you think too hardly of me!" He talks with effort. "I meant to be better than I was to you. You'll never find another man to love you as I did, remember that, and forget all the rest if you can. You have for-

gotten all, I might have known you would . . . where am I drifting to? No man ever came back to say."

The girl has come back and taken up her former position, and fans steadily, for the flies are gathering in greater numbers every hour. The verandah seems airless and close, and uncanny with unseen things; the doctor comes and goes; the servants peep out; and the hours seem to hold many hours in their embrace. She seems to live all her life over again. Things she has forgotten completely come vividly back to her. An old Maori man, who used to sell sweet potatoes and quaint shells for napkin rings to the Pakeha lady in Tauranga Bay, floats before her inward vision as tangible as if he were next her. And a soldier servant—she can hear his voice—he used to sing as he pipe-played:

"But kaipoi te waipero, Kaipoi te waiena
For Rangatira Sal, Bob Walker sold his pal,
But he's now at the bottom o' the harbour."

Why did the stupid chorus come back to her now? What chink of brain did it lie in all these years? Oh, what a brute she is, and how callous! She ought to read prayers, or say things; in a few hours it will be too late ever to say a word more. She finds herself beating time with her foot to a jig tune, a bizarre accompaniment to the words "too late!" She would give all she possesses to cry, yet she cannot; and so the day wears on.

Later on she bends her head to him, and asks:

"Are you dozing, or are you thinking? What are you thinking of?"

He smiles.

"Of zoo, dearums, of zoo!"

"Have you said your prayers? Shall I read you any?"

"Finished them long ago! I am just waiting, lying thinking of you, dearie, thinking of you. Happier than ever I was since I left off 'taw in the lay' and pegging tops."

Her question was a concession to a past religious conscience; she feels, as she puts it, that as for herself, if she should die as she sits there, she would not trouble to pray—it would be well to drift out. There is another weary hour's silence, then he looks up at her and shivers slightly, and tightens his clasp of her hand.

"Kiss me, duckums, kiss me! Now lay your little old phiz on the pillow close to

mine, you dearest and best in the world! Close, close to mine."

The wind is changing, and the sun hides his face decently behind a great white cloud. There is a hoarse rattle in his throat, and his breathing is difficult. The doctor comes and stands quietly behind her; the crowd at the gate above gets denser; the servants huddle together in the dining-room and cry. The Swedish gardener pats them all in turn, but most gently the fat housemaid. A sudden blast of wind blows a strand of her hair loose, and it touches his lips, and he mutters: "My little one!" She lifts her face and looks at him, a strange purple colour-vibration is waving over his face, and she calls affrightedly:

"Dear, oh dear man, look at me! Can you see me, do you know me?"

He lifts his heavy lids and looks at her steadily with half-dead eyes, and says with stiff, barely articulate speech:

"Of course I do, my dearie, I'm all rig—!"

She feels his fingers close more tightly over hers—once—twice—then relax. His chin falls, and the doctor passes his hands over his eyelids, and puts a handkerchief to his lips. The cow-girl drops with a cry to the ground and throws her apron over her head. At the gate above a child calls "Mammy" in frightened tones. The lad who has been sitting up on the slope at the foot of the flag-staff, slides the Union Jack half-mast, and the big white house is without a master.

"ROSA AMOROSA"

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF A WOMAN.

IV.

KIND LITTLE LOVER,—You remind me of a wandering musician I once heard, a genius, for you play on my soul as some mystic harper, setting all the strings a-quiver to a wonderful soothing music—and then you sue with humility as if I were the music-maker, and not just the instrument, struck to melody by you, for a dole. You tell me that with me life has worth, without me nothing to offer. "With you I am the richest man in the world, without you I could not even be called poor, for existence would have no value!" You ask me how I

know you are growing stronger? From your own words, because you say: "I yearn for you, I ache for you, I stretch out my arms for you, I want to draw you close to me, and then my new-born, stronger, worthier self gets the better of me and whispers: 'You must not trouble her, not trouble her!'" and I take your dear head quietly on my shoulder and smooth your hair till you fall asleep as if you were, in sooth, my little child."

You say you are daily more drawn to me, only happy when with me: "When with you I notice nothing—my senses are lulled—only soul, intelligence, will, are more alert than usual." Love, darling, the milestones in our road of life tell a similar number every day—you say to me that I have taught you how to keep love *for* a woman, but you beg me to teach you how to keep the love *of* a woman—how to keep a woman always for yourself. I can tell you a little, not much. You must find out for yourself. Go to school in your own heart—when all is said and done it is most important for you to keep your love for her. For in measure as your love is small or big, and you yourself love worthily or unworthily, so will you be as a man. Your love and you are one. It is the language of your whole personality. Shall I tell you (I take it that as a true lover you want to draw an individual conclusion from the generalization you ask me for) how to keep this woman's love?

Never kiss me from habit. Never let me feel your lips touch mine without knowing that the heart and soul of you come along with them. Never demand of me as a right, when I am your wife, what you would have to sue for were you my lover or I your mistress: never, never, never; never make me feel a female. Let me be your woman, chosen out of all women, a thing to be treated reverently, out of deference, if no more, to yourself. Never tell me an untruth or act one with me. Better say to me, "I am a little weary of you and your caresses, I would be free for a while to myself," than offer me a sedative lie, seek to lull me to a security my intuition would soon tell me was false.

Let me feel absolutely sure of your obligation of truth to me; better confess a passing infidelity, not touching on your essential loyalty to me, than try to deceive me. Never let me feel less worthy because you have gained possession of me—I knew a man once who kept his wife a sweetheart always by

never failing to keep her supplied with a flower. She never woke to a realization of having lost her lover in gaining a husband. If you analyze it, the lover is more satisfactory to one's desire of cherishment than one's house-bond.

Remember, too, that what is always a satisfaction to the man may be a sacrifice to the woman—a pain, not a pleasure. That the more generous she is, the more care must the man who loves her take not to make over-drafts on her tenderness or wish to please him—or fear perhaps to deny him. The generous woman is too often treated as a bank upon which all her lovers may overdraw their accounts. The man who loves her must protect her not alone from himself, but from her own love for him—she must feel him as a shield between her and all the world, and not least—herself!

There is my answer to you, and I know you will sit and ponder on it, I can see you! and you will say maybe to yourself: God help me, it is difficult! Not a bit of it! if you once know what the woman you love thinks about it, and if you are not afraid to let her see the working of the troll in you, and the fight that you, and perhaps most men, have to keep him in subjection.

Man is, at least in his relations to women, much what woman makes him; and she has been as second-rate an artist in that direction as in most else she has undertaken. Mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, and in some cases wives, from the time of his first breeching till his manhood, have all lied systematically to him about themselves, their wants, and their desires; and when he, rarely having the woman's gift of intuition, her faculty of arriving at conclusions by processes of induction or deduction so shadowy as to escape consciousness and elude reason, fails to understand her, she rounds on him for his blundering. That is why the good man is often worsted in the eternal game man *versus* woman, and the scoundrel with a dash of brute in him succeeds each time. No woman in her heart really believes that she is angelic, much less an angel. That is only dear man's hyperbole. Do you remember what poor Nietzsche said?

Der Mann schuf das Weib—woraus doch?
Aus einer Rippe seines Gottes—des Ideals!

Man created woman—out of what, then? Out of a rib of his God—the ideal. He did more: he fashioned in accordance with his

own ideas a pair of wings for her, and she has worn them ever since to please him—but the first thing a company of women of the world do, when they are alone together, is to lay them aside with relief.

I remember wondering once as a girl-child what a clever old Irish attorney meant. He was a confirmed bachelor, but the confidant of every woman in the county. We went into a room full of mirthful matrons in a country house one day; he excused himself with a cynical laughing apology as they stopped in embarrassment, and as he led me away he said: "We are better elsewhere, my dear, they are telling a ladies' story!"

Ah, now you shake your dear head, and you just kiss my hands, because you quite properly don't believe me, and you call me, in spite of my scepticism, "your own white flame!" And you lift me up and set me on a pedestal, and I feel very small and all unworthy, because I have always tried to tell the truth to myself, a much more difficult matter, when all is said and done, than telling it to other people; and I say, ever so humbly, a little prayer to the Great Spirit behind all the problems of you and me and all men—to close your eyes always, even as I do now by brushing your lids gently with my lips, so that you may never take me down for anything I say or do from the height where you have graciously placed me.

But it is lonely up there, love, and only does on solemn ceremonious occasions when the love in us both becomes a religion, revealing the thread of the divine in us. But for everyday life lift me down and let me lay my wings aside and cloister the white flame in the inner sanctuary of myself; and just think of me as a little faulty human woman, who would like to sit at your knee and watch the faces grow and fade in the fire on a common hearth, whilst the kettle croons a wonderful little song of the poetry of the every day; sit where I can stay your caressing hand with my lips as it strokes what you are pleased to call the dearest head in the world!

This is a curious, I am afraid you will think it an unsatisfactory, letter; but it is as I had it in me to write to-night, and so it must go to you—you sorcerer, who have found the "open sesame" to my heart. By the way, have I ever told you that—strange, marvellous, inconceivable, foolish as it may seem—I love you!

REV. WILLIAM FRANCIS BARRY, D.D.

[Dr. Barry was born in London on the 21st of April, 1849. He was educated at Oscott and at the English College, Rome, and has many academical distinctions. He was ordained priest in Rome, and was present during the Vatican Council and the taking of Rome by the Italian troops in 1870. Dr. Barry has lectured at the Royal Institution and in America, and his place in literature is a very distinguished one. He has contributed over sixty articles to the great reviews. He is acquainted with many languages and literatures, and has found time amid his important work and studies to produce several successful novels. *The New Antigone*, *The Place of Dreams*, *Arden Massiter*, *The Two Standards*, and *The Wizard's Knot* are his contributions to romantic literature. The extract is given by his kind permission and that of his publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin.]

IUBHDAN'S MINSTRELSIES.

(FROM "THE WIZARD'S KNOT".)

However, it was done. On a sunshiny morning at the end of March, under skies of misty blue, they drove across the hills into a wide and winding glen, fringed on both sides with silver birch, that gave a name to Airgead Ross.

The hazel, rowan, and willow stood or stooped about these glittering water-courses, and the Spanish chestnuts grew in noble clumps, making a delightful shade. Underwoods of fresh and fairy green, conspicuous among them the tall Osmunda, came almost up to the carriage wheels; little pools, cups of sunlight, spilt their brimming treasures on a rich brown earth, in places thick with leaf-mould, out of which the crocus and the violet peeped. Blackbirds sang loud above a thousand warblers, busy on branch, flitting saucily across the over-arching fretwork that made a screen against the vaporous heaven. And as the side-car which Philip drove turned up towards a long white mansion nestling close into the hill, they could see the golden-gray waves of the creek laughing back to them through a tracery of fine sweeping boughs, fragrant as with apple-

blossom. The land, the ocean, seemed to sparkle in a powder of gold, scattered over all things from the mild early sun, which was warm and not fierce. Joan felt almost light of heart now they were leaving Renmore. But as she glanced at Philip, and thought of Will Hapgood on that unspeakable night, a saying of her father's darkened the air: "No man's life, however bold, is more than an eyelid's twinkle". What a secret she carried in her bosom!

Lisaveta met them on the mountain-lawn, serious though smiling. She kissed Lady Liscarroll's cheek, and caught Joan to her heart, too shy for words, throwing towards Edmund a look of saintly, yet girlish defiance. After all his talk, she had her way; trial or expiation, the second act was beginning. "This might be in the Swiss country," said Lady Liscarroll, breathing free; "how beautiful is your green Alp!"

"Edmund says it is the true fairyland, the Kingdom of Donn Firinne," answered her hostess. "We have the yellowest of sands, the greenest of trees, the tiniest of silver fountains, all shut in by yonder bare-headed hills. Don't you call it, Edmund, the Glen of the Luchra?—and those are the chief of the good people, aren't they?"

"Where the branches of the wood play, as you are hearing, like stringed instruments," answered the poet, "their undertones in soft accord with the harp of Iubhdan, king and musician, who sets them going, if the old story is true, with a touch of his finger."

The intense purity, thrice bathed in sea and sun, of all things about them made this fanciful dialogue seem in keeping; a wave of joy swept over their sadder thoughts. "Come in first, and get possession," said Lisaveta; "we will share bread and salt and fire, then out into these little dells; I'll show you where I spend every hour I am at liberty."

In they went, to a house not so large as Renmore, and far from as old, bright instead of melancholy, modern in its appointments, yet strange enough to announce that O'Connor's daughter knew how to fashion a world in her own likeness. The rooms had no crowding of ill-assorted styles; they were almost Greek in their severity, with woods in the natural grain for wall-papers, tiger

and wolfskins for carpets, no gilding anywhere, and but religious pictures, icons on a gold or silver ground, in lucid colours, stately and slender, which made of the house a shrine.

One exquisite piece of marble shone white among these grave Eastern saints. A girl in royal raiment, its border crimson with serpents interlaced, a thin yellow fillet binding her hair, which flowed loose behind, her face lifted as though she sang, her hands clasped over a throbbing heart. You looked down, and at the girl's feet a young warrior lay dead, the bronze spear by his side, the shield with its golden knobs held in a grasp that would never relax again; he was clad in scale armour, and his face had the maiden's beauty, boldly rendered. On seeing a group so lifelike, Joan started back. Her air of astonishment made Edmund smile. "Don't you guess who these are?" he inquired of her.

"They're alive and they're dead," she answered, wondering more and more. "Poor girl, her heart is broke; 'tis that puts the song on her lips. Indeed, Mr. Edmund, I'd cry myself was I long looking at the two of them."

"It is the saddest, the tenderest of the 'Three Sorrows of Story-telling', Joan," he said. "Deirdre lamenting over the death of Naesi, her youngest brother. When her song is done, she will lie in the grave by his side. An Irish sculptor carved it."

"Yes, Owen O'Reilly, that neglected youth of genius," cried Lisaveta. "It was his last work. My father found him starving in Petersburg, and gave him this commission. He lived just long enough to finish all but a little of the ornaments; we would not have them touched. There was to have been a jewelled torque round the neck of Deirdre."

Philip had been silently inspecting the features of the marble maid. "Where did O'Reilly get that face?" he inquired. "Look at it, Miss O'Connor. Is it like any person you ever saw?"

She considered the statue fixedly, gave a slight start, and turned to Joan. "My dear, how was it I waited until now to see what was before my eyes? Do you look—it is yourself!"

"Oh, not for the wide world!" exclaimed Joan; "don't believe it; don't say it ever." She was shaking from head to foot.

"Why, what makes you all of a tremble?" asked the Russian girl. "Another of your

endless Munster *pishogues*? Edmund, can you explain?" as Joan refused obstinately to say a syllable.

"'Tis a relic of superstitions so ancient," he replied, somewhat uneasily, "that I know of them only by hearsay. The people used to think if an image was made of man or woman, their life would sink into it, be swallowed up in the clay of the thing. Old witchcraft used to practise on these fears."

"Well, it was not from you O'Reilly got the likeness," said Lisaveta, putting her arm round the frightened girl. "He travelled the country and saw some cousin of yours—don't mind it any more, Joan, dear. We will go up now to your rooms."

But Joan kept her terrified gaze on the statue for several minutes, while the rest moved off. "I'm there in the white stone, singing," she thought to herself, "and that is *buachal* in his grave at my feet. 'Tis no use to be talking; half the life is gone out of me already. I'll never have a day's health after this."

An inconceivable feeling of dislike and affection for this marble counterfeit of herself sprang up in the child; she was, or would surely pass into, the figure of Deirdre—alone and not alone—killed with consuming grief.

Henceforth, Airgead Ross, for Joan O'Dwyer, was the place of the statue, haunted day and night by her silent image, her ghost or double.

But the day, as they trampled on the golden sea-weed and crunched under foot the white sand, was too glorious for the weeping strain; men have these felicities between hours of torment. "My heart is like a sieve, holed by some sharp-toothed beast," said Joan, by whom Sir Phil was walking, "since I set eyes on that Deirdre, yet I couldn't be miserable here in the sun."

They had fallen into a sort of confidence, unspoken but assured; this fairyland was their own—a soft, transparent brightness, in which they moved to the sound of Iubhdan's minstrelries, shaking out sweet laughter from the branches, echoing down the rills that shivered with delight as they were churned into white water. Purple as evening clouds the hills hung in a sky now fancifully brushed with rainy outlines, which were dark and then light as the wind swept them away towards the east. "You will be happier than at the Castle," answered Philip. "I shall miss your little songs, Joan," he

went on abruptly, "but there is a thing I want to ask before I leave."

"Wisha, don't, Sir Philip," said the girl, her temples flushing; "don't now bring sorrow into the day. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," she concluded merrily, stooping to pull some quiet gray water-blossom and holding it out for him to see. "Look, there's a creature of God was living with itself happy in the nest of the rock, and I killed it," she said; "let me be, Sir Philip, or you'll have me destroyed the same way."

He snatched the sea-bloom out of her hand. "You're brighter than that," he said hastily, "nor was I meaning to hurt you. My request was that you would let me hear if she—if my mother—they're gone on ahead, I must take the chance while I have it—should be doing what I don't want."

It was on the tip of her tongue to reply, "Put your commands on Miss O'Connor," had she not looked up at his glowing eyes, stern and passionate. The words shrivelled as before a hot coal.

"You promise me," he reiterated, while they paused without a motion, feeling how grave the situation was between them. Joan sighed, and shook her head. "I'll wrong nayther you nor her," she replied with sorrowful determination. "An informer is what I never yet was, nor could be. I'd die first. They say women are false and sly. If 'tis so, I'm no woman of them at all."

"You are a provoking little fairy," cried Phil, not knowing what a heat he threw into the words between his temper and his admiration; "I didn't ask you to do mischief, but to hinder it."

"I'm fond of your mother in spite of all she has done," said his companion slowly. "I could not be the black spider, spinning a web to take her, though it was to lighten your own heart, sir. God knows, I think worse of all that's on you than if the trouble struck in here," smiting her breast unconsciously, "and I gave myself a promise,"—she was thinking of the outcry she had made to prevent the lady's flight with Will Hap-

good—"but 'tis my secret. I'll not tell it nor go from it. Will that satisfy you?"

The word was more than she meant. It shot beyond one mark and went straight to another.

There is an hour in the wonder-working spell—Nature's supreme enchantment with man and maid—when trust is all in all, faith lives in the music of a voice, the miraculous blossoms. It stood shining above them. That day seas and skies, sun and clouds and spring, in its white glory, conspired against these two. Their souls melted into unknown tenderness, belief, worship of one another; and Iubhdan, the fairy minstrel, laughed and sang delicately, mockingly, as if to every note they must throb and shiver. He, the hero, not beautiful on vulgar lines, but a man that had sprung through fire, its ruddy light still on his brows, savagely earnest, his word a pulsing vein that would bleed were it cut into. Quite unsmirched by the world's dusty ways; shy and bold and passion-wrought to the highest he should ever attain; at this magnetic moment faultless. And she, not more innocent (believe it, though incredible), a flower like the Dark Roseen, some strange rich light streaming along every fibre, dew on every petal sparkling, the life within one radiant blush, confessed and unashamed. "Will that satisfy you, Sir Philip?" said the lips harmlessly, telling the whole tale.

They laughed; they were sad; they knew each other's heart; the hour had come of divine melancholy and rapture. In the shadow of death they laughed. Had she been a woman of his degree, Philip would have caught her hand, flung forth the decisive word—and they were pledged. But the most exquisite chivalry kept him at his distance. Faultless, and in love; such is heroic youth in the noblest.

"I am satisfied now, Joan." His tongue could never be eloquent. Their eyes made up for it. "Here is my mother; I must say good-bye." The fairy harper's finest string was all a-tremble as their hands met and parted.

ELINOR MARY SWEETMAN.

[Elinor Mary Sweetman is the third daughter of Michael James Sweetman of Lamberton Park, Queen's County, Ireland. She was born in Ireland, and educated by governesses and professors in Brussels and London. Her first volume of verse, *Foot-steps of the Gods*, was published by Messrs. Bell in 1893, and her second, *Pastorals and Other Poems*, by Dent & Co. in 1899. Both were very favourably received. It ought to be added, perhaps, that this young poet's chief love is Music, and to that she has devoted the greater portion of her life. The poems are given by her kind permission.]

SONNET.

Since thou dost fail, fail greatly! Fling thee down
Headlong from any pinnacle of grace,
Be swift and sure to find the lowest place,
And huddle there. Thus fell half Heaven's crown
Of angels hurled before the Father's frown;
And thus in thunder to the cavern-base,

Like tumbled Alps through deep-resounding
space,
The princely tempers of this world are thrown.
But thou, uncertain spirit, all unworth
My righteous love or comfortable hate—
Thou faintly good, or feebly reprobate—
How dost thou wish to live? as man or devil?
Come, choose, I say, and for thy days on earth
Be something—even should that thing be evil!

LYRIC.

Why are you hesitant?
Give me this once, no more,
The soul that moves me so, the eyes that haunt,
Your little hands, yourself—the self I want.
Then shut your door.

Since here on passion's brink
You stand, unsheathe the rose,
Loose all its sweetness out nor stay to think;
The sands are running—quick! before they sink,
Yourself disclose.

We have no time for fear;
Love me instead and try,
Try to forget all else. There's nothing here,
Nothing in all God's world to-day, my dear,
But you and I.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

CORRYMEELA.¹

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the live-long day:
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the
wheat!

Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep, dumb river flowin' by beyond the
heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o'
the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin'
through the heat

Past Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the
Jews,

There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels
in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a
barefute child:

Och! Corrymeela an' the low South wind.

There's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full
o' care,

By the luck o' love, I'd still go light: for all I
did go bare.

"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she
thought me wild.

Far Corrymeela an' the low South wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal
hard to raise,

The girls are heavy-goin' here, the boys are ill to
plase;

When on'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be
back again—

Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

¹ These two poems are given by kind permission of the author, and of Messrs. W. Blackwood & Son

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an
English town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give
a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like
in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela an' the same soft rain.

A BROKEN SONG.

"*Where am I from?*" From the green hills of
Erin.
"*Have I no song then?*" My songs are all
sung.

"*What o' my love?*" 'Tis alone I am farin.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.
"*If she was tall?*" Like a king's own daughter.
"*If she was fair?*" Like a moruin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin', 'twas the runnin'
wather.
When she'd come blushin', 'twas the break o' day.
"*Where did she dwell?*" Where on'st I had my
dwellin'.
"*Who loved her best?*" There's no one now will
know.
"*Where is she gone?*" Och, why would I be
tellin'.
Where she is gone there I can never go.

MRS. EGERTON CASTLE.

[Agnes Egerton Castle, daughter of Michael James Sweetman of Lambert Park, Queen's County, Ireland; sister of Mrs Francis Blundell of Crosby (M. E. Francis) and Elinor Sweetman.¹ She was educated by governesses at home, then by masters in Brussels. In 1883 she married Lewis Anthony Egerton Castle, in many of whose works she has collaborated. She has published independently, *My Little Lady Anne*, several plays for children, and magazine stories in *Temple Bar*, *Cornhill*, and *Macmillan*, and in collaboration with her husband, *The Pride of Jennico*, 1897, of which over 100,000 copies have been sold in England and America; *The Bath Comedy*, 1898, a dramatized version of which has been secured by Mr. David Belasco; *The House of Romance* (collected short stories), 1900; and *The Secret Orchard*, 1901, a dramatized version of which was produced on tour in England by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The extract is given by kind permission of the author and of Messrs. Macmillan.]

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

(FROM "THE BATH COMEDY".)

As he stood turning the seething brew of his dark thoughts, there came a pair of knowing raps upon the street door, and in

upon him strode, with cheery step and cry, the friends he was expecting.

"Ah, Jasper, lad," cried Tom Stafford, and struck him upon the shoulder, "lying in wait for us? Gad, you are a bloodthirsty fellow!"

"And quite right," said Colonel Villiers, clinking spurred legs, and flinging off a military cloak. "Zounds, man, would you have him sit down in his dishonour?"

Sir Jasper stretched a hand to each, and, holding him by the elbows, they entered his private apartment, and closed the door with such carefulness that the tall footmen had no choice but to take it in turns to listen and peep through the keyhole.

"Tom," said Sir Jasper, "Colonel Villiers, when I begged you to favour me with this interview, I was anxious for your services because, as I told you, of a strong suspicion of Lady Standish's infidelity to me. Now, gentlemen, doubt is no longer possible; I have the proofs!"

"Come, come, Jasper, never be down-hearted," cried jovial Tom Stafford. "Come, sir, you have been too fond of the little dears in your day not to know what tender, yielding creatures they are. 'Tis their nature, man; and then, must they not follow the mode? Do you want to be the only husband in Bath whose wife is not in the fashion? Tut, tut, so long as you can measure a sword for it and let a little blood, why, 'tis all in the day's fun!"

"Swords?" gurgled Colonel Villiers. "No,

¹ Biographical notes of M. E. Francis and Elinor Sweetman, with extracts from their works, are given on pp. 202 and 317 of this volume respectively.

no, pistols are the thing, boy. You are never sure with your sword; 'tis but a dig in the ribs, a slash in the arm, and your pretty fellow looks all the prettier for his pallor, and is all the more likely to get prompt consolation in the proper quarter. Ha!"

"Consolation!" cried Sir Jasper, as if the word were a blow. "Ay, consolation! damnation!"

"Whereas your bullet," said the Colonel, "in the lungs, or the brain—at your choice—the job is done as neat as can be. Are you a good hand at the barkers, Jasper?"

"Oh, I can hit a haystack!" said Sir Jasper. But he spoke vaguely.

"I am for swords, whenever you can," cried comely Stafford, crossing a pair of neat legs as he spoke, and caressing one rounded calf with a loving hand. "'Tis a far more genteel weapon. Oh, for the feel of the blades, the pretty talk, as it were, of one with the other! 'Ha, have I got you now, my friend?'—'Ha, would you step between me and my wife, or my mistress, or my pleasure?'—as the case may be. 'Would you? I will teach you, sa—sa!' Now—now one in the ribs, one under that presuming heart! Let the red blood flow, see it drop from the steel: that is something like! Pistols, what of them? Pooh! Snap! you blow a pill into the air, and 'tis like enough you have to swallow it yourself! 'Tis for apothecaries, I say, and such as have not been brought up to the noble and gentlemanly art of self-defence."

"Silence, Tom!" growled the Colonel; "here is no matter for jesting. This friend of ours has had a mortal affront, has he not? 'Tis established. Shall he not mortally avenge himself upon him who has robbed him of his honour? That is the case, is it not? And, blast me! is not the pistol the deadliest weapon, and therefore the most suited? Hey?"

Sir Jasper made an inarticulate sound that might have passed for assent or dissent, or merely as an expression of excessive discomfort or feeling.

"To business, then," cried Colonel Villiers. "Shall I wait upon Lord Verney, and suggest pistols at seven o'clock to-morrow morning in Hammer's Fields? That is where I generally like to place such affairs: snug enough to be out of disturbers' way, and far enough to warm the blood with a brisk walk. Gad, 'twas but ten days ago that I saw poor Ned Waring laid as neatly on his back by Lord

Tipstaffe (him they call Tipsy Tip, you know) as ever was done. As pretty a fight! Six paces, egad, and Ned as determined a dog as a fellow could want to second. 'Villiers,' said he, as I handed him his saw-handle, 'if I do not do for him, may he do for me! One of us must kill the other,' said he. 'Twas all about Mistress Waring, you know—dashed pretty woman! Poor Ned, he made a discovery something like yours, eh? Faith! ha, ha! And, devil take it, sir, Tip had him in the throat at the first shot, and Ned's bullet took off Tipstaffe's right curl! Jove, it was a shave! Ned never spoke again. Ah, leave it to me; see if I do not turn you out as rare a meeting."

"But stay," cried Stafford, as Sir Jasper writhed in his arm-chair, clenched and unclenched furious hands, and felt the curl of red hair burn him where he had thrust it into his bosom. "Stay," cried Stafford, "we are going too fast, I think. Do I not understand from our friend here, that he called Lord Verney a rat? Sir Jasper is therefore the insulting party, and must wait for Lord Verney's action in the matter."

"I protest!" cried the Colonel. "The first insult was Lord Verney's, in compromising our friend's wife."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Stafford, recrossing his legs to bring the left one into shapely prominence this time, "that is but the insult incidental. But to call a man a rat, that is the insult direct. Jasper is therefore the true challenger—the other has the choice of arms. It is for Lord Verney to send to our friend."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, growing redder about the gills than nature and port wine had already made him, "sir, would you know better than I?"

"Gentlemen," said Sir Jasper, sitting up suddenly, "as I have just told you, since I craved of your kindness that you would help me in this matter, I have made discoveries that alter the complexion of the affair very materially. I have reason to believe that, if Lord Verney be guilty in this matter, it is in a very minor way. You know what they call in France *un chandelier*. Indeed, it is my conviction—such is female artfulness—that he has merely been made a puppet of to shield another person. It is this person I must find first, and upon him that my vengeance must fall before I can attend to any other business. Lord Verney, indeed, has already sent to me, but his friend, Captain Spicer, a

poor fool (somewhat weak in the head, I believe), left suddenly, without our coming to any conclusion. Indeed, I do not regret it—I do not seek to fight with Lord Verney now. Gentlemen,” said Sir Jasper, rising and drawing the letter from his breast, “gentlemen, I shall neither eat nor sleep till I have found out the owner of this curl!”

He shook out the letter as he spoke, and fiercely thrust the tell-tale love-token under the noses of his amazed friends. “It is a red-haired man, you see! There lives no red-haired man in Bath but him I must forthwith spit and plug, lest the villain escape me!”

Colonel Villiers started to his feet with a growl like that of a tiger aroused from slumber.

“Zounds!” he exclaimed, “an insult!”

“How!” cried Jasper, turning upon him and suddenly noticing the sandy hue of his friend’s bushy eyebrows. “You, good God? You? Pooh, pooh, impossible, and yet . . . Colonel Villiers, sir,” cried Sir Jasper in awful tones, “did you write this letter? Speak—yes or no, man! Speak, or must I drag the words from your throat?”

Purple and apoplectic passion well-nigh stifled Colonel Villiers.

“Stafford, Stafford,” he spluttered, “you are witness. These are gross affronts—affronts which shall be wiped out.”

“Did you write that letter? Yes or no!” screamed Sir Jasper, shaking the offending document in the Colonel’s convulsed countenance.

“I?” cried the Colonel, and struck away Sir Jasper’s hand with a furious blow, “I? I write such brimstone nonsense? No, sir! Now, damn you body and soul, Sir Jasper, how dare you ask me such a question?”

“No,” said Sir Jasper, “of course not. Ah, I am a fool, Villiers! Forgive me. There’s no quarrel between us. No, of course it could not be you. With that nose, your waistcoat, your sixty years! Gad, I am going mad!”

“Why, man,” said Stafford, as soon as he could speak for laughing, “Villiers has not so much hair on his head as you hold in your hand there. Off with your wig, Villiers, off with your wig, and let your bald pate proclaim its shining innocence.”

The gallant gentleman thus addressed was by this time black in the face. Panting as to breath, disjointed as to speech, his fury had nevertheless its well-defined purpose.

“I have been insulted, I have been insulted,” he gasped; “the matter cannot end here. Sir Jasper, you have insulted me. I am a red-haired man, sir. I shall send a friend to call upon you.”

“Nay, then,” said Sir Jasper, “since ’tis so between us I will even assure myself that Tom has spoken the truth, and give you something to fight for!” He stretched out his hand as he spoke, and plucked the wig from Colonel Villiers’ head.

Before him indeed spread so complete an expanse of hairless candour that further evidence was not necessary; yet the few limp hairs that lingered behind the Colonel’s ears, if they had once been ruddy, shone now meekly silver in the candle-light.

“I thank you,” said Sir Jasper; “that is sufficient. When you send your friend to call upon me, I shall receive him with pleasure.” He handed back the Colonel’s wig with a bow.

The Colonel stood trembling; his knotted hand instinctively fumbled for his sword. But, remembering perhaps that this was eminently a case for pistols, he bethought himself, seized his wig, clapped it on defiantly, settled it with minute care, glared, wheeled round and left the room, muttering as he went remarks of so sulphurous a nature as to defy recording.

Sir Jasper did not seem to give him another thought. He fell into his chair again and spread out upon his knee the sorely crumpled letter.

“Confusion!” said he. “Who can it be? Tom, you scamp, I know your hair is brown. Thou art not the man, Tom. Oh, Tom, oh, Tom, if I do not kill him I shall go mad!”

Stafford was weak with laughter, and tears rolled from his eyes as he gasped:

“Let us see, who can the Judas be? (Gad, this is the best joke I have known for years. Oh, Lord, the bald head of him! Oh, Jasper, ’tis cruel funny! Stap me, sir, if I have known a better laugh these ten years!) Nay, nay, I will help thee. Come, there’s His Lordship the Bishop of Bath and Wells, he is red, I know, for I have seen him in the water. Gad, he was like a boiled lobster, hair and all. Could it be he, think you? They have a way, these divines, and Lady Standish has a delicate conscience. She would like the approval of the Church upon her deeds. Nay, never glare like that, for I will not fight you! Have you not got your rosary of red polls to tell first? Ha! there

is O'Hara, he is Irish enough and rake enough and red enough. Oh, he is red enough!"

"O'Hara!" cried Sir Jasper, struck.

There came a fine rat-tat-tat at the door, a parley in the hall, and the servant announced Mr. Denis O'Hara.

"Talk of the devil," said Stafford.

Sir Jasper rose from his arm-chair with the air of one whose enemy is delivered into his hands.

The Honourable Denis O'Hara, son and heir of Viscount Kileroney in the peerage of Ireland, entered with a swift and easy step, and saluted airily. He had a merry green eye, and the red of his crisp hair shone out through the powder like the winter sunset through a mist.

"Sir Jasper," said he, "your servant, sir. Faith, Tom, me boy, is that you? The top of the evening to ye."

Uninvited he took a chair and flung his careless figure upon it. His joints were loose, his nose aspired, his rich lace ruffles were torn, his handsome coat was buttoned awry; Irishman was stamped upon every line of him, from his hot red head to his slim alert foot; Irishman lurked in every rich accent of his ready tongue.

Sir Jasper made no doubt that now the Lothario who had poached on his preserves, had destroyed his peace, had devastated his home, was before him. He turned to Stafford, and caught him by the wrist.

"Tom," whispered he, "you will stand by me, for by my immortal soul, I will fight it out to-night!"

"For God's sake, be quiet," whispered the other, who began to think that the jealous husband was getting beyond a joke. "Let us hear what the fellow has got to say first. The devil! I will not stand by to see you pink every auburn buck in the town. 'Tis stark lunacy."

"But 'tis you yourself," returned Sir Jasper, in his fierce undertone—"you yourself who told me it was he. See, but look at this curl and at that head."

"Oh, flummery!" cried Stafford. "Let him speak, I say."

"When you have done your little conversation, gentlemen," said Mr. O'Hara good-naturedly, "perhaps you will let me put in a word edgeways?"

Sir Jasper, under his friend's compelling hand, sank into a chair; his sinews well-nigh creaked with the constraint he was putting upon himself.

VOL. IV.

"I have come," said Denis O'Hara, "from me friend Captain Spoicer. I met him a while ago, fluttering down Gay Street, leaping like a hare with the hounds after him, by St. Patrick! 'You're running away from someone, Spoicer,' says I. And says he, 'I'm running away from that blithering madman, Sir Jasper Standish.' Excuse me, Sir Jasper, those were his words, ye see."

"And what, sir," interrupted Sir Jasper in an ominous voice—"what, sir, may I ask, was your purpose in walking this way to-night?"

"Eh," cried the Irishman, "what is that ye say?"

"Oh, go on, O'Hara!" cried Stafford impatiently, and under his breath to Standish, "Faith, Jasper," said he, "keep your manners, or I'll wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Oh, is that the way with him?" said O'Hara, behind his hand to Stafford, and winking jovially. "Well, I was saying, gentlemen, that to see a man run, unless it be a Frenchman, is a thing that goes against me. 'Why, what did he do to you?' said I (meaning you, Sir Jasper). 'Oh,' says me gallant captain, 'I went to him with a gentlemanly message from a friend, and the fellow insulted me so grossly with remarks about my hair, that sure,' says he, 'tis only fit for Bedlam he is.' 'Insulted you,' says I, 'and where are ye running to? To look for a friend, I hope,' says I. 'Insults are stinking things.' 'Sure,' says he, 'he is mad,' says he. 'Well, what matter of that?' says I. 'Sure, isn't it all mad we are, more or less? Come,' says I, 'Spoicer, this will look bad for you with the ladies, not to speak of the men. Give me the message, me boy, and I will take it; and sure we will let Sir Jasper bring his keepers with him to the field, and no one can say fairer than that.'"

Sir Jasper sprang to his feet.

"Now, curse your Irish insolence," he roared, "this is more an I would stand from any man! And, if I mistake not, Mr. O'Hara, we have other scores to settle besides."

"Is it we?" cried O'Hara, in a jumping up likewise. "'Tis the first I've heard of them—but, be jabbers, you will never find me behind hand in putting me foot to the front! I will settle as many scores as you like, Sir Jasper—so long as it is me sword and not me purse that pays them."

"Draw then, man, draw!" snarled Sir Jasper, dancing in fury. He bared his silver-

hilted sword and threw the scabbard in a corner.

"Heaven defend us!" cried Stafford, in vain endeavouring to come between the two.

"Sure, you must not contradict him," cried O'Hara, unbuckling his belt rapidly, and drawing likewise, with a pretty flourish of shining blade. "'Tis the worst way in the world to deal with a cracked man. Sure, ye must soothe him and give in to him. Don't I know? Is not me own first cousin a real raw lunatic in Kinsale Asylum this blessed day? Come on, Sir Jasper, I'm yer man. Just pull the chairs out of the way, Tom, me dear boy."

"Now, sir, now, sir!" said Sir Jasper, and felt restored to himself again as steel clinked against steel. And he gripped the ground with his feet, and knew the joy of action.

"Well, what must be, must be," said Stafford philosophically, and sat across a chair; "and a good fight is a good fight all the world over. Ha, that was a lunge! O'Hara wields a pretty blade, but there is danger in Jasper's eye. I vow I won't have the Irish boy killed. Ha!" He sprang to his feet again and brandished the chair, ready to interpose between the two at the critical moment.

O'Hara was buoyant as a cork; he skipped backward and forward, from one side to another, in sheer enjoyment of the contest. But Sir Jasper hardly moved from his first position except for one or two vicious lunges. Stafford had deemed to see danger in his eye; there was more than danger—there was murder! The injured husband was determined to slay, and bided his time for the fatal thrust. The while, O'Hara attacked out of sheer lightness of heart. Now his blade grazed Sir Jasper's thigh; once he gave him a flicking prick on the wrist so that the blood ran down his fingers.

"Stop, stop!" cried Stafford, running in with his chair. "Sir Jasper's hit!"

"No, dash you!" cried Sir Jasper. And click, clank, click, it went again, with the pant of the shortening breath, and the thud of the leaping feet. Sir Jasper lunged a third time, O'Hara waved his sword aimlessly, fell on one knee, and rolled over.

"Halt!" yelled Stafford. It was too late. Sir Jasper stood staring at his red blade.

"You have killed him!" cried Stafford, turning furiously on his friend, and was down on his knees and had caught the wounded man in his arms the next second.

"Devil a bit," said O'Hara, and wriggling in the other's grasp, too vigorously indeed for a moribund, found his feet in a jiffy and stood laughing, with a white face, and looking down at his dripping shirt. "'Tis but the sudden cold feel of the steel, man! Sure I'm all right, and ready to begin again! 'Tis but a rip in the ribs, for I can breathe as right as ever." He puffed noisily as he spoke, to prove his words, slapped his chest, then turned giddily and fell into a chair. Stafford tore open the shirt. It was as O'Hara had said, the wound was an ugly surface rip, more unpleasant than dangerous.

"Let us have another bout," said O'Hara.

"No, no," said Stafford.

"No, no," said Sir Jasper, advancing and standing before his adversary. "No, Mr. O'Hara, you may have done me the greatest injury that one man can do another, but Gad, sir, you have fought like a gentleman!"

"Ah!" whispered O'Hara to Stafford, who still examined the wound with a knowing manner, "'tis crazed entirely he is, the poor fellow."

"Not crazed," said Stafford rising, "or if so, only through jealousy.—Jasper, let us have some wine for Mr. O'Hara, and one of your women with water and bandages. A little sticking-plaister will set this business to rights. Thank God that I have not seen murder to-night!"

"One moment, Stafford," said Jasper, "one moment, sir. Let us clear this matter. Am I not right, Mr. O'Hara, in believing you to have written a letter to my wife?"

"Is it me?" cried O'Hara in the most guileless astonishment.

"He thinks you are her lover," whispered Stafford in his ear. "Zooks, I can laugh again now! He knows she has got a red-haired lover, and says he will kill every red-haired man in Bath!"

"Sure I have never laid eyes on Lady Standish," said O'Hara to Sir Jasper, "if that is all you want. Sure, I'd have been proud to be her lover if I'd only had the honour of her acquaintance!"

"Mr. O'Hara," said Sir Jasper, "will you shake hands with me?"

"With all the pleasure in loife!" cried the genial Irishman. "Faith, 'tis great friends we will be, but perhaps ye had better not introduce me to ye'r lady, for I'm not to be trusted where the dear creatures are concerned, and so 'tis best to tell you at the outset."

The opponents now shook hands on either

side. The wound was attended to, and several bottles of wine were thereafter cracked in great good-fellowship.

"There is nothing like Canary," vowed O'Hara, "for the power of healing."

MRS. B. M. CROKER.

[Mrs. Croker is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Croker, and only daughter of the late Rev. William Sheppard, rector of Kilgefin, County Roscommon. She was educated at Rockferry, Cleshire, and Tours. Her novels have attained a very great popularity, and have been translated into French, German, and Norwegian. She has published nearly a score since *Proper Pride* appeared in 1882. Among the most successful may be named, *Pretty Miss Neville*, *Diana Barrington*, *A Bird of Passage*, *Mrs. Jervis*, *Village Tales and Jungle Tragedies*, *The Real Lady Hilda*, *In the Kingdom of Kerry*, *Beyond the Pale*, *Peggy of the Bartons*, and *Terence*.]

OLD LADY ANN.¹

(FROM "IN THE KINGDOM OF KERRY".)

"So sleeps the pride of former days."—*Moore*.

There are some localities on the north side of Dublin from which fashion has ebbed many years: rows of forlorn, melancholy mansions, that were formerly the town houses of the Irish aristocracy. Showy coaches-and-four once waited at their now battered, blistered doors, crowds of liveried servants trooped up and down their shallow staircases; their panelled reception-rooms saw many jovial dances, reckless card-parties, and ceremonious balls. These were in the good old days, when the gentry lived at home and spent their money in Ireland—now it is the last country in the world in which they would choose to reside. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the neighbourhood, the street, began to, what is called, "go down"; one or two of the festive, red-faced old lords died, and their heirs promptly abandoned what they considered a gloomy barrack in a back slum of Dublin, and advertised it "to be let or sold". Professional

people replaced the nobility and landed gentry. After a long pause, these again found the neighbourhood too old-fashioned—too far behind the age; the mansions too large to maintain with a small staff of servants—for they were built in the times when the wages and food of retainers were cheap. When those three terrible golden balls appeared over the door of what had once been the Earl of Mountpatrick's residence—a door accustomed to hatchments—then, in spite of temptingly low rents, the professional tenants became scared, and fled the locality to a man. The next drop was to lodging-houses, then to cheap tenements, lastly to empty rooms and forlorn hearthstones. The poor old houses were now merely so many dilapidated monuments of fallen greatness, with their shuttered windows and grimy, shattered panes, their rusty railings and cavernous areas—choked with piles of canisters, broken bottles, and all the loose paper that the dusty wind had scattered through the street.

Rank grass sprouted underneath the hall doors, the ragged children of the neighbourhood held shops and weddings on their sunken steps. In the interior, the painted ceilings—some from the fair hand of Angelica Kaufmann,—the sculptured mantel-pieces of Italian marble, the solid mahogany doors and richly-carved balustrades, were ruthlessly stripped years ago, and now adorn various upstart modern residences in Saxon England. One end of Dennis Street was almost submerged; the houses stood gloomy, blind, abandoned; their doors, as it were, closed forever by the hand of pitiless decay. There were still a few tenements, notable for crowds of noisy, dirty children, and strings of ill-washed, ragged garments fluttering from their windows; then came a dozen empty houses, flanked by a once palatial residence which concluded that side of the thoroughfare.

I lodge at the opposite corner. I am a young woman, a journalist—poor, single, self-supporting. I occupy what was once

¹ By kind permission of author and publishers.

a magnificent drawing-room, with fine, stuccoed walls, carved cornices, and two superb, white marble chimney-pieces. For this and attendance I pay the modest sum of six shillings a week. I have portioned my residence into a complete suite of apartments; in the middle is my sitting-room, which displays a square of carpet, a round table, and a couple of chairs; my bedroom stands behind a screen. In one of the windows is my office; here I have placed a big writing-table, a chair, a mat, the inevitable waste-paper basket, and here I work undisturbed. My outlook is on the big corner house, and as I pause and meditate, and search for an elusive idea, I often stare interrogatively at the great blank windows opposite, and occasionally find myself wondering what has been the history of that splendid mansion—a nobleman's, without doubt.

One afternoon in December, as it was beginning to grow dusk, and I sat pondering with the end of my penholder in my mouth, my gaze abstractedly fixed on the opposite hall door, I suddenly sat up and rubbed my eyes briskly. Was I dreaming, or did I behold that door opening? Yes; very gently, very gradually, and a little, wizened old woman, wearing a black poke bonnet and shawl, and carrying a basket, emerged, and tottered hastily down the steps. She appeared bent and infirm, but nevertheless hurried away at a good pace. I actually lost half an hour watching for her return; the street lamps were lit when she arrived and let herself in, as it were by stealth, but no single glimmer of light subsequently illuminated one of those nineteen windows.

The next morning I cross-examined my landlady. I inquired if she "could tell me anything about the house opposite?" and she, only too pleased to gossip, replied as she folded her arms:

"Oh, faix, then, it was a great house wance; the grandest for gaiety and squandering in the whole street. It was Lord Kilmorna as owned it; he had miles of estates in the west, and kep' royal style—outriders, no less; but he spent all he had, and died wretchedly poor. The family has dwindled out completely—not a soul, nor a sod, nor a stone belonging to it, unless the old house there, and that is in Chancery this forty year and more."

"But are there not people living in it?" I asked.

"I can't rightly tell you, miss. Some will have it that it is haunted by a little old woman; others say a caretaker lives somewhere in the back; but I'm here this ten year, and I never saw no sign of her. No food nor coal ever goes near the place, so how could she keep body and soul together at all? And forby that, the rats would ate her! The door is never opened from year's end to year's end. Look at the grass, ye could feed a horse on them steps! Sure, there is stories about every old house in the street—terrifying stories!"

"Are there, indeed!—what sort of stories?"

"Of murders, and marriages, and duels, and hangings, and shootings, and gamblings, and runaway matches—" she rattled off with extraordinary volubility. "They say of number thirteen that a man gambled with the ould wan himself—and for the price of his soul. Oh, you'd lose your life with fright at some of the tragedies they put out regarding the street! I don't believe them myself. Anyway, the houses is chape, and well built, and will stand a thousand years yet."

About a fortnight after this interview I was returning home from a weary and bootless expedition. It was a wet, dark night as I got out of the nearest tram, and passing through a narrow street, I stopped at a baker's to buy a cake for my frugal tea. An old woman stood at the counter, and I instantly recognized the bonnet and shawl from opposite. She was saying in a thin, tremulous voice:

"Oh, Mrs. Bergin, I came out without my purse—!"

"Faix, you are *always* doing that," was the brusque reply.

"And if you would only trust me with a loaf until to-morrow, I would be so much obliged," she pleaded faintly.

"Now, Miss Seager, I dare say you would indeed, and I'd be obliged if you'd pay me the bill that is running on here month in and month out. How do you think us poor people is to live at all—tell me that—if they have to keep supplying paupers for nothing? And look at the poor rates!"

"I am very sorry indeed," stammered a weak, quavering voice—a lady's, "but we have been disappointed in some payments due to us; we have indeed, or you should have had your money long ago; and the very day we receive our remittances you shall be paid."

"An' that will be Tibb's eve,"—scornfully;

"live, horse, and you'll get grass! Anyhow, you'll get no more bread here—sorra a crumb."

"Oh, Mrs. Bergin, just trust me—this once!"

"Come, that's enough, and I can't be losing me whole day talking to beggars. Why don't you go into the house?"

Could this be civil Mrs. Bergin, who always had a gay word for me? But, then, I was a cash customer! I caught a glimpse of the little, miserable, white face at the bottom of the black poke. Oh, what an expression of want, despair, famine!

On the impulse of the moment I spoke, and said: "I understand that you have left your purse at home. Will you allow me to be your banker for the present. I think we are neighbours; I live just opposite you—at number seventeen, and you can repay me when you please," and I offered her half a crown.

"I have no change," she faltered, almost in tears. "Oh, it's too much to borrow! I may—" and she paused, struggling with emotion.

"You'll never see it again, miss, and so I tell you," volunteered Mrs. Bergin, as she picked out a yesterday's twopenny loaf.

"I will pay you; indeed I will," resumed the old lady in a firmer voice. "Mrs. Bergin, I will take a stale twopenny, a pound of oatmeal, and three rusks."

As she turned to choose them, I nodded good-night, and stepped out once more into the dark street. Two days later Mrs. Grogan flung open the door of my suite, saying, as she wiped the suds from her bare, red arms:

"A person to see you, miss," and the old lady from opposite shuffled into the room. She was shrunken, small, frail, and, oh, so shabby! How her shawl was held together by darns, her thin shoes patched, her gloves (odd ones)—I refrain from describing these, for they represented the very last gasp of expiring gentility.

"I brought you the money you kindly advanced me," she said, tendering the half-crown, which was neatly wrapped in paper, "and I am vastly obliged to you."

"Won't you sit down?" I said, offering her my one spare seat.

"I am much obliged to you," she reiterated in a formal manner, "but I never pay calls now; we don't visit; I only just stepped across—" She hesitated. I saw her wandering eye fixed on my fat, brown tea-pot,

and instantly—guiltily—withdrawn. That timid glance had told a tale. I was determined to take no denial—accept no excuse.

"You must stay and have a cup of tea with me," I urged. "Indeed, I shall be quite hurt if you decline. I am so lonely—it will be a great favour if you remain and keep me company. See, my teapot is on the hob."

"Well—really—since you are so pressing," she murmured, slowly seating herself, and proceeding to draw off her gloves—a proceeding which demanded the most cautious manipulation. I noticed her hands—they were beautifully shaped, but emaciated and worn with hard, coarse work, precisely like the hands of a charwoman.

"Let me see," she said, looking about her with a familiar air. "It is fifty years since I was in this drawing-room—not since the old judge's time. He was a great wit and a great card-player."

"There have been changes in the neighbourhood since then, have there not?" I remarked.

"Changes! Indeed, you may well say so! and I have seen them. I recollect when six titled people lived in this very street. I am close on ninety—too old, my dear! I hope you may never live to such an inhuman age—and I hope it in all kindness."

Ninety! Yes, her face was wrinkled beyond anything imaginable—a wrinkle for a year; but the features were refined, not to say aristocratic, and her eyes were bright and animated. I made haste to pour her out a good cup of tea, and handed her some buttered toast (my own especial luxury). How she relished the tea, poor old soul! With what tremulous avidity she put it to her lips and swallowed every drop! Surely it was months since she had tasted the woman's comforter and friend. A second cup had the effect of loosening her tongue and thawing her heart completely.

"My childie, you are very good to me," she said with a timid smile. "Have you no one belonging to you, and how long have you lived here?"

"I have lived here more than a year. I have no relations in this country, but I have a brother in Australia, who is married."

"And why do you live here, dearie, in God-forgotten Dennis Street?"

"Because it suits my purse," I frankly replied. "I am very poor."

"Poor?"—with a queer little laugh. "Dar-

ling child, I don't suppose *you* know what poverty means! How do you pass your time?"

"I work for my living; I write for magazines and papers."

"You write! Well, times are altered! In my young days people would have been shocked to see a personable young woman living alone and writing for the papers. You have seen better days, dear?"

"No, not much better," I candidly replied. "My father was a poor curate; he had a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and no private means. There was my mother, my brother, and myself. It was not much, when my brother had to be educated and put out in the world."

"No. And where did you live?"

"At Carra, in the West."

"Ah, the West, with its seas and sunsets!"—and her old eyes glowed. "I was reared out there, before your father was born. I have seen better days—carriages and outriders, liveried servants, a pack of hounds, why, we burned wax candles in the kitchen, and kept eleven gardeners. But I'm sure you think me a doddering old idiot to talk like this! Well, *we* have come down in the world sadly—Ann and I—Lady Ann—and I.—Yes," lowering her voice, "she is my first cousin; we were always like sisters; we live in the house opposite. Don't breathe it, dear, but we have been there this five years. We keep as quiet as mice. It is the old family town house, and we may as well be there as anywhere; no one wants it. Hush! and I'll whisper it. Lady Ann's father was the Earl of Kilmorna. My father was his brother—I am his niece, Lucinda Seager. Now," drawing herself up, "who would think it? We two old bodies are the last of the line. The earl, my uncle, kept great state, even when he was a ruined man. His son gambled and drank—and—died abroad—imbecile. Ann was never what you may call bright; she had a moderate fortune, and she and I lived in a small way out West. We had a neat little place too, and nice neighbours, and Ann was made a good deal of. However, troubles came; our small investments were swept away; and whilst we travelled to Dublin, to see about them, our belongings were seized and sold up, and we were ashamed to go back. We had a few pounds left, and some old heirlooms, and we stayed in town until we—we had no money at all, and then we came and crept into the old house; we had

the keys, you see, and we pretend that we are dead. Oh, God Almighty knows I wish we were—!" And she broke down and sobbed—hard, chill, tearless sobs.

It is the saddest thing in the world to see an old woman cry! "We have no income at all," she resumed, "only eleven pounds a year—interest in the funds; it dies with me; but with medicine and food, and firing, it does not go far."

"Have you no friends?" I inquired somewhat timidly.

"No one—we have outlived them all: you see, dear, it is not always a blessing to grow old."

"The clergyman," I suggested, almost in a whisper.

"Do you think we would let anyone know that Lady Ann, an earl's daughter, was brought so low? Ann is proud—oh, terribly proud! She has a few things that, if she would only part with them, would fetch money, but she says she will have them buried in her coffin."

"Can you not persuade her to dispose of them?"

"I've tried and tried times and again, but it's no use. My things went long ago; but she has an old gold watch and chain, and silver bowl, and spoons and forks, some lace and pearls—but what is the good of thinking of them, dear? She would *give* them to a friend, with a heart and a half, but would never take money for them, never. She would die sooner than sell them."

"And I suppose you have no books, or papers, or flowers, or anything, and rarely go out?"

"Books! papers! My child, I haven't seen one for months. The world is as dead to us as we are to the world; as to flowers, I almost forget the look of them, and, oh! we were so fond of them, and had such a lovely little garden! All our time is spent in trying to sleep, to keep ourselves warm, and to obtain a little food; and we go over old days in the dark, by the hour. I think the thought of what we once were keeps life in us still."

"Have no letters ever come to you?"

"One or two, but we always sent them to the dead-letter office. We could not, for shame's sake, let people dream we had fallen so low—and two penniless old women are soon forgotten. Now you know our secret. Your kind face, and your warm hospitality, have opened my lips, and"—rising as she spoke—"I must go, with a thousand thanks."

"If you would like my paper any day," I said, "you are most welcome to it."

"Oh yes, if you would slip it in the letter-box, after dark, what a pleasure it would give us!"

"And here is a *Graphic* you can take and keep, and I am sure I can send you over some books."

"Oh, you are far too good, too good! I am ashamed to be under such obligations to you. God bless you!" And she tottered downstairs and across the street.

About a week later I received a three-cornered note, written on a half-sheet of yellow paper; it proved to be an invitation—a rare occurrence for me—and ran as follows:—

"Lady Ann and Miss Lucinda Seager request the pleasure of Miss Smith's company at tea, at six o'clock, at 75 Dennis Street."

Could I believe my eyes? Of course, I would accept with pleasure. At six o'clock to the second, I went over and rang the bell; how rusty it was, and stiff! I heard it clanging and echoing through the empty house, and then feeble steps coming slowly along a passage.

Presently the door was opened by Miss Lucinda, with a dip-candle in her hand. She beamed upon me as she said:

"I coaxed her to dispose of one or two small things, and we are better off now. She's in the library."

Miss Lucinda ushered me across a hall (out of which rose a ghostly stone staircase), along a corridor, and into an immense back room, extremely lofty. There was a candle, a tiny fire, a sofa, a little furniture, and, in a very imposing chair, an imposing old lady—thin, fragile, dignified, and considerably younger than my acquaintance. She wore a priceless yellow lace scarf over an exceedingly shabby old gown. Tea was laid on a small table, with a newspaper for cloth; I noticed a sixpenny cake and some dry toast.

"My cousin has mentioned you to me," said Lady Ann, "and I thought I should like to make your acquaintance, and thank you for the papers"—with an air of easy patronage. "You have given us great entertainment. We are two lonely gentlewomen who live quite out of the world. Lucinda"—peremptorily—"you can make the tea."

Lucinda was evidently her cousin's slave. She waited on Lady Ann as if she was a queen, and attended to all her observations with what seemed to me unreasonable defer-

ence. Lady Ann did the honours as if presiding at a royal banquet, whilst we sipped our tea and nibbled at our stale sponge-cake. She prattled incessantly, and I feasted my eyes on the massive old snuffers and spoons, also on a superbly-embossed jug and sugar-bowl. Why, the silver on the table was probably worth forty shillings an ounce, and these proud people preferred to starve rather than part with the family heirlooms. Then, as we drew round the scanty fire, they began to ply me with eager questions. The two shrill old voices often rose simultaneously on either hand, demanding news of the outer world. What had become of the Roxcrofts? Was her ladyship dead? Had Marion Lascelles married? Who lived in Grandmore Castle? Who won the great Lynch lawsuit, and who had come in for old Sir Corrie's money? I could not answer half of these interrogations. I was, however, able to impart many items of more general news. Royal weddings, deaths, births, wars, new inventions, new literary lights, ay, and new fashions. I discoursed for the best part of an hour, and gradually unfolded the latest intelligence of the present day, whilst they, on their part, recalled many stories of the past. How I longed for a note-book or a good memory! I heard all particulars of the grand ball that had been given in the house on Lady Ann's sixteenth birthday; of the routs and dinners among their own set; of the runaway match from number twenty-two, and the duel fought with small swords at number five.

This was not my last visit by any means. I went over to see my old ladies about once a week (not to tea). Generally there was a fire—always a dip-candle. I was permitted to explore the house. I shudder now when I recall the ghostly double drawing-room, with an immense mirror, casting weird reflections—a fixture in the wall. I shiver when I think of the vast empty rooms, the dark passages and mysterious powder-closets, the awful underground regions, the dripping damp kitchens, the crumbling stables, and the decaying pear-tree, that in a storm sullenly lashed itself against the library windows, as much as to say, "Let me come in".

Ultimately I became a favourite with Lady Ann. I brought her news, books, and papers—she had marvellous sight. I also ventured to present her with fruit, a down cushion, knitted mittens, and a shawl. These she accepted with an air of lofty condescension

that had a humbling effect on me; however, that she did accept them was satisfactory, even though I was sensible that every additional unworthy offering was an additional liberty.

One afternoon I noticed an air of mysterious importance in Miss Lucinda's manner as she admitted me.

"Ann wants to see you particularly," she said. "This is her birthday—her eighty-fourth,—and she is giving herself a little treat."

This little treat, I was soon made aware, was to take the form of a presentation to me.

"My dear Jessie," said Lady Ann, embracing me; "we want to make *you* a trifling present in honour of the day—it is the only pleasure that it is now in our power to enjoy. Here is my birthday gift," handing me a good-sized, untidy paper parcel, containing some hard substance. "It belonged to my grandfather—Louis XVI. gave it to him—and I present it to you."

I opened the package carefully and discovered the silver jug—richly worked, and embossed with lilies and the royal arms of France. Miss Lucinda had evidently given it a polish for the occasion.

My first impulse was to return it on the spot, but second thoughts prevailed, and I kissed Lady Ann, and offered her my warmest thanks. "It was ten thousand times too good of her," I declared, "and I valued it more than I could express."

But Miss Lucinda and I subsequently conferred together on the subject in the cold outer hall. "Of course I don't mean to keep it. I shall get a great price for it, and bring you the money," I whispered eagerly.

"Of course you *will* keep it," cried Miss Lucinda. "It's not as if we had any heirs. I was delighted when she thought of it. She can't bear being under a compliment, and, besides, she is so fond of you. Kilmorna always used it for his punch—for the hot water. It's a handsome jug."

"It is. Nevertheless I intend to dispose of it as I have said."

"And is that how you treat our present? Are we fallen so low that you'd sell our little gift and give us back the money in charity?" And she burst out crying.

"Now, Miss Lucinda—my dear Miss Lucinda," I pleaded, putting my arm round her neck. "I look to you to be sensible. Lady Ann is simply wickedly generous. You both

want, oh! so many things, and you have suffered so much—so much—"

"God Almighty only knows how much!" she sobbed.

"And whilst you have no blankets, no fire, and scarcely food, Lady Ann gives an heirloom to a stranger that is worth fifty pounds. If I may not have my own way, I shall take it back to her this instant. Now, dear Miss Lucinda," I coaxed, "be reasonable; you shall give me some little gift, but I would be a mean, dishonourable, abominable wretch—if I accepted the Louis Seize jug."

It took a long time to convince Miss Lucinda. We stood and argued face to face for twenty minutes in that vault-like hall. In the end I conquered, and she relented; and in the course of a week I brought her by stealth no less a sum than thirty pounds. I had hoped for more, but to Miss Lucinda it seemed a fortune.

"How am I to account for it?" she demanded. "Just think of all the lies I must tell! What am I to say? She knows I have only ninepence in the whole wide world."

"Say it's restitution money!" was my glib reply. "And so it is. I am restoring you your own."

"Well, childie, 'tis you that are clever! I'd never have thought of that—and it's no lie. Many and many a twenty pound was clipped from us in the old days, and we never missed it. Ann will easily credit that the priests, or people's own consciences, have worked on them, and they have sent us back our own."

Luckily for me, Lady Ann proved easily deceived, and received the restitution money with sobs of delight. I now learnt that she was a true Kilmorna. If she had had her will, that thirty pounds would have been squandered in three days. She talked of black silk dresses, of papering and painting the house, and a box at the theatre!

I really began to fear that the money had turned her poor brain, till Miss Lucinda assured me privately "that Ann had very extravagant ideas, and as long as she was mistress of one shilling, she was always ready to lay out a thousand."

Miss Seager and I made a joint expedition to the shops on the strength of that same restitution money. We invested in a cheap screen, as a shelter from draughts from the door. We honourably paid the baker. We laid in no less than a whole ton of coals. We also purchased a square of

drugget, a lamp, a table-cover, blankets, tinned soups, tea, candles, and various other luxuries. In the course of time—that is to say, within the space of twelve months—I had been affectionately endowed with a lace scarf, a gold repeater, six two-pronged forks, and a set of seals; and my two old ladies—thanks to restitution money—were in comparatively affluent circumstances.

Mrs. Grogan, my landlady, “could not make out what sort of a fancy”, as she expressed it, “I had taken to the old beggar of a caretaker, who, it appeared after all, *did* live opposite”, but I neither noticed her hints, nor gratified her curiosity.

“Ann loves you,” Miss Seager assured me, “but you must never breathe our secret to a soul—the mere idea of such a thing, the hint you gave her of writing to our lawyer, nearly brought on a paralytic stroke. We can do finely now. I have what will carry me on for many months, and in great style. We can afford a bit of meat sometimes—I toast it at the fire on a fork—and eggs, and soups, and port wine, and it’s all thanks to you, dear, and your cunning restitutions. The old pearls, and her mother’s rings, and miniature, and a rose-diamond brooch, are almost all Ann has left, and she will never give them away, not even to you, whilst the breath is in her; but they are bequeathed to you in her will. There are still the spoons, and we can live on them for a good while, if they fetch the same fine prices, dear. Now that money is off my mind, there is another load on my heart, and it frightens me. If I was to die—and I’m ninety-one, and a wonder for my age—what will happen to Ann? Who is to cook for her, and do for her? Keep her in spirits and company, and care for her? It—will have to be—*you*.” And she nodded her head at me with solemn emphasis. “Look now what a burden you have brought on yourself, and all through lending me half a crown! Well, my heart, God in heaven will have it all in store for you for what you have been—and done, for two poor old women.”

A few days after this conversation I unexpectedly found myself on board one of the Orient liners *en route* for Australia. My brother’s wife was dead, and he had telegraphed for me to come to him immediately. That startling little slip of pink paper, how suddenly it had changed my life and my plans!

I remained eighteen months in the Anti-

podes, nursing my brother through a tedious illness. After his death, I turned my face homewards, with his little orphan girl, to whom I was guardian. I was no longer a poor journalist. I need not work for my daily bread, nor live in such a “low” quarter as “Dennis Street”. I was an heiress now.

I had written to my two old ladies, to a prearranged address, but received no reply. This, however, caused me no uneasiness. I knew that they feared discovery and the postman, and had suffered their art of letter-writing to be lost. The morning I arrived in Dublin my very first visit was to them. I walked from the tram straight to number seventy-five, and knocked and rang—no answer—saving the echoes. Knock, knock, knock—dead silence—an oppressive, expressive silence. Then I repaired to my old quarters and interviewed Mrs. Grogan. After a warm and effusive reception—

“So you are looking for those old people, are you? Oh!” she said, “sure, they are both dead—the creatures!”

“Both dead!” I repeated incredulously.

“Why, yes; the little old woman was run over by a car, and taken to Jervis Street Hospital. She was terribly anxious about a hand-bag she had with her—she said it was full of valuables—pearls and rings; but the deuce a bit of it was to be found—if she ever had it; and she was in an awful state about her cousin, Lady Ann, who lived over here in this street. They thought the poor old body was raving mad; but anyhow she died, calling with her last breath for Lady Ann!”

“Some people suspicioned there might be something in what she said, and looked up the house after a couple of days, and found there, sure enough, an aged woman, starving and crazy. She declared she was Lady Ann—a queer sort of Lady Ann! There was nothing to eat, nor a sign of a copper in the place, and as she had no one owning her, they just took her off to the union. She was raging; and went screaming through the streets that she was an earl’s daughter! but sure no one minded her, the poor, unfortunate, cracked creature! They put her in the infirmary, she was so miserable and feeble, not fit to scrub or to do a hand’s turn. They were kind folks, and humoured the bothered old beggar, and called her ‘your ladyship’, for that was the only thing that seemed to ease her mind at all. She died about six weeks ago, and was buried as a pauper—old *Lady Ann*!”

HELEN H. COLVILL (KATHERINE WYLDE).

[Miss Helen Hester Colvill is the daughter of Captain T. H. Colvill, a member of a well-known and much-respected County Dublin family. She was born at Winchmore Hill, but much of her childhood was spent within prison precincts, as her father was for many years governor of Coldbath Fields Prison, Clerkenwell. She has travelled a good deal, and has written several novels, among which may be named: *A Dreamer*, *An Ill-Regulated Mind*, *Mr. Bryant's Mistake*, *The Princess Royal*, &c., &c. The book from which the extract is taken, *Our Wills and Fates*, is a novel of great interest and charm. Not only does she hold a most complicated plot well in hands, but in her presentation of the numerous *dramatis personæ* Miss Colvill exhibits striking gifts of characterization. The book, which is published by Messrs. Harper, is by far the strongest piece of work Miss Colvill has yet done.]

A SICK CHILD.¹

(FROM "OUR WILLS AND FATES".)

When they came home, a quietness and lack of welcome in the house struck them both. Adelaide slowly removed her wraps; then, as Geoffrey made no sign from his sanctum, she preceded the dean upstairs. The silence was suddenly broken by a strange brazen noise, quite new to Adelaide.

"What in the world is that?" she asked, startled first by the sound, then by the consternation on her uncle's face.

"Croup," he said shortly, and they both stood listening. Then with one accord they hurried to the nursery.

"Oh, ma'am, I am so thankful you have come back!" exclaimed the pale-faced nurse, meeting her mistress.

Georgie, his little face terrified, was struggling for breath in Geoffrey's arms, and, to Adelaide's relief, Dr. White was present also. Geoffrey raised his eyes for an instant to his sister, but continued speaking in measured tones:

"—he has had it before, so we are careful. To-day, however, with a cold, he was out

in the east wind. He coughed first at half-past nine." Alas for Adelaide! She had meant so well, and now Geoffrey thought it was all her fault!

"He is easier now," said the doctor cheerfully; "if he has had it before—"

"Not, I fancy, with so much sore throat."

"Ah yes! the throat," said the doctor, and applied his remedies.

"Neck sore," murmured Georgie again, swallowing, and twisting his head uneasily.

"Oh, Geoff, forgive me for sending him out!" said Adelaide, full of remorse.

Geoffrey smiled gently, the smile which meant everything insignificant except the havoc in his own breast.

Adelaide, with tears in her eyes, bidding her father-in-law good-night, said:

"He will never trust me with Georgie again!"

The dean did not go to bed. He sat in his room with the door ajar, reading, and listening to the child's cough. He remembered Geoffrey's own alarming illness at the beginning of their acquaintance, but his distress had been nothing like so acute on that occasion.

The doctor stayed a long time. When he was going, the dean slipped out and accosted him.

"You are anxious, sir?"

"Yes, for it's a delicate boy. However, for the present he is relieved."

"And—my nephew—what do you think of him?"

"The child's father? Oh, he is quite self-possessed and capable! I prefer male nurses," smiled the doctor; "the mammas and aunts in these emergencies care a great deal too much."

"That is the impression my nephew made on you?" said the dean dryly.

In the early morning the nursery door being open for a few minutes, the dean crept over to it and listened. He heard a little changed hoarse voice saying:

"Want to go and see Muzzy. Want to go and see Muzzy."

"Hush, Geordie, hush!" said Geoffrey gently.

Next morning the child was better, and Geoffrey came down to breakfast. He ate

¹ By kind permission of the author.

nothing, but talked more fluently than usual, asking Adelaide about the dinner-party, and discussing Welsh ecclesiastical questions with the dean.

"Dear me, Geoff! when did you learn all that?" asked Adelaide, amazed by his information.

"I'm fond of dry subjects," apologized her brother. He smiled. The dean wished he would not smile. There was no smile in his eyes. It had never been Geoffrey's way to smile, except when he was very greatly touched, or momentarily happy. The dean found his part in the ecclesiastical discussion very difficult, and more than once Geoffrey had to recall him to his point, himself getting much the best of the argument. Yet even the admiring Adelaide knew her brother's heart was not in his talk, and she could have cried, she felt so sorry for him. After breakfast, when Geoffrey, his ears keen for the doctor's knock, was running his eye mechanically over the paper and scarcely observing a complimentary allusion to his own speech of three days ago, Adelaide became incapable of enduring the silence longer.

"Dear, dear Geoffrey!" she said, laying her hand on his, "let me say again, I am sorry I sent Georgie out! I shall be wiser another time."

Geoffrey laid the newspaper down and reassured her.

"I blame no one but myself, Addie," he said.

"Yourself? Oh, it was no fault of yours! You did warn me. I ought to have understood."

But it was not for an indiscretion about a cold wind that Geoffrey was blaming himself.

The doctor reported the little boy much better, and said he would call again. Georgie slept and waked, and sometimes even played a little, but with interludes of suffering. Adelaide and the nurse hung over him with solicitude, but Geoffrey was too jealous to endure their presence for long at a time. He kept his post by the crib, and when they brought him food, never saw it. He sat alone, listening to the struggling breath and noting the little one's aspect, unlike the pretty child of two days ago; his thoughts strayed to Georgie's grandparents, and he remembered that this his son was a direct descendant of misfortune and of dishonour. Born to tragedy was little Georgie, and in his veins flowed the blood alike of the

murdered man and of the murderer. To Geoffrey's fantastic eye the child was beginning to look like Ernest Valentine; which meant that he looked like Marie; and Marie's lover pardoned the fatal resemblance.

About two o'clock, after long tranquillity, the fever suddenly and violently increased; the child's face grew livid, the mouth hanging open, the eyes wildly staring. The doctor tried a strong blister.

"Take it off! Take it off!" screamed angrily the hoarse voice of the baby, who bore his more alarming suffering with the strong patience of childhood.

Dean Caernarvon crept in and put his arm through his nephew's. The doctor was speaking scientifically about the causes and the signs of the disease, and other cases which he had heard of and treated. His talk seemed cruel to the dean, but Geoffrey's calm and intelligent replies, which delighted the man of science, cut the dean like a knife.

Meantime the effect of the blister was short-lived, and Dr. White pronounced the word tracheotomy, but still hoped it might prove needless. He looked at the little frail form and shook his head, and said something about pneumonia, and that when the constitution was weak he dreaded heroic remedies. The dean felt a shiver in Geoffrey's arm, but he said nothing. The doctor left the room, and the two stood by the crib.

Geoffrey took a sheet of paper and wrote a note, directions for the chemist, perhaps, or something official; addressed an envelope, and folded the paper. Then, with it in his hand, he looked at the dean, and seeing his kind, troubled face, he smiled a little, and touched his fingers affectionately. An hour ago they had all thought Georgie recovering.

"My son," said the dean, in a broken voice, "your cheerfulness does not deceive me."

Geoffrey's expression changed at once—the forced smile vanishing. "Marie's boy!" he said in a low voice of great anguish, "trusted to me."

"Geoffrey, my son," said the dean, supplicating, his hand and his lips shaking alike, "you cannot do this cruelty to the woman you love!"

"The woman I love!" repeated Geoffrey, some light breaking for a moment over his features.

He placed the note he had written, open, in his uncle's hand. It was directed to Marie,

at the address his knowledge of which both Adelaide and the dean had doubted.

"My darling: our boy is ill; come to me," it said.

"I will take it myself," cried the dean, fairly in tears now, and hurrying from the room.

He did not, however, take it. In the hall he found Adelaide, and with her Christopher Kitchen, comforting her. And Christopher snatched the note out of the dean's hand.

"I am a great deal younger than you," he stammered, "I can g-go much the quickest."

Neither the dean nor Adelaide could repress a smile. They watched Christopher into a hansom, and saw him put gold into the driver's hand.

"He is a good fellow, Adelaide," said the dean heartily.

And then again came the child's horrible cough; and the doctor and his assistant, and the hospital nurse, with instruments and other appalling things, gravely ascended the stair.

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The winter day had closed in, and a dead silence reigned in the house. The operation was over, the doctors had gone.

"There is practically no hope," they had said in parting. "We have told the father what to expect."

Adelaide and her uncle stood in silence for a minute. "Uncle Cuthbert," she exclaimed suddenly, "for months Geoffrey has been burning his candle at both ends. He will not be able to bear this."

"You are right, my dear," said the dean sadly.

They crept upstairs again, but Geoffrey would no longer endure their presence in the sick-room. He had sent even the nurse away.

"I am all right," he said angrily. "I don't want you. I wish to be alone."

"Geoffrey, if you could see yourself you would not say you were all right," pleaded Adelaide.

But he pushed them out roughly, locked the door, and then knelt alone by the suffering child. They went downstairs, and silence reigned through the house.

JAMES (SEUMAS) MACMANUS.

[Seumas MacManus was born at Mountcharles, Donegal, on December 31, 1868. He worked on his father's farm while he assimilated greedily the best education that was to be had, and at the age of eighteen he became master where he had been scholar. Meanwhile he was being educated for his career by the old stories of the peasants, which he listened to eagerly, and stored in a receptive mind. He began contributing very early to various Dublin newspapers and to the local papers. His first book, *Skailers from Heathy Hills*, was published in 1893. In 1895 came *The Ladin' Road to Donegal*. Since then his books have followed each other in rapid succession. Of late years he has written chiefly for an American public, and has been most successful in pleasing American editors and publishers. His gift of humour is a genuine one, and it has become chastened by degrees. He knows the humorous side of his peasant thoroughly.]

WHEN BARNEY'S THRUNK COMES HOME.¹

(FROM "THE HUMOURS OF DONEGAL".)

Through the length and breadth of the three parishes, from Carron to Cruckathrowery, and from Cruckathrowery over to Knockavinsheeran, there wasn't such a lad again as Barney. He was the envy of the boys, the delight of the girls, the soul of a spree, and the fun of a fair; he was the idol of the youngsters, and pointed a moral for the oldsters; for, sure, no man nor his mother within the bounds of the barony ever beheld Barney Brian and a long face together in the one company. He was as merry as a mouse in a cornstack, but as roguish as a rat that grew gray in mischief and moradin'. The lark herself didn't sing sweeter, nor rise earlier, nor think less of

¹ By kind permission of the author.

the troubles of the morra. The hare hadn't a lighter foot scuddin' from the corn, the throstle of Murvagh Wood a lighter heart, nor the *Bacach Beag*¹ a lighter purse. Barney wrought to any man in the parish—or the next to it—by day, and he attended every spree in the parish—or the next to it—by night. No wake missed Barney; no weddin' missed Barney; no berral missed Barney; no christenin' missed him. If there was a fair, Barney was the second man at it; if there was a raffle, Barney was the first; if there was a dance, Barney was there; if there was a scuffle, me brave Barney was everywhere. He owned as much clothes as was on his back, as much land as stuck to the soles of his brogues, and as much mother-wit as would dower a townland. As for the amount of thricery in his head, there's no tellin' of it. Och, it's Barney was the boy out an' out!

And then when the news passed that Barney Brian, the Lord bliss him! was bound for Amerikay, small wonder it made the young ones sad, and the wise ones glad. The boys said sorrowfully, "It's the Lord go with ye, Barney *a mhie*,² for the fun goes with ye, too." The girls said, "Barney, Barney, *a gradh*, sure it's not off with yer-self ye would go, and us never to get a glimpse of ye no more." And, though the old ones remarked, when they heard tell of his setting out, "A tail win' to ye, Barney Brian!" still there was a something glistering in their eye, that, if it wasn't a tear, was wonderfully like one.

No matter, Barney sailed away and left aching hearts behind him in old Ireland. To the back parts of Amerikay he went, where his aunt, who paid his way out, lived. And it wasn't long, either, me brave Barney was there till there commenced to come thunderin' fine reports from him. Barney never had the poor mouth, anyhow; still, there must have been something in it, or he wouldn't have made such a blow out of nothing. He said the goold was for the picking up out there; that if ould Parra *Mor*, the miserd that saved up the thirty-five guineas in the ould stockin' he used to keep up the chimney, was out there, his teeth would water. As for himself, he was paid like a prence for doin' sorra a ha'porth under the sun but marching around like a drum-major, from cock-crow to candle-light, with his hands in

his pockets, and a clean collar every day of the week, giving plenty of good hard abuse to a gang of navvymen that was putting the bone through the skin trying to please him. He said himself and the Prisdent of Amerikay (who lived next door but one to him) was as thick as pickpockets, and that the Prisdent wished to be remembered to John Keown (the tailor at home, who read the papers), which put the same John so far past himself, that, going to the chapel on Sunday, he wore his castor-hat to the one side, and only noticed the neighbours with a nod; but he gave Father Dan the bow of a lord mayor's dancing-masther. The next word come from Barney, two ladies were paying him, he said, for the privilege of driving him through the streets and parks in a carriage that the two townlands of Thrummin Upper and Thrummin Lower couldn't buy the goold paint for it alone. And they dressed him in a castor-hat, and goold buttons, and white trousers. Finally, the glad news came from him that he was settled for life as a timber merchant, and that he had for customers some of the biggest and greatest men in Amerikay: and all the parish was delighted. True it is, Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, wrote home that, as reports went, he didn't believe Barney Brian was coming the speed he might in the States, for that the same raking, roving, rambling spirit that made him in Ireland, marred him there; that he was up to his neck in hot water since he came out—no sooner in a job than he was out of it; that from being a gaffer at first, he was promoted down to a footman, and so on from bad to worse, till, at the present time (so Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, said), he was peddlin' matches on the streets. But, good luck to ye! Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, wasn't going to make the neighbours believe this of such a genius as Barney Brian; the priest of the parish with the bishop at his back couldn't do that. Small fear! Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, might better have saved his wind to cool his stirabout, and got a deal more thanks, and far more respect, for his pains.

It was a brisk evening in the beginning of the winter—Hughey *Ban*, Pat Haig's son, who had been in Amerikay for five months the summer was a twelvemonth afore, called it "the fall"—when lo and behold ye! all Cruckagar was set agoin' with the news that Newcome John, the carman, said no less a mortal nor Barney Brian himself

¹ Little beggarman.

² Pronounced *avie* (son).

was come home from Amerikay, that he was then on his way to the Bocht, and must arrive inside an hour's time. And if that wasn't the sight! The very cripples from the rheumatiz, that didn't make a bigger journey for the past twelvemonth than from their bed to the *slostog* in the corner, and from the *slostog* in the corner back to their bed again, got up and ran out to welcome Barney Brian back to ould Ireland once more; and the ould ones with the *givin'* sight, that couldn't hardly find the way to their mouths, come rubbin' their eyes to have a good look at him; and the very corpses—or they were as good as corpses—on the sick-beds, called for a grip of Barney's hand, and a mouthful of whisky in honour of the occasion. A dance, and a real good, right royal, rollicking spree there was in Tim Lenihan's barn to celebrate the home-coming of Barney the Rover. And it was fresh, indeed, he looked, with the smallest little taste of the Yankee in his look and in his talk. And trim and neat was he, as dandy as the gentleman he was cut out to be. Only, he had no American thrunk; just a little handbag—a port-mantle, he called it: for his thrunk, it would seem, went astray somehow (as ill-luck would have it), coming off the boat, and had gone up the Tyrone side. He passed the remark that, not being as light as Micky John Oonah's big Amerikay box, the time it fell open by mistake, when the boys were carrying it home, and showed just two dirty collars and a red handkerchief lying in the bottom, he couldn't look after it as he'd wish, and had to hand it over to the care of a cartman that sent it on the wrong track; so he'd have to wait on it a couple of days or three before he'd get it.

Now Barney had neither chick, child, kith, kin, or relation, nor a handful of thatch he could call his own. But it was he was the lad knew how to invite himself where he wanted, and without trouble make himself at home. Into Shan Mháire's, of the Black Bog—brother-in-law to Hudy Pat Hude, and father to young Mickey Shan Mháire; a warm house, in troth—he walked, on the second day of his arrival. And you may say it was they was the glad people to see Barney. It was:

"God save all here, and how are ye, Shan Mháire? And, Sighle, good woman, how do ye stand it yerself? And how are all the childre? God bliss them all—and all of us this day!" says Barney.

And "*Ceud míle fáilte romhat, a Bhairnie!* the blessin' of God about ye! an' is it yerself's in it at all, at all? An' it's from the bottom of me heart I'm glad to see ye. Is it fall from the skies ye did? Man-a-man, how are ye, anyhow? An' but this is the glad day for me," said Shan.

And "The Lord be good to us all, an' save us from misfortunes! sure it's not Barney Brian we have in it? Orrah, Barney, *a leanbh*, but it's welcome ye are, an' my seven thousand blessin's be on ye! How is every bone in yer body? Barney, Barney, Barney, *a gradh!* ye're welcome back to ould Ireland, an' that ye may have the good luck with ye, but it's meself's glad to see ye!" said Sighle.

And "Barney, *a chara*, dhraw yerself up to the fire, an' take this sate, for in troth ye're as welcome as the flowers of May. You, Jaimie, *a mhic*, and the rest of you childre, dhraw in yer bare shins, an' sit round an' make room for Barney, the sowl, till he sees a gleed o' the fire, for the craithur must be starved. Run away with ye, now, Jaimie, an' play yerselves, or slip over to Rosie Mughan's an' get the *Bacach Fad* to put queskins an' guesses on yez. Now, Barney, *mo chuisle*, sate yerself down, an' give us some of the wondhers while I fill the pipe for ye," said Shan.

"Thanky, thanky, Shan," Barney said; "an' me heart's thanks to yer good woman, Sighle, likewise, for yer naybourly welcome; for in troth it's kind, an' the crame of kindness both of yez is, an' always was known to be. It's often an' often, when I was among the black sthrangers, an' gettin' the cowl' shoulder an' the blue look sthranger gives sthranger in thon country over thunder—it's often an' often then I thought of Shan Mháire an' his good wife, Sighle, an' the sort of welcome ye got, whether friend or sthranger, from them, if ye ever chanced to cross the Black Bog; an' I'd say to meself, 'God be with ye, Shan Mháire, an' yer good wife, Sighle, that ever had the warm word, the hearty welcome, an' the sate in the chimney corner for them come across ye.' Troth, it's many's the time I said it."

And Sighle said, "Kind father to ye, Barney; but it's grateful we are for yer respects; but meself an' Shan never did much to deserve it. More shame for us, if we wouldn't be always glad to see a naybour, or a naybour's chile; an' a kind word an' a sate in the corner didn't cost us much. When a

fren' come to see us, it was we was under the compliment. An' as for the sthranger, sure we'd be doing no more nor the black savage himself would do in offerin' welcome an' a shelther. When God blesses us with the bit an' the sup (an' it's thankful to Him we are for that same, day an' night), an' the roof over our heads, He'll surely do no worse by us, nor think no less of us, for knowin' the sthranger an' the wandherer—they're as much His friends as them that lives in a castle—maybe more."

And, "Thrue for ye," Shan said.

And, "Thrue for ye, thanks be to Him!" Barney Brian said.

"But it's home again from Amerikay ye are," Sighle said, "an' tell me now, did ye, in yer thravels, see or hear tell of our wee Mickey (may the good Lord watch over him, wherever he is)? He is in a place called Illinoy."

"Well, in troth an' I did see wee Mickey, Sighle, an' spent a day an' a night with him—an' be the same token as good a day an' a night as I had from I left Ireland till I planted my toes in it again—a day an' a night with Mickey on my way here—for I called around through Illinoy just specially an' puticularly to see him. An' bravely he looks; as clane stepped out a young man, as daicent and as ginteel, as any other I met out of Ireland. A credit, I call Mickey, to the father an' mother reared him—an' you'd say the same yerself if ye saw him. But, Sighle, good luck to ye, he has sent ye home, with meself, the present of the makin' of as purty a dhress as ever went to the Collamore Chapel—a beauty it is, an' fit for any lady in the lan'."

"What!" said Sighle; and "What!" said Shan.

"God be good to him, it's Mickey's the *gasa* wouldn't forget or neglect his poor owl' mother."

"And God be good to him over again," Shan said.

"A purty dhress?" Sighle said.

"Oh, a rale delight, ma'am!" Barney said. "The sight of it will be betther nor three years to yer life."

"I'm feelin' young when I think of it, Barney, a *gradh*."

"What will ye feel when ye see it then?" Barney said.

"Ay, an' what will she feel when she wears it?" Shan said, with a sparkling eye, and a shake of the head that showed a deal of satisfaction.

"Hurrah for ye, Mickey!" Sighle said, jumping to the middle of the floor, and cutting a double-shuffle and a couple of clever swings around that she didn't try since her coortin' days afore.

"My jewel are ye, Sighle!" the admiring Shan said. "I knew it was in ye! Ye're young yet."

"Faix," the knowing Barney said, "I know many a consaited bit of a *gisach*, on the look-out to catch a man, would give half of her fortune to be able to do that double-shuffle an' the swings round with the same graceliness an' aise that Sighle's afther doin' it there. Afther this, anyone in my presence that refers to Sighle as an owl' woman, I'll have the pleasure of callin' them a liar."

"Hoo!" said Sighle, going through another figure; "I'm as young as I was eight-an'-thirty years ago. Shan, a *thaisge*, do ye mind the night long ago in Padh's of the back of the Hill, that they had the fiddler from the Three-mile-wather—Devenny was his name—that we danced *down* the house, an' the Three-mile-wather man had to let the bow dhrop out of his fingers with the pure fatigue, an' confess that in all *his* career he never did see such a piece of dancin', and that we were the first pair of dancers ever made him give in. Shan, a *gradh*, I dar'say you didn't keep the reck'nin', but it's eight-an'-thirty years ago this night, the second Wen'sday afther Hallow Eve, an' it's just awhile ago I was thinkin' of it, an' runnin' it over in me own mind, afore Barney there come in. An' Shan, a *chuisse*, we're as young as ever! Jump out on to the floor here till ye see—an' you, Barney, if Amerikay hasn't lost it to ye, you can whistle us a reel that a fiddler in the parish couldn't bate."

And no sooner said than done. Up jumped Shan with the heart of nineteen under an ould man's coat, an' to it, like a pair of youngsters on the edge of their welt, went Shan and Sighle, while Barney blew on a penny tin whistle he hauled out of his pocket, an' struck them up "The Hare in the Corn" in a fashion that showed Amerikay didn't damage his windpipe. Heel an' toe, toe an' heel, swing about, hands across, and change places, sidey and sidey, back and forrid, up and down, went the ould pair on the floor, with their heads thrown back and their cheeks red, their chins nearly meeting one minute and darting away far asunder the next—why, the very fire on the h'arth caught the dancing like a disaise, an' went leaping

up and down, keeping time to the stepping: and their big shadows, up the walls and spreading over the roof, went bobbing and bobbing, keeping time to all. Barney himself was as surprised as they; he caught it too, and harder and faster he went at the tin whistle—and there wasn't much music in the body of it the same boy couldn't take out—but they were as able as him, an' didn't miss a note, for, by the Cure of Loch Beag, they were in their coortin' days once more—the Three-mile-wather man playing for them in Padh's of the back of the Hill, and they trying to outdo the fiddler; and it was hard an' harder it was getting every minute; for, as sure as you're there, Barney found himself the Three-mile-wather man, and for life and death the honour of the character he wanted to maintain; and he wouldn't give in; no more would they—though sore it was putting on them; and altogether it's hard to tell where or how it would all end if the *Bacach Fad* hadn't come walking in of the door to them when the play was at its height; and speechless he stood the minute he entered, wondering what, in the name of all that was wonderful, had come over Shan Mháire and his good woman Sighle that had set them off this way; and to crown it all, Barney Brian, the come-home Yankee, nearly as big a fool as them, sitting in the corner, with the two cheeks gone off himself puffing at the tin whistle. And if the *Bacach Fad* was speechless, maybe me brave Shan and Sighle wasn't ten times more so, and, upon my socks, they stopped the bouncing on the floor soon and sudden anyhow. For the *Bacach Fad* was the pattrern of the parish, the first to Mass on Sunday, the nearest the priest while it was going on, and the last away from it, as well as the greatest and loudest crier during the sarmon. No one ever thought of disputing his right (next to Father Dan) to look after the morals of the people, young and old, and sure enough there was nothing he went sorer again' than dancing. And then, for Sighle and Shan, the pair of them with one foot in the grave and the other hardly out of it, to be caught by him hopping and bouncing like a pair of foolish frogs below in the Mearn of a spring morning—you know it was small wonder the blush came into Sighle's withered cheek, and Shan slunk away into a seat in the shadow!

And "Ha, ha, ha!" says Sighle, forcing a laugh, "it's no wondher that you look at us.

Owl' fools they say is always the worst of fools. But, ye know, it was the news Barney here—the blessin' of God be about him an' his—fetched us, that put us thinkin' of owl' times when we were young and light-hearted, an' knew little an' thought less of the troubles of the wurrl, till we thought we were young again, an' got out on the floor to see was our bones as young as our hearts. God be with them times!"

True enough, the *Bacach Fad* didn't say much, but it was easy seen he might be better pleased.

He only said, "Ay, just so, just so! Comin' to the house, I was makin' a wee wager to meself that I'd find Sighle and Shan—an ould couple on the varge of Kingdom-come—makin' their sows. I dar'say it would be uncommon pleasant if we could dance our way intil the Kingdom of Heaven, but I've read a dale of the Scriptiurs an' I must say that I never met the resipay."

And Sighle, good woman, was cut to the bone. Small wonder!

Shan didn't show his face out of the shadow for the remainder of that night.

But moryah! the *Bacach Fad* was soon pacified. For Barney he told him that he bought, specially for himself, on the quay of Amerikay, as he was about to leave, the purtiest rosary ever he left his two eyes on; it was a quarther-stone weight if it was an ounce, and every individual baid on it was the size of a chicken's egg. This was the more particularly pleasing to the *Bacach Fad* because, on last Sunday, the *Bacach Beag* (a pious craithur who gathered *his share* likewise) had come to the chapel with a string of beads that put his—the largest in the parish before that—into the shade, and made him pray with more bitterness than usual. When he thought of the vengeance he'd now wreak on the *Bacach Beag*, praying his loudest and most tempting at him across the altar with Barney's big baid dangles before his eyes, he got into great good-humour, and poor Sighle's reputation was saved.

Of course, all were sorry to find that Barney's thrunk had gone by mistake up the Tyrone way, and didn't yet come to hand, but even the prospective pleasure was keen.

Sighle invited Barney, to be sure, to make himself at home in her house, such as it was, for the next few days—and she couldn't do less.

But Barney had too much decency in him

to impose on her, especially when he had a wide field and plenty of game before him.

On the next night he stepped over to Taig a-Gallagher's, intending—for Taig was well-to-do, and a bit near-going—to stop a good part of a week there. So,

"Taig," says he, "ye'll have to excuse me for the delay in lettin' those little presents reach ye."

"What — which — what presents?" Taig asked, naturally a bit surprised.

"Oh, why, didn't I not tell ye, Taig? Why, I surely thought I sent ye word, the first thing afther I comed home—or if I didn't it was me own fault, for I know I had it on me mind to do so—send ye word that I had pulled up at Texas—on my way coming from Washington—to see your son John—daicent, clever boy he is, an' a credit to his country no less than to his people, and so his landlady toul' me—to see your son John, an' he sent several little articles of some value to yerself and the weans—daicent, handsome presents they are too, like the man sent them. They're in my thrunk,—an' bad snuff to the porthers, and good corns to their toes every day ever they wheel a hand-cart!—wan of them sent my thrunk asthray up the Tyrone way, an' I'm expectin' it every day. The day afore I left him, too, John got appointed Undher Sharrieff of Texas, with a salary of a pound a day an' foun'."

Now, Taig was the man to look at the two sides of a ha'penny before parting with it; but, there and then, Barney got the hearty invite to call the house his own for a week; and he took it without debate. And, furthermore, as it turned out he was suffering from a disease on the lungs for which the doctors had ordered him his fill and plenty of chicken broth (so Barney himself said), Taig's stock of chickens was remarkably smaller when Barney's week with them was done.

Micky John Hude came in for attention from Barney next—for, strange to say, the thrunk had not yet arrived, though Barney was daily expecting it. Micky had his oldest son, Donal, in a broker's office in Quebec.

"It's very sthrange," Barney remarked, when greetings were over and he had seated himself at Micky's big blazing fire, resolving within himself to hold the seat for the next few days, "it's very sthrange entirely, Micky, that Paddy Thrower's little *gasa*, Jimmy, didn't carry ye the word that I b'leeve to

the best of my belief I sent with him the very night I landed—that I had called at Quaybec to see Donal, and that he sent a lovely shawl with me to his mother—the Lord give her health to wear it!—an' some other little things. I have got them safe in my thrunk, but the thrunk, I suppose ye heerd, went asthray up the Tyrone side—sweet bad luck to them put it asthray—and I don't expect it sooner nor Wen'sday."

"And Barney, a *stor*, what sort's the shawl?" Sally asked.

"Oh, a purty one, ma'am! the like of it wasn't seen in these parts, I'll venture to say anyhow, since Methusalem's cat cut its eye-teeth, nor won't be seen again for some time to come. I b'leeve it's silk, or something of that sort, with a whole lot of different colours in it, every different way you look at it; but meself can't rightly say, for I'm not well posted in them things."

"Well, God be good to poor Donal, it's himself wouldn't forget me. I'll warrant now, Barney, that same shawl'll wear me well!"

"Well, I only wish, Sally, that ye may niver die till ye wear it out, and if ye don't, a blackenin' box'll then make a coffin for ye, if it's taken in at the sides."

"An' does Donal think of marryin' now at all, at all?" little Shusie asked.

"Well, meself doesn't well know. If ye'd b'leeve himself he'll not marry till he comes home to Ireland to get the wife. But if I'd b'leeve me own sences when I saw him gallivantin' about with the Lord Mayor of Quaybec's daughter at the Quaybec harvest fair, I'd be afther expectin' that if there's e'er a poor Irish girl silly enough to be keeping a warm spot in her heart for Donal, she'll cry over it some day."

Micky John Hude's was a home for Barney for four days, and a warm home.

Still, the thrunk hadn't come, although he was mysteriously getting daily intelligence of it, and there was great furore all over the countryside about it. The fact was that the crops, and the weather, and the political outlook were all completely forgotten at the Cruckagar forge, and in Micky Thomas's the shoemaker's, and at Crooked Neil, the tailor's, now the subject of Barney's lost thrunk was started. The debate on the subject waxed as warm as ever a debate on politics did. And there were many, very many, shrewd conjectures as to its probable whereabouts, and wise suggestions as to the

best means of capturing it soon, and fetching it home quickly.

Barney lived several months anyhow on the reputation of that thrunk. By that time he had laid a great part of the countryside under tribute, and left few districts undone. Putting two and two together, it would appear that Barney had seen in Amerikay every man, woman, and child that ever left that part of Donegal, and crossed the ocean; and, moreover, that he had been entrusted with presents from every mother's soul of them. He had called on naybours' childre alike in New York and San Francisco, Manitoba and Atlantic City, Montana and the borders of Mexico, and he must have had a thrunk the

size of a barn to carry all the presents sent with him to the owl' ones at home.

It's now forty-five years, and some odd months into the bargain, since the great day on which Barney came home from Amerikay. His thrunk is still up the Tyrone way, and still expected, and it cannot come too soon or too sudden: as Barney promised our mothers and fathers, they, in their turn, have been as liberal with us, so that at the present time within the broad bounds of the Barony of Banagh there isn't, I suppose, man, woman, chick, or chile that isn't in the expectation of big things on that great day when BARNEY'S THRUNK COMES HOME!

BRAM STOKER.

[Bram (Abraham) Stoker is the second son of the late Abraham Stoker, of the Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, and was educated at Rev. W. Wood's school, Dublin, and Trinity College. At the university Mr. Stoker was distinguished in various ways. He was auditor and president of the Historical and the Philosophical Societies, and athletic champion of the university. He is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and holds the medal of the Royal Humane Society for life-saving. After having been critic and reviewer for several papers, and editor of an evening newspaper, Mr. Stoker threw in his fortunes with those of Sir Henry Irving, with whom he has been since 1878. He has published *Under the Sunset*, *The Snake's Pass*, *The Watter's-Mow*, *The Shoulder of Shasta*, *Dracula*, *Miss Betty*. From *Dracula*, a sensational romance, excellently imagined and invented, we take our extract, by kind permission of the author and Messrs. Constable & Co.]

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL.

(FROM "DRACULA".)

When we started, the crowd round the inn door, which had by this time swelled to a considerable size, all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. With some difficulty I got a fellow-

passenger to tell me what they meant; he would not answer at first, but on learning that I was English he explained that it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. This was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown place to meet an unknown man; but every one seemed so kind-hearted, and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I could not but be touched. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the inn-yard and its crowd of picturesque figures, all crossing themselves, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the centre of the yard. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the box-seat—"gotza" they call them—cracked his big whip over his four small horses, which ran abreast, and we set off on our journey.

I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although, had I known the language, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to throw them off so easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank gable-end to the road. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit-blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. In

and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself as it swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the straggling ends of pine-woods, which here and there ran down the hill-sides like tongues of flame. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. I could not understand then what the haste meant, but the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I was told that this road is in summer-time excellent, but that it has not yet been put in order after the winter snows. In this respect it is different from the general run of the roads in the Carpathians, for it is an old tradition that they are not to be kept in too good order. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so hasten the war which was always really at loading point.

Beyond the green swelling hills of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to the lofty steepes of the Carpathians themselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. One of my companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us:

"Look! Isten szek!" ("God's seat!") and he crossed himself reverently. As we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasized by the fact that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate, cool pink. Here and there we passed Cszeks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. By the road-side were many crosses, and as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there was a peasant man or woman kneeling

before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the trees, and here and there very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again we passed a leiter-wagon—the ordinary peasant's cart, with its long snake-like vertebra, calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. On this were sure to be seated quite a group of home-coming peasants, the Cszeks with their white, and the Slovaks with their coloured, sheepskins—the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. As the evening fell it began to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills, as we ascended through the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there against the background of late-lying snow. Sometimes, as the road was cut through the pine-woods that seemed in the darkness to be always closing down upon us, great masses of grayness, which here and there bestrewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the evening, when the falling sunset threw into strange relief the ghost-like clouds which amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses could only go slowly. I wished to get down, and walk up them, as we do at home, but the driver would not hear of it. "No, no," he said; "you must not walk here, the dogs are too fierce;" and then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the rest, "and you may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep." The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps.

When it grew dark there seemed to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though urging him to further speed. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. Then through the darkness I could see a sort of patch of gray light ahead of us, as though

there were a cleft in the hills. The excitement of the passengers grew greater; the crazy coach rocked on its great leather springs, and swayed like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I had to hold on. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly along. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to frown down upon us; we were entering on the Borgo Pass. One by one several of the passengers offered me gifts, which they pressed upon me with an earnestness which would take no denial. These were certainly of an odd and varied kind, but each was given in simple good faith, with a kindly word, and a blessing, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of the cross and the guard against the evil eye. Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on each side the passengers, craning over the edge of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. It was evident that something very exciting was either happening or expected, but though I asked each passenger, no one would give me the slightest explanation. This state of excitement kept on for some little time, and at last we saw before us the Pass opening out on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain-range had separated two atmospheres, and that now we had got into the thunderous one. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the blackness; but all was dark. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could now see the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers drew back with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the others something which I could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone; I thought it was “An hour less than the time”. Then turning to me, he said in German worse than his own:

“There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day; better the next day.” Whilst

he was speaking the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver had to hold them up. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of themselves, a calèche, with four horses, drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of our lamps, as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat, which seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us. He said to the driver:

“You are early to-night, my friend.” The man stammered in reply:

“The English Herr was in a hurry.” To which the stranger replied:

“That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my horses are swift.” As he spoke he smiled, and the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to another the line from Burger’s *Leonore*:

“Denn die Todten reitnen schnell”—
 (“For the dead travel fast.”.)

The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. “Give me the Herr’s luggage,” said the driver; and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the calèche. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the calèche was alongside, the driver helping me with a hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the Pass. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses of the coach by the light of the lamps, and, projected against it, the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina.

As they sank into the darkness I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my shoulders and a rug across my knees, and the driver said in excellent German:

"The night is chill, mein Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. There is a flask of Slivovitz" (the plum-brandy of the country) "underneath the seat, if you should require it." I did not take any, but it was a comfort to know it was there all the same. I felt a little strangely, and not a little frightened. I think had there been any alternative I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. The carriage went at a hard pace straight along, then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were simply going over and over the same ground again; and so I took note of some salient point, and found that this was so. I would have liked to have asked the driver what this all meant, but I really feared to do so, for I thought that, placed as I was, any protest would have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. By and by, however, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its flame looked at my watch; it was within a few minutes of midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense.

Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road—a long, agonized wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another, till, borne on the wind which now sighed softly through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to come from all over the country, as far as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom of the night. At the first howl the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Then, far off in the distance, from the mountains on each side of us began a louder and sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses and myself in the same way—for I was minded to jump from the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the horses so far became quiet that the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of

horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the right.

Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the roadway till we passed as through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind still carried the howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear; but the driver was not in the least disturbed. He kept turning his head to left and right, but I could not see anything through the darkness.

Suddenly, away on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment; he at once checked the horses and, jumping to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, the less as the howling of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awful nightmare. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the darkness around us I could watch the driver's motions. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have been very faint, for it did not seem to illumine the place around it at all—and gathering a few stones, formed them into some device. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the flame he did not obstruct it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took it that my eyes deceived me straining through the darkness. Then for a time there were no blue flames,

and we sped onwards through the gloom, with the howling of the wolves around us, as though they were following in a moving circle.

At last there came a time when the driver went farther afield than he had yet gone, and during his absence the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long, sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. For myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand their true import.

All at once the wolves began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see; but the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side, and they had perforce to remain within it. I called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that our only

chance was to try to break out through the ring, and to aid his approach I shouted and beat the side of the calèche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from that side, so as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, saw him stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back farther still. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness.

When I could see again the driver was climbing into the calèche, and the wolves had disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the main always ascending. Suddenly I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

REV. RICHARD O'KENNEDY.

[Father O'Kennedy was born on the 17th of April, 1850. He was educated in Limerick, and studied at Maynooth for the priesthood. He is parish priest of Fedamore, near Bruff. Father O'Kennedy has been for a long time a contributor to various Irish and American magazines. He knows his people intimately, and knows how to interest us in the simple pains and pleasures of the poor. To be in his company is to go the rounds of his parish with the *soggarth*, and, because we are with him, to be admitted into the sacred intimacies of the people. His style is charming. He has an eye for the simplicities of life; and his work often recalls a book beloved of our youth, *The Near and the Heavenly Horizons*, of Madame de Gasparin.]

A ROUND OF VISITS.¹

(FROM "COTTAGE LIFE IN IRELAND".)

As we are so near, we will step across the water-course to see a poor little invalid, Bridgie Hanlon. Bridgie's mother is a widow, and after the death of her husband things went greatly against her. She met with accidents in cattle and loss of crops, and, one way or other, the family came to be very poor. Indeed, were it not for the good parish priest they would be—elsewhere. He went to the rent officer, and obtained for them time and abatements, and little by little they have risen again; for "God is good", as poor Mrs. Hanlon would say, and they are

¹ By kind permission of the author.

now in a fair way to do well. Bridgie has been bedridden for the last eight or ten years,—but oh, so gentle! When a child she slept, on a warm, sunny day, out in the hay-field, and was taken home a cripple.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Hanlon!"

"Oh, wisha, ye're welcome, F'ather! But see what kind of a place we have before ye! We were out all day in the garden. Get out of that, Shep!" (to the woolly sheep-dog).

"We just stepped across to see poor Bridgie, Mrs. Hanlon."

"God love ye! Oh, wisha, the poor crathure!"

"How are you this evening, Bridgie?"

The poor invalid—a fair, gentle-faced girl of sixteen or eighteen—extends a pale, thin hand; and, while in answer to our query she says "Nicely", her features wear the sweetest of smiles.

"Have you pain now, Bridgie?"

"Oh, no,—not much!"

"Do you feel the day long?"

"When mother is within it is not long, but when mother is out it is sometimes very long."

"I have brought you a very interesting Irish tale, Bridgie,—perhaps one of the best of our day: *Marcella Grace*, by Miss Mulholland. Is Johnnie Daly coming, Mrs. Hanlon? I told him to bring something to Bridgie."

"Here he is, with a bird-cage in his hand."

"This pretty linnet is for you, Bridgie. The bird will be company to you when mother is out and the day seems long. And if his singing annoys you hold up your fore-finger and say 'Now, Dickie!' and you will see he will bow his proud little head and become silent. In a day or two I will call to see how you and Dickie get on. Good-bye now, Bridgie!" And poor Bridgie follows us with another gentle smile, and the mother with a sincere and heartfelt blessing.

The night has fallen, and the lights are in the window-panes as we return. Here we are, back at poor Mike Reidy's again. Listen! It is children's laughter. How merry it is! Oh, I know! The children of the place have come in to Mike's. What instinct children have! How well they know where they're welcome! We'll "stale in unknownst".

There is a merry fire on the hearth, the sanded floor has been newly swept, and the lamp is swinging on a pulley from the roof-

tree. Six or eight children are playing *pookeen*. Oh, what fun! It is a children's blind-man's-buff, but a hundred thousand times gladder and happier. A handkerchief is put over the eyes of one little thing, and she runs after the others. "Roast meat!" they cry, and she is warned that she is near the dresser or table or *coob*. She makes a dart in another direction, and they fly before and laugh. Is there on earth anything like the gladness of children's laughter? And their little bare feet are so nimble, and the tidy little carriage, and the loose locks, and the merry, healthful faces! Talk of the children of the rich! They are nothing to the sweet children of the poor.

Sitting by the fire with Mrs. Reidy is "her next-door neighbour", Mrs. Doolan, having a *shanachus* (chat). There is a chattering and *gosthering* of the hens on the roost, as if talking to one another; and so well there might, if they had hearts at all for children's merry joys. But it is ominous, that *gosthering*—and oh, horror of horrors, the cock flaps his wings and crows!

Mrs. Doolan devoutly blesses herself. "She never likes to hear a cock crow in the evenin'. She never yet knew it to mane good." The poor children are bidden to be quiet and sit down, in tones that the little pets know well will brook no disobedience.

"I heard Mrs. Moloney, my own first cousin, Mrs. Reidy, say that she was this way sitting by the fire one night, and all at onst the cock began to crow, and the dog went out and sat on the ditch and cried as human as ever you heard. And, mind you, that night didn't her brother, ould Daniel Downey above on the hill—God rest the poor man's sowl!—die! An', be the same token, Mrs. Downey came to myself a week or so afterward, and 'Kittie,' says she, 'wisha, do you think would Daniel's ould clothes do to give for his sowl? Because, you see, there is a dale of them boys there (the sons), and it isn't aisy to get things for 'em all.' 'Don't chate the dead, whatever you do, Mary,' says I (and Mrs. Doolan gave her head a solemn shake). And wait till I tell you, Mrs. Reidy. Instead of taking my advice, what does she do but give ould rags of things that you wouldn't put frightenin' the crows! Yerrah, my dear, that very night didn't he come to her, and bate her black and blue, so that you wouldn't see an eye in her head in the mornin'—"

"Come on, Annie Donovan, and put in

your finger!"—this from the infant group; for Annie was paying more heed to Mrs. Doolan and her story than to a new game they were playing now. They all put one finger on the knee of the biggest girl, and she sings:

"Miss Massy has a hen,
She lays guggies now and then;
Sometimes two and sometimes ten,—
And out with you, my little spotted hen!"

Each word of the rhyme was said on a finger, and the finger the last word fell on was ordered "out", and the owner of this finger went to the far end of the kitchen. Each of the group takes a fancy name, and the little one above gets a name also; then the leader calls out, "Six men here to cut the head and heels of you!" "Name 'em!" is answered from above. The names are called over. The little one above calls one of these—it may be her own; if so she has to come down; but if she chances to light on some one of the group, the child has to go and give her a jaunt to the fire.

Mrs. Doolan's story has an effect on Mrs. Reidy, and she wishes Mike was in the house. The cock crows again, and in spite of herself she feels as if something sad were going to happen.

Mrs. Doolan has gone home; the neighbours' children have left; the old man, the father-in-law, is in bed—Mrs. Reidy can hear him breathing heavily. She takes her two eldest ones—they always sleep with their grandfather—and lays them quietly to rest beside the old man without disturbing him. "Wisha, how unlucky he should have gone out after his supper!" she says to herself. The youngest baby is in the cradle, and Mrs. Reidy takes up a garment to mend.

Now, stranger, we have time to look around us. Everything is silent, except the tick of the round-dialled, twenty-four-hour clock of a quarter of a century ago, hanging on the wall. There was such a clock where I went to school. Our poor old master, a simple-minded, conscientious man, with a wonderful taste for mathematics, had to resort to the segments of a new potato in our day to teach us conic sections, and knelt on a new piece of boarding in the floor to draw parabolas and ellipses. God be good to him! At any rate, he was tired of getting the old clock mended. Dan Mangan tried his hand at it, and Pat M'Coy—the Lord have mercy on him!—and all the handy men of the neigh-

bourhood. It might go on for a while, but it was sure to stop again. One day an old travelling man came in with a bunch of keys in his hand, and a lot of things in an old bag.

"Clock to mend, sir?"

Old George took a few of us aside, and asked us did we think the man was honest. Our united opinion was in the affirmative. He settled with the man to do the clock. It was taken asunder, cleaned, set up, and put through all its facings. The man was paid and went his way. The clock moved round, and soon the hands pointed to eleven. There was a lull in the school to hear the clock strike. Like a train coming into a station, it moved up evenly and grandly to eleven, but didn't stop there. Twelve! thirteen! Poor old George took off his low felt-hat—he always wore his hat because of a bad head,—and laid it on the desk. Every eye in the school was turned on the clock. On and on, it held the even tenor of its way. Twenty! thirty! forty! To make a long story short, it never drew bridle till it struck ninety-one. We were sent out to try if that old man might still be seen, but the clockmaker had disappeared.

The little cottage consists of the kitchen and two sleeping apartments on the ground-floor, and another room, or "loft", overhead. There are two small houses at the rear, for a pig, or a cow, or a donkey; and there is the half an acre of land attached, the entire being held from the local Board of Guardians. The houses cost about £80 for erection; the purchase of the land from landlord and tenant, together with engineers' and lawyers' fees, amounts to about half as much more; and the return at so much a week comes to about £2, 10s. It thus appears that the rent of the little cottage and holding would never repay the principal; and at first sight it would look as if this were a misuse of the local rates, or that it has been done through charity. It is true, indeed, that this is a great boon to the labourer, because under the old system he was as a rule ill-housed, wretchedly paid, and liable to ejection every Lady-day. In that way he never stood independent with his labour in the market.

The local rates are not, however, badly expended in being laid out in this manner. First, it secures hands for the harvest and other busy seasons of the year; and in a broken harvest the farmers would very soon



COULSON KERNAHAN

From a Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY

lose by the scarcity of help ten times the amount they now do by this trifling increase on the rates. In the second place, being in their own cottages, as they now are, they will be more self-supporting, and less likely to be a burden by sickness on the rates. In the third place, and looking at it from a national point of view, it helps to fix our population (what we sorely need) in the soil of our country.

The cottages, moreover, give a neat, pretty look to the country; whereas the old cabins were an intolerable eyesore. Our people, too, will have the opportunity of learning and practising cleanliness; when, do their best, they could hardly be clean situated as they were before. It may not be in a day that we will be able to make a great stride forward, but the improvement, sooner or later, is sure to come.

There is Mike's footstep! See with what gladness his poor wife hastens to the door!

"O Mike asthore, what kept you out all night?"

"I was down there, Nellie, giving a hand to poor Tom Connors. You know he has to move. That blamed Lord Camperfield went up, mind you, to Dublin, and got the privy council—bad luck to 'em from top to bottom!—to throw out the little cottage he was waiting for so long. And then down he comes to the Board of Guardians, and gets an order to have the sanitary officer put Tom out, because his cabin wasn't fit to live in; and if he refused, to summon him before himself at the court, and then maybe! And all because Tom was in the ditch when they

thought to stop the hunting below at the fox-cover. And there I was, making a couple of *meerogues* (hay-ropes) for Mrs. Moynihan to fetter the goats that were going in threespass. God help us, she's to be pitied!"

"Has she any word from the asylum about her husband, Mike?"

"Sorra a word, only that the docthor says he'll never be better. And I went up to the masther, Nell, and I bamboozled him. 'Wisha, sir!' says I, 'there's that poor Mrs. Moynihan below,—who has she to look to but yourself? "Only for that good man," says she, "what would I do? My whole dependance is on him. Night, noon, and morning, lying and rising, he has my blessing."' 'And what can we do for her now, Mike?' says he. 'Wisha, if we opened them handful of drills for her, sir,' says I, 'herself and the childhre could drop in the *skillanes* (seed potatoes), and I could close 'em in the evening.' 'Let it be the first thing you'll do in the morning, Mike,' says he."

"And I pity poor Tom Connors and his little family too, Mike, from my heart."

"If you saw the childhre crying, Nell, and kissing the others, it would draw tears from a stone."

"Well, Mike, thank God, no one can put us out of this!"

"While God laves us our health, Nell."

The woman tidied up the house, they recited the Rosary, and then retired to rest. Soon silence and sleep, and perhaps sanctity too, reigned in and around the poor Irish labourer's cottage.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

[Coulson Kernahan is the son of an Irish father, Dr. James Kernahan, scientist, biblical scholar, and commentator. He was born at Ilfracombe, on the 1st of August, 1858. He is well known as novelist, critic, essayist, &c.; and has been and is literary adviser to more than one firm of publishers. His stories, such as we quote, have had an extraordinary vogue. In 1891 he collaborated with the late Frederick Locker-Lampson in editing the new edition of *Lyra Elegantiarum*. He has published *A Dead Man's Diary*; *A Book of Strange Sins*; *Sorrow and Song*; *God and the*

Ant; *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*; &c. The following extract from *A Book of Strange Sins* is given by his kind permission.]

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

It was broad noonday in the garden, and so hot that one could see the air palpitating and quivering above the gravel paths in undulant haze of heat. Even the butterfly gasped for breath, and grumbled because the

swaying of the grasses set stirring a warm puff, which was like the opening of an oven. The sun seemed so near, and was trying so hard to be hot, that the daisies said they could see him spinning and panting as he stood above them; but that, I think, was only their fancy, although it is true that he was shining so exactly overhead that there was not a streak of shadow where one could creep for shelter from the sweltering heat. All the flowers were parched and drooping, and except for the passing *buzz* where a bee went drowsily by, or buried himself with a contented *burr* in the heart of a pansy, not a sound stirred the sultry silence.

All at once there was a sudden scurry among the birds. A cat which had been basking and purring in the sunshine, opening and shutting an eye, every now and then, to make believe that she was not sleepy, had dropped off into a doze, and now she awakened yawning. This was the signal for a general stir.

"Phew! but it is hot, to be sure!" exclaimed the butterfly, as he darted up for a stretch from the poppy-head on which he had been sitting, and went waltzing, angle-wise, down the gravelled path of the garden, lacing the long, green lines of the boxwood with loops of crimson and gold.

"I hope my weight won't inconvenience you," he said with airy politeness to the lily, dropping himself lazily, and without waiting for an answer, upon her delicate head, which drooped so feebly beneath this new burden that several scented petals fluttered fainting to the ground. "I am grieved to see you looking so sadly," he continued, after he had settled himself to his liking; "but what on earth, my good soul, makes you lean forward in that uncomfortable attitude? There is a charmingly shady spot under the shelter of the wall behind you. Why don't you lean in that direction? As it is, you are going out of your way to make yourself uncomfortable, besides which I should very much prefer to be out of the heat."

"I should be glad to move into the shade," said the lily gently, "but my sweetheart, the rose, has fallen asleep by the border, and I am leaning over her to keep the sun from her buds."

"How very charming you are!" lisped the butterfly languidly, and in a tone of polite contempt which seemed to imply, "And what a fool!"

"But your ideas are a little crude, don't

you know?" he went on, "though, of course, interesting. It is easy to see you are not a person of the world. When you have travelled about, and learnt as much as I have, you will come to look at such things in a different way."

"Yes, you have travelled, and lived in the world, and seen a great deal," said the lily; "but I have *loved*; and it is by loving, as well as by living, that one learns."

"Don't presume to lecture me!" was the impatient answer. "Fancy a flower finding fault with a butterfly! Don't you know that I am your superior in the scale of being! But, tell me, does this love of which you speak bring happiness?"

"The greatest of all happiness," whispered the lily, almost to herself, and with infinite tenderness—her white bells seeming to light up and overflow, like human eyes, as she spoke. "To love truly, and to be loved, is indeed to be favoured of heaven. All the good things which this world contains are not worthy to be offered in exchange for the love of one faithful heart."

"Then I must learn to love," said the butterfly decisively, "for happiness has always been my aim. Tell me how to begin."

"You'll have to begin by unlearning," put in a big double-dahlia, that was standing by like a sentinel, and looking as stiff and stuck-up as if he had just been appointed flower-policeman to the garden.

"Don't you be afraid that anyone's going to fall in love with you," was the spiteful rejoinder of the butterfly, edging himself round and round on a lily-bell as he spoke. "Your place, my good creature, is in the vegetable garden, along with the cauliflowers and the artichokes. There is something distinguished about a white chrysanthemum, and the single-dahlias are shapely, although they do stare so; but the double-dahlias!"—and the butterfly affected a pretty shudder of horror which made the double-dahlia stiffen on his stem with rage.

"How dare you speak slightly of my family!" he said indignantly. "And as for those big chrysanthemums! why, they're just like tumbled heaps of worsted, or that shaggy-eyed skye-terrier dog that we see sometimes in the garden—untidy, shapeless, lumpy things I call them!"

The butterfly, who had been alternately opening and shutting his wings, as if he thought the sight of such splendour was too dazzling to be borne continuously, but really

because he knew that the sombre tinting which they displayed when closed, heightened, by contrast, their gorgeous colouring when open, was nothing if not well-bred, so he simply pretended to stifle a yawn in the dahlia's face, and to make believe that he had not heard what was said.

"After all," he said, turning his back pointedly upon the dahlia, and shutting up his wings with a final snap—just as a fine lady closes a fan—"after all, my dear lily, I don't know whether it's worth my while to learn to love; for, by this time next year, you and I will be dead, and it will be all the same then to us as if we had never loved, or even lived at all."

"I know nothing about death," replied the lily, "but no one who loves can doubt immortality, and if the rose and I are not already immortal, I believe that our love will make us so."

"What is this immortality?" said the butterfly. "I have heard the word used a great deal in my wanderings, but I never quite knew the meaning of it."

"It is the finding again after death of those we have loved and lost; and the loving and living with them for ever, I think," answered his companion.

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said the butterfly decisively. "All the men and women I've met—and they ought to know—used ever so much longer words."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the lily quietly, bending forward to shield a stray rose-bud from the burning sun, "but to be for ever with those I love would be immortality enough for me. And I heard the maiden who walks in the garden, speaking yesterday, and I remember that she said it was more godlike to love one little child purely and unselfishly than to have a heart filled with a thousand vast vague aspirations after things we cannot understand."

How strangely still it was in the garden! Summer had gone, and October was nearly over, but the day had been so bright and warm that everyone said the winter must be a very long way off. But since sunset, the air had been getting more and more chilly, and the stars were glittering like cold steel, and the moon looked so bright and large, that the flowers, which had awakened with an icy pain at their heart, could scarcely believe that it was night and not day, for every tiny grass-blade and buttercup stood

out with startling distinctness on the grass. A strange, sharp scent was in the air, and a singular stillness was abroad.

There was no "going" in the trees, nor bough-swing among the branches, but all stood rigid and motionless as if intently listening.

"Perhaps they are listening for the first footfall of the winter—the winter which is coming to kill us," said the lily sadly, bending down, as she spoke, to twine herself protectingly around the rose.

"Perhaps we are dead already," said the rose, with a shudder, "and are but ghost-flowers in a ghostly garden. How cold and wan my rosy petals look in this pallid light! And is this gray place—blanched and silent and still as death—our sweet-scented and sunny garden, that glowed with warm colour and was astir with life?"

Just then, and before the lily could answer, they heard a sudden cry of pain.

It was the butterfly which had fallen, half dead with cold, from a sycamore bough, and now lay shelterless and shivering on the frozen path. "Creep up upon my leaves, dear butterfly," said the lily tenderly, as she bent towards him, "and I will try and find a warm place for you near my heart."

"Oh, I'm so frightened! I'm so frightened!" he sobbed. "The world is dying; even now the trees seem still and dead. Soon the stars will fall out of the sky into the garden. Shall we be left in darkness when the moon is dead? Already her face is deadly pale, although she shines so brightly. And what has come to the trees? On every bough there sparkle a thousand lights. Are they stars which have dropped from the sky?"

"They are not stars at all," said the lily, bending over him and hushing him to her heart as a mother hushes a frightened child, "but diamonds for the Frost King's crown. I think we shall die to-night. Are you asleep, dear rose? The end is coming. Let us meet it waking, and in each other's arms."

"It is coming, dear heart, and coming soon," said the rose with a cry. "Already I can scarce speak for pain. The night grows ever colder and more cold. And how strangely bright the moon is! What was that streak of silver across the sky? A star which has fallen from its place?"

"I think 'twas the shining angel God sends to fetch us," answered the lily. "Dear love, the end will soon be here. Already

the pain has reached my heart; already I begin to die."

"And I, too," said the rose. "I sink—I faint—the sharp pain stings and bites! Hold me fast, darling! I scarce can see you now."

"Nor I you, sweetheart!"

"Hold me closer—closer. Everything seems to fall away."

"Everything but love, dearest, and where love is, all is. At least we shall die together."

Icier and more icy grew the air; brighter and whiter shone the moonlight on the gar-

den, until the sunflower's shadow lay like ebony upon silver along the grass; colder and more steely glittered the stars, and closer crept the pain to the heart of the dying flowers. All the long night through the silent trees stood rigid and motionless, but now they listened no longer, for winter was come indeed, and on every branch the frost-crystals glinted and sparkled.

And when morning dawned, the butterfly lay dead for ever, but the lily and the rose were the fairest flowers a-bloom in the Garden of God.

MARY COSTELLO.

[Miss Costello was born at Kilkenny. She has written several novels, the best known of which is perhaps *Addie's Husband*, because she has chosen to be known as "the Author of *Addie's Husband*". She has contributed to many magazines, including *The Cornhill*, *The Gentleman's*, &c., &c. She is also a well-known dramatic writer; and two of her plays, *The Plebeian* and *A Bad Quarter of an Hour*, have attained great popularity. She has collaborated with Dr. R. Y. Tyrrell in a dramatization of *Esmond*.]

JANE: A SKETCH FROM DUBLIN LIFE.¹

Jane Corcoran is her name.

She wishes it was Gladys Carruthers, Evelyn Boscawen, or Doreen Featherstonhaugh.

Now and then among her *intimes* she makes a wistful effort to glide into "Janet", which, as everyone knows, is a perennial bloom among romance-mongers; but she is chronically ineffective, so the homely monosyllable by which she was individualized in Westland Row Chapel twenty-six years ago remains hers to the end.

After working-hours Jane is a familiar figure of the city. She is to be met strolling through the streets in a large, loosely-stitched hat, generally supported by two or

three members of her sex, on whose dress, gait, and general mannerisms she models her own.

The initiative is not her line, but she is a daring follower of fashion and has a generous eye for colour. She favours cheap sequin trimmings, large chiffon bows, blouses cut low in the neck, glittering waistbands, and cotton-velvet corselets. She wears a terrible peaked fringe, popular in Whitechapel as the "Princess M'y", and though her arms rattle with bangles, and she has suède gloves that reach to the elbow, there are generally slits in the sides of her boots, and her stockings . . .

She is not made in proportion. Her feet are large and flat; yet she takes small sixes in gloves, and is very proud of her pale lady-like hands, damp and boneless to the touch. She walks with a mincing slouch and a little toss of the head.

But what is there characteristic in such a sketch? may be asked. Surely that picture of slovenly fashion and swagger is one now as common as the lamp-posts in every street of the British Empire. Dublin has no monopoly of such baggage; she is the daughter of our democratic day.

The answer is that Dublin has a monopoly of Jane, that her outward view is no index to the character of her mind. It is but the clothes and the street-strolling habits which she has in common with Lizer 'Unt and the coster's 'Arriet.

The eyes that meet yours from under the Whitechapel head-dress are those of a gentle, modest, and timid woman; the face when

¹ By kind permission of the author.

free of its terrible fringe is refined, delicate, prettyish, and incapable.

Jane's intellect is bounded by the novellette, and the keynote of her being is one of enervating expectancy.

She is always waiting for something to happen; with empty heart and straining ears, waiting for the prince who does not come.

Every morning she awakes with the misty hope that before the close of the day she is at last to sample one of those thrilling, romantic, delightful, or even awful experiences, which punctuate the life of the average heroine of cheap fiction.

Yet once or twice, when the breath of adventure had stirred her stagnant air, poor Jane had found herself unequipped for the emergency; for instance, had fled in terror when her acquaintance was insidiously claimed in the streets by a mysterious being with fiery eyes, who in every way answered to the fascinating stock villain of romance, the brilliant Italian count or wicked Colonel of the Guards in pursuit of daisy and lily innocence.

Her conduct on a promising occasion of this kind is so abject as to awake a lifelong contempt in the breast of her cousin, Kate Fagan, a sturdy little dressmaker's apprentice of sixteen.

Kate is short, squat, common-looking, without literary tastes or genteel aspirations; but she has "a way with her", a touch of 'Arriet's robust *gaminerie*, and so gets value out of youth.

She does not belong to Jane's set, and is generally to be seen in the society of low-sized youths, a little above the corner-boy class.

Kate's set start company-keeping at fourteen; they remain attired as growing girls, that is, with short skirts and flowing tresses, until they marry or reach the threshold of middle age.

Jane never walks out with a young man at all.

"Isn't it time you were thinking of getting settled, my dear?" Mrs. Fagan remarks periodically to her niece. "The years is gettin' on, you know; and faith, after thirty women can't pick up husbands on every bush. Why, girl alive, what's the matter with ye, that you haven't a young man?—You that nice-lookin', and with nearly every penny you earns goin' on yer back?"

Jane is an orphan. Her mother died in

giving her birth, and during various stages of her early girlhood her father, two sisters, and a brother had been carried off in "cold sweats".

She lives with her aunt, Mrs. Fagan, and works as a skirt hand in a cheap drapery establishment off George's Street.

Her business hours are from nine to seven in the evening, and to half-past eight on Saturday; and her wages are 7s. 6d. a week, which does not include board of any kind, not even a cup of tea to relieve the long, dreary day.

The custom of the establishment is that each young lady brings her lunch or dinner, as she may term the repast, and consumes it as neatly and as unobtrusively as she can. Jane, who is gentility personified, nibbles a pulpy slice of bread-and-butter, while her eyes devour the close pages of the novelette, which is always to be seen bulging out of her pocket or peeping from the folds of her work.

She is, no doubt, sloppy minded; how could it be otherwise? Slops are the staple diet of her body and brain. She lives on tea, and what her aunt calls "cheap snacks".

Seven-and-sixpence a week allows no margin for butchers' meat when a girl has to keep herself fit to be seen in the streets, and has, moreover, an appetite for weekly numbers which must be appeased.

Jane's day is one of long, monotonous toil. She lives in a hideous tenement house in Werburgh Street, sharing a bed with two, sometimes three, of her aunt's children. Mrs. Fagan is a young and healthy woman, and there is a new baby in the cradle every year. The wail of sickly or peevish childhood is never out of the girl's ears; discomfort, dirt, evil smells, harsh sounds, and squalor hem her round; and, knowing there is one road away from them all, she can no more pass the news-shop of a Saturday night than a drunkard with a full pocket can pass a public-house.

The poor little penny dram is potent always. It makes a sweet, pulpy muddle of everything. Drowns the discord in the heroic clash of armour, the music of lovers' vows; brings the breath of hot-house flowers, of orange groves, of brine-washed cliffs into the greasy night. Jane cannot give up her "numbers", or be laughed out of her sentimental gentility.

She is held cheaply in the family circle, and is looked upon generally as a failure, which no doubt she is. For her nature is

made up of those fine things which lead to no worldly prosperity.

She is tender-hearted, gentle, patient, un-

selfish, generous, and her gratitude is always absurdly out of proportion to the benefits received.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

[William Wilkins, the eldest son of a regimental surgeon, was born in 1852 at Zante, on the coast of Greece, which was then an English garrison. His family was Irish, and was said to have sprung from a Flemish follower of Strongbow, who left his name to the village of Wilkinstown, near Wexford.

Mr. Wilkins was educated at Dundalk Grammar School under Dr. Flynn, and in 1878 graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, with the best degree of his year in mathematics and also in modern literature, an unusual combination. The following year he became headmaster of the High School, Dublin, which has grown under him to notable success, producing many distinguished scholars and literary men.

In 1881 Mr. Wilkins published a volume of poems entitled *Songs of Study*, being mainly verse of actual or possible student-life at Trinity College, Dublin, to which institution as well as to the memory of a fellow-student the volume was dedicated. The longest poem, *Actæon*, became a favourite with Lord Tennyson, and *In the Engine-Shed*, which he wrote at the age of nineteen, has attained considerable vogue as a recitation. These and many of the lyrics had previously appeared in *Kottabos*, the Trinity College miscellany, to which Mr. Wilkins continues to contribute.]

IN THE ENGINE-SHED.¹

Through air made heavy with vapours murk,

O'er slack and cinders in heaps and holes,

The engine-driver came to his work,

Burly and bluff as a bag of coals;

With a thick gold chain where he bulged the most,

And a beard like a brush, and a face like a toast,

And a hat half-eaten by fire and frost;

And a diamond pin in the folded dirt

Of the shawl that served him for collar and shirt.

Whenever he harnessed his steed of mettle:—

The shovel-fed monster that could not tire,

With limbs of steel and entrails of fire;

Above us it sang like a tea-time kettle.

He came to his salamander toils

In what seemed a devil's cast-off suit,

All charred, and discoloured with rain and oils,

And smeared and sooted from muffler to boot.

Some wiping—it struck him—his paws might suffer

With a wisp of threads he found on the buffer

(The improvement effected was not very great);

Then he spat, and passed his pipe to his mate.

And his whole face laughed with an honest mirth,
As any extant on this grimy earth,

Welcoming me to his murky region;

And had you known him, I tell you this—

Though your bright hair shiver and shrink at its roots,

O piano-fingering fellow-collegian—

You would have returned no cold salutes

To the cheery greeting of hearty Chris,

But locked your hand in the vice of his.

For at night when the sleet-storm shatters and scatters,

And clangs on the pane like a pile of fetters,

He flies through it all with the world's love-letters:

The master of mighty leviathan motions,

That make for him storm when the nights are fair,

And cook him with fire and carve him with air,

While we sleep soft on the carriage cushions,

And he looks sharp for the signals, blear-eyed.

Often had Chris over England rolled me;

You shall hear a story he told me—

A dream of his rugged watch unwearied.

THE STORY.

We were driving the down express;

Will at the steam, I at the coal:

Over the valleys and villages,

Over the marshes and coppices,

Over the river, deep and broad;

Through the mountain, under the road,

¹ By kind permission of the author.

Flying along,
Tearing along,
Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
Fifty tons she was, whole and sole!

I had been promoted to the express:
I warrant I was proud and gay.
It was the evening that ended May,
And the sky was a glory of tenderness.
We were thundering down to a midland town,—
It doesn't matter about the name,
For we didn't stop there, or anywhere
For a dozen miles on either side.
Well, as I say, just there you slide,
With your steam shut off, and your brakes in
hand,
Down the steepest and longest grade in the land,
At a pace that, I promise you, is grand.
We were just there with the express,
When I caught sight of a girl's white dress
On the bank ahead; and as we passed—
You have no notion how fast—
She shrank back scared from our baleful blast.

We were going—a mile and a quarter a minute—
With vans and carriages—down the incline!
But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it;
I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine
As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar:
A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke.
And it was a minute before I woke,
When she lay behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
Leaped in her black resistlessness,
Evening by evening, England through.—
Will—God rest him!—was found—a mash
Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash
He made of a Christmas train at Crewe.
It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
Or I shouldn't now be here alive;
But thereafter, the five o'clock out express,
Evening by evening, I used to drive.

And often I saw her: that lady, I mean,
That I spoke of before. She often stood
Atop of the bank;—it was pretty high,
Say, twenty feet, and backed by a wood.—
She would pick daisies out of the green
To fling down at us as we went by.
We had grown to be friends, too, she and I,

Though I was a stalwart, grimy chap,
And she a lady! I'd wave my cap
Evening by evening, when I'd spy
That she was there, in the summer air,
Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night:
Bless you! no; just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.
Then, one evening, I saw her again,
Alone, as ever—but wild and pale—
Climbing down on the line, on the very rail,
While a light as of hell from our wild wheels
broke,
Tearing down the slope with their devilish
clamours
And deafening din, as of giant hammers
That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke
All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.
Never, O never, had she seemed sweeter!—
I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke,
Down that awful incline; and signalled the guard
To put on his brakes at once, and **HARD!**—
Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered
the rail
Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.
We couldn't stop; and she wouldn't stir,
Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
Her arms to us:—and the desperate wretch
I pitied, comprehending her.
So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible train.—
She never flinched. We beat her down,
And ran on through the lighted length of the town
Before we could stop to see what was done.

Yes, I've run over more than one!
Full a dozen, I should say; but none
That I pitied as I pitied her.
If I could have stopped—with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—
But it never would do with a lad like me
And she a lady,—or had been.—Sir?—
We won't say any more of her;
The world is hard. But I'm her friend,
Right through—down to the world's end.
It is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear;
I picked it off the big wheel there.—
Time's up, Jack.—Stand clear, sir. Yes,
We're going out with the express.

KATHLEEN O'MEARA (GRACE RAMSAY).

BORN 1839—DIED 1888.

[Kathleen O'Meara, the daughter of a Tipperary man, was born in Dublin in the year 1839. When she was very young her home was removed to Paris, and Ireland knew her no more. She had, however, a very warm heart for her native country. She was a kinswoman of Barry O'Meara, the Irish physician of Napoleon during his last melancholy years. Her first book was *A Woman's Trials*. It was followed by *Iza's Story*, *A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire*, *Mabel Stankope*, *Diana Coryval*, *The Old House in Picardy*, *Pearl*, *Are You My Wife?*, *Narka*, and other novels. But perhaps the most successful of all her books was *Madam Mohl*, *Her Salon and Her Friends*. She also wrote the *Life of Frederick Ozanam*, and the *Life of Bishop Grant*. Indeed, admirable in all her work, she excelled in biography. She seems to have had a very beautiful and saintly personality, and her work is worthy of herself. She died in Paris on the 10th of November, 1888. Her pen-name, "Grace Ramsay", was adopted to please those interested who thought that the too Irish name would affect the popularity of her books.]

THE NOVEL IN THE FIGARO.¹

(FROM "ROBIN REDBREAST'S VICTORY".)

"O sister! what a pity you went away!" exclaimed Clement, as he opened the door to her; "Madame de Genvriac has been here ever since you left. I believe she saw you going out, for she came up a minute after, and she and M. le Comte had great laughing when she went in."

"Is she here still?"

"Yes. She is reading to him now."

"Ah!" This was a good sign, anyhow. Sœur Thérèse entered the room, and with a polite "Bonjour, madame!" to the visitor, proceeded to enquire how her patient had fared during her absence. He reported himself most satisfactorily; he had not had any crisis of pain, and the time had not hung

heavily on him, thanks to Madame de Genvriac, who had come just at the right moment to amuse and entertain him.

"Madame has been reading to you, I see?" said Sœur Thérèse smilingly; she was grateful to the noisy lady for her good offices on this occasion.

"Yes, ma sœur; I have read him all the news of the day; Monsieur was ignorant of all the world has been doing these last ten days or so; then the *Figaro* has just begun a most amusing story in the 'Feuilleton'; it has made him laugh a great deal: you must read it to him as it comes out every day. But perhaps you would think it wrong to read a novel? Does your superior allow you to read any books that are not pious?"

"She allows me, nay, my rule orders me, to do everything that can be of use or any pleasure to my patient," replied the Robin; "I am delighted to find out a way of passing the time pleasantly for him."

"Ma sœur, you are a—a—what shall I call you?—a saint? an angel?—which do you like best?" said M. de Bois-Ferré.

"A good nurse! That is the most complimentary name you can give me, because it runs a chance of being true," she replied laughing.

"You are the very pearl and diamond of nurses! I am so grateful to you, sister, for your care of him!" exclaimed Madame de Genvriac, seizing her hand and pressing it warmly. "Is there nothing I can do to prove it?"

Sister Theresa laughed in her merry, child-like way. "Pray for me, madame; but you owe me no gratitude. I am only doing my duty. Ask our dear Lord to enable me to do it better, and the gratitude will be all on my side."

Madame de Genvriac promised, gathered up her velvets, and departed.

After this, Sister Theresa read the *Figaro* aloud regularly every day. It was very unpalatable reading, but there was so far nothing positively wrong in it, either in the paper itself or its "Feuilleton", and it amused the count highly. About the third morning, however, the story opened with a chapter which sounded rather repugnant,

¹ By kind permission of the editor of the *Irish Monthly*.

and grew unmistakably so, as it went on. "To the pure all things are pure." The guileless spirit of Sœur Thérèse failed to apprehend the gross allusions, to see the vicious current which all along had been running through the story, and which only now rose more visibly to the surface. She began to feel vaguely perplexed, but it was rather the instinctive shrinking of a delicate soul from the possible approach of evil, than the definite fear of one who clearly recognized it. Her colour rose once or twice, her tongue imperceptibly faltered over certain expressions. She did not understand them; it was like the taste of poison, or the unseen proximity of a deadly foe, that makes some animals shudder involuntarily, and betray signs of horror before they are conscious of the cause. It was this intuitive sense of an unknown and hidden danger that made the chastened pulses of the nurse beat with vague fear, and sent the blood mantling to her cheek. M. de Bois-Ferré had been waiting for this from the beginning. It was exquisite fun to him to watch the symptoms that were so painfully bewildering to the pure, child-like creature before him. How much did she understand, or how little? Frenchmen of a certain school have, or, at any rate, affect a cynical disbelief in the angelic element that exists in a woman's nature, that instinct which they owe, perhaps, to their kinship with the Woman who crushed the serpent's head, the lily, whose whiteness outshines the sun. This opportunity furnished a curious study to him. He listened with a smile of inexpressible amusement as the Robin Redbreast, in her infantine simplicity, read out the poisoned passages, generally least nervous when the poison was foulest, tremulously abashed when there was comparatively no cause for it, but when the veil was more transparent.

"It is a capital story, so clever and amusing!" said the count, as she finished the chapter, and laid down the paper; "does it not amuse you very much, ma sœur?"

"No; it does not amuse me at all. I do not understand it," she answered, with unabashed simplicity.

"You will understand it better as it goes on," observed Gustave. "I am so glad Madame de Genvriac came and found it out! It is a capital distraction for me; Vauban is so anxious I should have a distraction."

Sœur Thérèse said nothing; but, by and by, after reciting her Office, she went to her

usual seat in the window, and opened the *Life of the Père de Ravignan*. As she anticipated, it was not long before the count wanted to know what she was reading.

"I own I brought the book with the idea of reading it aloud to you," she said; "I thought it would be pleasant to you to be read to now and then, and I asked our mother if there was a book in the library that she thought would amuse you; she selected this one, and said it was sure to interest you. . . ."

"I will listen to anything to give you pleasure, my good little sister," he said; "only I give you warning, it's no use trying to convert me. I told Madame de Genvriac she was to make that a *sine qua non* of my letting her engage a nun to come and nurse me. I was not to be preached to. Did she tell you that?"

"She did, monsieur. I promised not to preach to you. Have I not kept my word?" demanded Sœur Thérèse.

She did not look at him, but attended steadily to her knitting; she had laid aside the book.

"Yes, most loyally so far," he replied, laughing; "has it been a great penance to you?"

"On the contrary; it would have been a terrible penance to me if I were obliged to preach," she said good-humouredly, "besides, it would be quite out of my vocation; we poor nuns are only permitted to preach by our example."

"What are you ordered to preach in that way?"

"The love of God and of our neighbour; that is the sermon we are told to put in practice by our lives."

"Ma sœur, what put it into your head to become a nun?" said M. de Bois-Ferré, after a pause of some moments, during which he had been steadily gazing at her.

"The love of God, monsieur," she answered smiling.

"Humph! Are you an orphan?" he enquired presently.

"No, thank God! my dear parents are both alive."

"Were you happy at home?"

"As happy as the day was long!" she said heartily; "I had the most indulgent parents that ever lived; they had only one defect, they spoiled me dreadfully."

"Then what in the name of mercy possessed you to leave them?" exclaimed Gustave in real amazement.

Sœur Thérèse laughed joyously. "I have told you, monsieur. It was for love of our dear Lord I left them."

It told him nothing. She was talking an unknown tongue.

"What do you understand by the love of our dear Lord?" he said, not scoffingly at all; he was honestly puzzled; "what proof of love to Him is it in you to leave your natural duties and pleasures, and go and nurse people who have no claim on you?"

"Ah! that's just it; they *have* a claim on me; because He loves them, and suffered and died for them," answered the Robin, and her gentle face was lifted with a sweet light upon it that he had never seen before; "that is what makes it all easy to us, what turns the hard ways into soft, what gives us courage to deny ourselves, and serve, and toil, and persevere: the thought that, while so many are forgetting Him, we at least are mindful of Him, that we are helping Him to carry His cross."

What strange fanaticism was this? Gustave de Bois-Ferré had read of such things in books here and there; but he had never believed they were put in practice by sane human beings. Yet here was one most unquestionably sane, who had surrendered her whole life to their control. For the first time he began to wonder what motive could in the first instance prompt a young girl, born in comfort, perhaps in affluence, tenderly nurtured and well-educated, to trample all the ties of nature, and the joys of home, under her feet, and take to the life of a servant, nursing all kinds of people, good and bad, rich and poor, through every sort of disease and sickness that humanity suffers from. "This is what turns the hard ways into soft," she had said. They were hard, then, in spite of the love that prompted her to tread them? How could it be otherwise? He was a brute and a fool not to have known that instinctively. What was there in the service of his own sick-room that was not repugnant? the service of a common hospital nurse performed by a refined lady towards a man who was neither father nor brother, kith nor kin to her? It was the triumph of her humility, her modest, self-obliterating charity, that he had not thought of this before, and been pained and embarrassed by it, but had taken it as a natural thing, extending towards Sœur Thérèse little more than the gratitude that we feel towards a servant who serves us kindly and punctually.

"Come and read me some of that book of yours," he said, impelled to do something to atone for his ingratitude. "I want very much to hear what it is like."

"No, I will not read it," she replied; "you said it would bore you; and M. Vauban does not wish you to be bored."

"I only said that to tease you, *ma sœur*. I assure you it will amuse me very much."

"Then I certainly will not read it; it is not a book to be made an amusement of," said Sœur Thérèse.

"I did not mean that; I will not laugh at it; I promise you I won't," repeated Gustave.

Sœur Thérèse suspended her knitting, and looking at him, said: "I will read it for you, then, but on one condition, that you don't ask me to read you any more of that '*Feuilleton*'."

"Ah, no! I can't agree to that, the '*Feuilleton*' is much too amusing; I must hear the end of it. What objection have you to it? It won't interfere with the '*Père de Ravignan*' the least in the world; we can have the novel in the morning, and the '*Père*' in the afternoon."

"No; the mixture would not do at all; they would spoil each other," said Sœur Thérèse; "it would be like giving you opposite kinds of food that must disagree, and doctors never approve of that, you know, monsieur!"

"On the contrary; it is sometimes very salutary," protested the count; "when you have eaten anything unwholesome, or even poisonous, they give you its opposite as an antidote."

"Ah! then you admit that the novel is poisonous?"

"I only admit it for the sake of argument. Come, *ma sœur*, don't be obstinate; it is bad for sick people to be contradicted!" he said coaxingly.

She had intended all along to yield; but she was clever enough to see that a little contradiction would prepare the way by stimulating M. de Bois-Ferré's curiosity, and also disarm his suspicions that she was bent on converting him. She rose and took the book from the table. Before she had opened it, however, the clock struck, and reminded them it was the hour for the dressing of the wounds. It had always been a subject of admiration to him, the skill which his nurse displayed in this operation, uniting such swiftness and neatness, delicacy and strength: for he was a large, strong-limbed man, and it

was necessary to raise the shattered leg, and hold it suspended while putting on the bandages, and to do this without inflicting acute pain was a feat that required a practised and a skilful hand. Clement was there to help, but the lad's good will was not of much avail against his nervousness and utter want of experience, so the whole task devolved on the nurse. He watched her to-day with a greater interest than usual. It was certainly a most repulsive task, revolting to natural fastidiousness in all its details. He felt grieved and humiliated to see it performed by one who was not his sister, and whom he could not class amongst those who undertake disagreeable work in order to gain their bread. To do him justice, M. de Bois-Ferré had never looked upon Sœur Thérèse in the light of a person whose services could be paid by money. He had not thought of what other kind of payment she was working for. He had simply admired and wondered, and felt devoutly thankful for the state of society which evolved such institutions as these admirable women. His feelings were, unknown to himself, very much those of the pious cat who gave thanks to a benign Providence that provided mice for the food and entertainment of all cats; he had a vague idea that gentlemen with broken legs were the final cause of Sisters of Charity, or of Hope, it was all the same.

"You don't seem to have suffered as much as usual under the *pansement*, monsieur?" said Sœur Thérèse, when it was over, and she was arranging him in a comfortable position.

"No, ma sœur; I never suffered anything to speak of, only I am a cowardly dog, and cry out the moment I'm pricked," said the count; "I tried to be more patient to-day."

"You are always patient enough," she said; "don't put too much restraint on yourself; it is not necessary. On the contrary, sometimes it is a guide to me when you cry out a little, I know I am hurting you, and try to be more gentle."

She was smoothing his pillows as she spoke. M. de Bois-Ferré bent his head over her hand and touched it reverently with his lips. There was a moisture in his eyes that was very near overflowing. He had suffered more than he owned just now, and the effort at complete self-command had been a greater strain than his exhausted nerves could bear. Besides this, he was strangely moved by the ministrations of Sœur Thérèse, so tender, so

unconscious, so perfectly natural in their kindness and simplicity. She saw that he was overcome, and taking her crucifix from her girdle she held it up, and with a smile that was half entreating, half humorous, "If you would kiss this it would do you more good," she said.

He made a sign for her to approach it to his lips, and then turned away, and was silent for a long while. Sœur Thérèse did not volunteer again to read the contested book. She went back to the window and resumed her knitting.

Monsieur Vauban came earlier than usual next day, when she was preparing her patient's breakfast. M. de Bois-Ferré was in the habit of ordering in his meals from a neighbouring café, when he took them at home, which, indeed, seldom occurred; but the doctor disapproved of this arrangement now, the dishes of the professed cook being too highly seasoned for a feverish patient; he must have nothing but the most nourishing and the simplest food—strong beef-soup, broiled meat, and plain boiled vegetables. Sœur Thérèse volunteered to prepare all this, and with Clement for *marmite*, she managed to combine satisfactorily the duties of cook and nurse. She undertook it so simply and spontaneously that it never occurred to the count to be surprised, or to consider whether it was too much for her, or work that she was not accustomed to. If Madame de Genvriac had offered to go into the kitchen to superintend the concoction of a *tisane*, he would have been immensely surprised and amused at the incongruity of the thing. But then Madame de Genvriac was a fine lady. It was against all the laws of nature that she should set her bronze or satin foot on the tiled floor of a kitchen.

"What! Did I give you permission to read?" cried the doctor, who found M. de Bois-Ferré engrossed in the *Figaro* when he entered; "I said you might be read aloud to so long as it did not fatigue you; I can't yet allow you to read yourself; it is a strain on you holding the paper; why do you not let Sœur Thérèse read to you?"

"She does not approve of the *Figaro*," said the young man, "and there is a very amusing 'Fenilleton' in it that I want to see the end of."

"Pshaw! Nonsense! She will read it. She is much too sensible to refuse. I cannot have you strain your neck trying to read; it fatigues the spine."

Sœur Thérèse came in, and the usual morning's services were performed by herself and the doctor. The wounds showed still the same unfavourable symptoms. Things were not worse, but decidedly no better.

"He makes no progress, doctor?" she said, when they were out of hearing.

"No; still, on the whole, I am more hopeful about him; he ought to be a great deal worse by this time, unless he is to recover. There is less fever. You must keep him amused; read aloud to him anything he fancies. He said, half in a joke, that you would not read the *Figaro* for him; that is nonsense; he must be kept amused at any price. You are not so foolish, ma sœur, as to refuse to do anything that is necessary for your patient?"

"Is it necessary for him to read bad books?" said Sœur Thérèse. "I will read till I am hoarse if he will listen to good ones."

"Tut, tut! what squeamishness is this!" exclaimed the medical man, confronting her, with an expression of surprise and irritation. "I never knew you shirk your duty before, ma sœur. I order you to read aloud any book that can divert your patient's mind,

and keep him from dwelling on his wounds and other painful subjects. I may as well tell you now that he is in very great trouble. He does not yet know it himself; I have had a great deal to do to keep it from him, to prevent its getting into the *Figaro* precisely, and to keep people away. That mare that he prized so much is dead; she was shot at once, as Madame de Genvriac foolishly told him; the other story was got up to undo the mischief."

"After all, doctor, a horse can be replaced?" said Sœur Thérèse, but slightly moved by the startling information.

"The loss of this one just at this moment is nothing short of ruin, I believe, to M. de Bois-Ferré. If he recovers, he may curse us both for not letting him die; but we can't consider that: our business is to cure him."

M. Vauban passed out, and went down the stairs, humming a snatch from an old song. He was neither heartless nor cynical, but a long professional career had inured him to the most painful and critical experiences. He was sorry for Bois-Ferré, and was doing his best for him; but what most needed his compassion he could not take *au sérieux*.

WILLIAM BOYLE.

[William Boyle was born in 1853 at Dromiskin, County Louth. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Dundalk, and entered the Inland Revenue branch of the Civil Service soon after 1870. His occupation has brought him much into contact with the peasantry of his own country, and that he knows them in many aspects the *Kish of Brogues* (Dublin: O'Donoghue & Co.) abundantly testifies. He has written a deal of story and verse which, as yet uncollected, is scattered up and down the pages of many magazines and newspapers.]

THE COW CHARMER.¹

(FROM "A KISH OF BROGUES".)

"Och! she's bravely, Mickel—bravely, if the Lord spares her," Larry Hanlon answered

to his friend, Michael Duffy, as the latter volunteered assistance to drive the new purchase up the lane home from the fair of Crossmaglen.

"Troth, she is!—a fine figure of a cow all out; an' as you say, sure, if she's lucky, Larry, it's everythin'."

"That's it, avick!" Larry continued, in the mildly deprecatory tone of a man who considered he had got a safe bargain. "She'll give us a dhrop o' milk, plaze God, till our own comes roun', an' thin, maybe, we could put a bit o' beef on her bones and send her across to England."

"She's a mountainy," Michael critically observed, turning his head on one side the better to observe the animal. "She'll be hard to fatten."

"Well, she is—she is," Larry acquiesced slowly; "but she's big, Mickel."

This assertion Michael saw no reason to dispute, and—to change the subject from

¹ By kind permission of the author and publisher.

the personal characteristics of the cow, which he rather feared to discuss in the presence of Mrs. Hanlon, the purchaser's wife, who was approaching them from her own door—he asked his friend where he meant to put the animal.

"By gob! I never thought where I'd put her at all, at all. There's not a taste o' room in the cowshed wid the rest o' the cattle, an' I can't keep her out these frosty nights that's comin' on. But here's Biddy, an' I'll back her for some scheme or another."

Biddy was Larry's better half; indeed, she might, without any great stretch of imagination, be called his three-quarters. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, of a remarkably yellow complexion, and addicted to much declamation. Still, as her husband used to say—and who had a better right to know?—her bark was worse than her bite. This was fortunate, for her bark was very bad indeed. She had, however, one chink in her armour—an aversion to going to either fair or market; and Hanlon took advantage of this little weakness to hold his own pretty well on the question of sales and purchases. I dare say the Duke of Wellington had some particle of cowardice somewhere in him, which some of his subordinates discovered to their own advantage. Larry's wife was the iron warrior of her domestic circle.

Still, Mrs. Hanlon reserved to herself the right of criticizing any purchased article or animal, although she rarely cavilled at the price. It was, therefore, not without a little trepidation that Larry waited for his wife's opinion on the cow. His friend stood by in silence. Michael was a very good man, but he was one of that numerous class—to which the present writer confesses he himself belongs—who are bravest at a reasonable distance from the scene of action. Michael praised the cow immoderately coming up the lane, but he was no such fool as to unmask his forces to the sweeping artillery of Mrs. Biddy, till he knew in what direction these same guns were pointed.

"She's a good figure of a cow," Mrs. Hanlon murmured, walking all round the animal; "an' quiet, too," she added, scratching her between the horns.

"Wasn't thim my very words?" Michael gleefully appealed to Hanlon. "'That's just Biddy's cut of a cow,' says I—'a fine figure, wid plenty o' bone an' horn, an' no nonsense about her.' Didn't I?"

"Deed ye did that," Larry responded. "But where'll we put her, Biddy?" he went on. "The other cattle id make sthrange wid her, even if there was room among thim."

"Agh!" Biddy answered in disgust, throwing out one arm like a railway signal. "Min have no more heads on thim nor a bunch o' sally wattles! Come along! We'll put her in the castle, to be sure."

"The Lord betune us an' harm, Biddy, no!" Larry exclaimed, in utter astonishment, forgetting that his wife's decrees were more immutable than the proverbial legislation of the Medes and the Persians.

"Why not?" Biddy demanded, stopping short; and the cow—which seemed to have taken naturally to her mistress from a general sense of boniness—or, as Michael Duffy called it, "figure", common between them—stopped also. "I axed ye, Larry Hanlon, why not?"

Larry, whose mental barometer always ran down to "stormy" when his wife called him by his full name, stammered out:

"Why—I thought—maybe—Biddy, dear—that it widn't be just right. Maybe the 'good people'—God save us—widn't like it. Sure, ye know the castle's on their walk, an' that they built it thimselves, all in one night, an' we never put any livin' thing into it afore, barrin' turf."

In truth, this was an objection so serious that had it only first entered into Biddy's own mind she would no more have thought of putting the cow into the castle than she would of putting her in her own "bedroom parlour". But the good woman was committed to the measure, and, right or wrong, she had a soul beyond surrender. She was also skilful in defence.

"An' that's all my thanks!" she grumbled, in a strangely mingled tone of pathos and complaint; "a'fther me turnin' every sod of turf out of id wid my own two blessed hands, like a black slave"—she should have said a yellow one—"you come home an' tell me when you're full of whisky"—he was quite sober—"about fairies, and castles, an' the Lord knows what, as if"—and here she gathered strength to crush him—"as if I didn't know myself ten times more about sich things than you or one belengin' to you, an' the charm in my own family, that my cousin, Jemmy Mulroy, promises to lave me on his dyin' day, glory be to God!"

The good lady walked off, leaving her husband utterly routed—the cow, with that

unfailing instinct which tells the lower animals their real master, following behind her.

Castleshanaghas, or, as it was more popularly called, Fairy Castle, was a small ivy-covered ruin, standing on the verge of Hanlon's farmyard. Two of its sides had disappeared half-way down, but at the angle of the remaining sides there stood a substantial round turret of considerable height, with a circular apartment, of about ten feet in diameter, at the top, to be reached by a stone staircase winding in the interior from the base. The first floor, which was the only one remaining, was composed of a solid arch of masonry, so that the basement, in which Mrs. Hanlon had decided to locate the new cow, and from which the staircase wound, was an arched compartment of the entire length and breadth of the tower. The ruin, largely overrun by ivy, in which countless sparrows had taken up their abode, might have been picturesque but for the somewhat shabby farmyard surroundings with which Time, that old satirist, had mocked it. Learned antiquarians who had seen it said that the men who had built it had copied from the Spaniards. This decision seemed profane and wicked to the local faith, which held that the structure was erected in a single night by fairies wherein to celebrate the nuptial festivities of their youthful king and queen. The antiquarian idea was therefore rejected by the neighbourhood with all the scorn which such an unromantic story of the castle's origin deserved. "As if a pair o' bald-headed ould blades, wid their books an' maps an' goggles, could tell more about it in a quarther of an hour nor dacent, sensible Christians, wid charms in their families, who wor lookin' at it all their lives, an' could see the very road the fairies thravelled every blessed day they riz!" By which description there is ample reason to suppose that Mrs. Hanlon meant herself.

It was not without grave misgivings that she led the way to the fairy castle. But what would you have a woman do? Her character for consistency—or, what was much the same, for obstinacy—was at stake; and, as she flung out all the turf in the touching manner she had described, in order to make room for the cow, in the cow should go. Besides, the desecration of the fairy boudoir, if there were a desecration in the transaction, was clearly at her husband's door, not at hers, for he was the first to drag

fairies into the matter. Clearly Mrs. Hanlon was in the right anyhow.

Into the castle, therefore, the cow was inducted. She was littered, fed, watered, and milked—and a good yield of milk she gave, too, it was remarked. Then some hay was left her for consumption during the night, and, to make all safe, a chain and padlock was fastened on the outside of the door—the only modern portion of the structure—and carefully locked by Biddy's own hand.

Mrs. Hanlon was not a person disposed to let her bone go with the dog, or her cow with the fairies, without a struggle; so, after she had put all the children to bed, and before she herself retired, she stole out and listened cautiously at the castle door. The cow was all right, and could be distinctly heard grinding away at her hay. The good woman made a sacred sign at the door and withdrew.

But the new inhabitant, being a cow of a capacious stomach—several capacious stomachs, I believe I should say—and of an energetic turn of mind on the question of supplies, no sooner had she devoured all the hay which had been set before her than she began to explore the premises for more. With this laudable intention she traversed round and round her domain, and when she stopped, rather disgusted with her fruitless efforts, she found her nose at the bottom of the spiral staircase, up which she scented the fresh night air. She had been bred upon the mountains, and was accustomed from her infancy to poke her nose and force her body into all sorts of rocky nooks and crevices in search of food. There was no telling what undiscovered treasure lay above these steps. What loads of hay, what acres of scented meadow, what pits of succulent and luscious turnips might not lie beyond her and above her! One trifling effort and the blissful El Dorado she had often dimly dreamt of on her sunny mountain-sides in happy calfhood might be her own. Talk not of Jack and his Beanstalk as peculiar only to the human tribe. Nature prompting for supplies is the real parent of romance. The cow began to ascend. No doubt, when she got some way up, "hopes and fears that kindle hope" must have crossed and recrossed the tablets of her brain. But there was no retreat. She could not descend backwards, and she could not turn around. There was clearly nothing for it but to push on.

The time and toil it must have cost this

Christopher Columbus of the cowshed to reach the New World she was searching for, human ingenuity can never reckon. The Turret Chamber, somehow, and in some time before morning, she, however, reached, where, probably exhausted with her ascent, she lay down to rest. The descent the poor beast was never destined to accomplish.

Mrs. Hanlon, who was about betimes in the morning, hastened to inspect the new purchase. She unlocked the castle door and walked in, at first step incredulous of the evidence of her eyesight, and then in blank amazement. She rushed back wildly to the dwelling-house, and, in an agitated voice, accosted her husband, who was in the act of dressing:

"Come out o' that, I say! But it's you that's long in decoratin' yourself! An' sure, the bed might be stole from anondher us afore you'd miss it if ye hadn't me to look after ye. Here's a nice affair! The new oow stole out o' the stable from us, an' you takin' it as quiet as if nothin' happened. D'ye hear me, I say? The new cow's stole out o' the stable!"

"Is id out o' the castle, Biddy?" Larry enquired from the bedroom.

"Ay, out o' the castle, if ye like that betther, though it's all the one to me it seems whin she is gone, castle or no castle," Biddy retorted.

"Are ye sure ye looked all roun' inside, Biddy?" the husband interrogated, still unseen.

"Sure? Musha, that's a nice thing to ax me, as if I was an omadhawn, instead o' yer own born wife on the flure wid ye. I tell ye she's not in id. I took the key an' opened the door myself."

"An' did they break the lock, or dhraw the staple, or what?" Larry enquired, making his appearance with only one stocking on.

"The not a break or breck was on it," Biddy answered, as though the question was irrelevant. "What wid it be bruck for? Wasn't it myself that locked it last night, an' myself that opened it this mornin'? But the divil resave the cow (God pardon me!) was inside!"

"Aw! Biddy, jewel, it's not good she was!" Hanlon cried, staggered at the suspicion which began to cross him.

"Sure we hadn't time to tell whether she was good, bad, or middlin'," Mrs. Hanlon answered, purposely misunderstanding him; "an' if she was the worst cow that ever gev

the makin's of a churnin', you're not goin' to let her wid the robbers that way—the vagabones!"

"Biddy, Biddy, mind what y'are sayin'!" Larry murmured mysteriously. "She wasn't good to meddle wid, I mane; an' it's the fairies has her this minute, or I'm much mistaken. Don't you say the doore was locked, a-hagur?"

The impossibility of abstracting the cow through the keyhole now presented itself to the excited housewife for the first time, and as locks were regarded with unbounded confidence in that primitive region—the idea of a duplicate key never once entered the imagination of the worthy couple.

Here was a new and far more serious view of things. Had she, the prudent, pious Mrs. Hanlon, who had a charm in her own family, been guilty of the iniquity of advising—nay, commanding—that an insult should be offered to the most vindictive portion of the invisible creation? For several moments she was stricken dumb. But Biddy Hanlon was not the woman to remain long undecided.

"Look about ye, Larry," she said, still taking the initiative; "maybe they left her down at O'Flynn's fort, the way they did Jenny Gallagher's baby, the great God pre-sarve us!" and the good dame reverently raised her hands and eyes and performed a devout curtsy.

"Oh! throth I'll look all round the whole place afore I rise any rout at all about her," Larry remarked, with a slight savour of the matter-of-fact about him. "Maybe she got out some way."

They searched the farmyard and buildings, up and down and in and out; they searched the fields, the fairy fort, highways and byways all the country around, and all without success, because they never thought of searching at the top of the castle.

Then they sent for Jemmy Mulroy, the cow-charmer.

Jemmy could charm back the milk to a cow that had lost it. Where was the wonder, then, if he could charm back a cow to her byre? And if he sometimes failed to restore the missing commodity to its rightful owner, he never failed to tell him who it was that had it, which was the next best thing and a comfort in itself, as the crime was certain to be laid upon the shoulders of someone with whom the loser was only on indifferent terms. So that if Jemmy could not quite

recover the cow for his cousins, there was no doubt, judging by analogy, that he could tell them where on earth she was gone to. As each successive natural effort to trace the missing animal began and ended in failure, the Hanlons' faith in the strength of Jemmy's magic increased.

The first and most essential requisite for a successful issue of the necromancer's undertaking was a bottle of whisky. Precluded by the stern discipline of his avocation from demanding it, the operator usually resorted to the diplomatic intervention of a pocket-corkscrew, which he produced in the presence of the uninitiated employer of his potent charms with the suggestive side observation: "You'll be wanted bineby whin the bottle comes." This never failed to illuminate the dullest intellect, and was, besides, productive of a vague feeling of the presence of mysterious and unlimited mechanical appliances, such articles of personal adornment as corkscrews being rarely seen in those days.

Jemmy soon responded to the summons. He was a little, round-shouldered, old man, dressed in corduroy breeches, blue stockings, and faded red waistcoat, and a light-gray frieze coat of the swallow-tail denomination. His hat was just beginning to show signs of settling down in life, and, to finish all, he carried one of the crookedest walking-sticks that ever made a tortuous passage from a man's hand to the earth.

On the present occasion Jemmy's corkscrew, having only the ordinary duties of its kind to accomplish, was closed with great solemnity and restored to its resting-place. Jemmy then filled a glass of whisky for himself, and drank it off without further ceremony. After this he filled and handed a glass each to Larry and his wife, ungallantly leaving the lady for last. Then he lightly put back the cork, and placed the bottle on the hob beside the fire for his own exclusive sustainment during the performance of his mystic operations.

Although Mrs. Hanlon was not sufficiently inured to aerial spirits to dispose of her portion without the invocation of a few tears, she struggled bravely with the task, lest any womanly reluctance on her part to comply with her cousin's ritual might hinder the efficacy of his charms. After this preliminary it was necessary to visit the scene of the abduction, where Jemmy wisely shook his head and held his tongue. On returning to the kitchen he ordered three bottles to

be filled with salt and water, and ranged beside the other bottle already on the hob. The children were turned out of the house, and Biddy and Larry also withdrew, leaving the charmer alone.

In about half an hour the good housewife, whose impatient curiosity had grown the better of her superstition, stole softly back, and peeped through the kitchen window. She could just see the skirts of Jemmy's coat round the edge of a short wall which screened the fireplace from the open door. He was holding a low conversation with the bottles, and she withdrew in awe. But the window had a marvellous attraction. Surely there could be no great harm in a respectful peep by one who might herself some day be initiated into the complete performance. Mrs. Hanlon again reached the window. This time Jemmy spoke an intelligible tongue. His words were addressed to the housedog, which had remained indoors, and gave him some annoyance by crawling underneath his legs, and to the cat, whose luxurious instincts lured her to the pillowing roundness of the necromancer's shoulders, where pussy had established herself with such a general sense of comfort that she could only adequately express her feelings by softly bursting into song. Mrs. Hanlon, whose commendable desire to behold as much as possible had impelled her to squeeze her countenance into one corner of the window, saw, and amazement filled her. Still, she failed to discover any connection between this animal intrusiveness and the words which followed:

"Yez are over me an' yez are on dher me an' yez are all roun' me!" Jemmy helplessly exclaimed. "But sorra bit I'd mind yez, only I can't stand flays!"

Mrs. Hanlon's nose was becoming flat and bloodless, and her breath had dimmed the glass out of all transparency, but if Peeping Tom himself, and the whole half-dozen wives of Blue Beard were tugging with a warning at her elbow, the good lady would not have found it in her to desert her post of observation.

"He is fightin' thim! He is fightin' thim!" she thought. "Law! how I'd like to see thim!"

At that moment the cow upon the top of the castle lifted up her voice and bawled.

"By the powers o' war!" she exclaimed, "they're in the air over us, an' the cow in the middle o' thim! No wondher Jemmy

said they wor over him an' onder him an' all round him!"

"Moo-oo-oo!" bellowed the cow, hungry, upon her lofty eminence.

"Where, in the name o' gracious, is she? Is it up the chimbley, Biddy, dear?" Larry asked, rushing up with the children all after him.

"Whisht, I tell ye!" Biddy answered. "She's among the fairies, an' Jemmy's on their thrack, *magha brag!*"

"The Lord presarve us all this blessed day!" Larry devoutly ejaculated. "Jemmy is the hayro o' the world!"

Again the cow's plaintive low burst above them, and one of the quick-eyed urchins discerned *drimmin's* face and horns protruding through the turret battlements.

"Look, Daddy, look!" the child cried; "she's above on the top o' the castle!"

"Musha, more power to yer elbow, Jemmy, jewel! but it's yerself that done it about right this time, anyway!" Larry roared out, losing all self-control as he danced about in delight and wonder on beholding his lost animal's ruby visage high up among the ivy.

"What's this noise for?" Jemmy Mulroy asked indignantly, coming to the door.

"The cow! the cow! ye brought her back to us!" Larry made answer. "She's down as far as the top o' the castle! Give thim *launah vallah*, my *bouchal*, now you're at it, an' ye'll have her on the ground in less than no time!"

Jemmy, whose belief in his own success in the present instance was of the vaguest, and whose sight did not enable him to perceive the visible portion of the beast upon the turret, said, with an eye to ultimate failure:

"Yiz spoilt the charm on me! I just had her by the horn the very time yiz bawled out an' stopped me."

Mrs. Hanlon, who had remained silent since she left the window, wrapped in admiration as she was, here turned a look upon her husband which had made him wish not that he had not been born, but that he had been born dumb.

"No, Jemmy, no!" he answered eagerly. "Sure ye have her anyway; and if ye can't finish the job all out, maybe we can manage to get her down ourselves."

"Let me see the crather anyway," Jemmy said, curious to solve the riddle of the cow's peculiar eminence.

Together they all entered the enchanted castle and ascended to the turret-chamber. On the steps unmistakable traces of the cow's progress that way remained visible to all. Not, however, to Mrs. Hanlon.

"Begorra! it's climbed up the steps she did!" Larry exclaimed, brightening.

His wife again turned upon him the look already mentioned, and the little flickering light upon his countenance was made ghastly in its glare.

"If she got up thim steps be herself, Larry Hanlon, why doesn't she get down thim be herself?"

To this poser Larry helplessly replied that maybe she wasn't able.

"Thin, thank God, good man, that ye have thim belonging to your wife that's able," she retorted.

Jemmy wisely held his peace. Such materialistic suggestions were beneath his notice. Silently he ascended to the cow's apartment, silently he looked all round it, and silently he descended to the earth—Mrs. Hanlon and her husband respectfully following his footsteps. Thus they returned to the dwelling-house, where the charmer took up his whisky-bottle, filled for himself, and partook thereof. Then he took the three other bottles containing the salt and water severally, laid them on the kitchen table, and broke silence.

"To-night," he said, "when the clock strikes twelve, tie a knot on the cow's tail and give her one of these. The second one ye'll have to give her when the cock crows once in the mornin', and the third ye must take and bury in the garden to-morrow. On the third day from now, if yez haven't got her on the groun', yez may make up yer minds to fatten her where she is, for if the fairies milks her three times more she'll never ate green grass on this earth. What's done can't be ondone, an' I won't blame anyone; but if yez hadn't intrupted me at the minute yez did, it's not where she is the cow id be now."

With which grave reproof of curiosity and levity Jemmy sorrowfully filled out the last drop of whisky in the bottle, drank it, took the fee which Mrs. Hanlon had silently laid upon the table, and departed.

The charmer's instructions were carefully complied with as far as was possible, Larry and his friend Duffy braving all the fairy terrors of the castle and remaining up all night for the purpose. Just on the stroke

of twelve, the knot was gravely tied upon the cow's tail, and the first bottle poured down her throat, not without protest on behalf of the recipient. Anxiously, with strained ears and backs creeping with affright, the two friends waited for the cock-crow. The caution Biddy gave them not to sleep was superfluous. Their nerves were too much tried for slumber. Once or twice Larry started up, thinking he had heard the signal he was waiting for. It was only a trick of his imagination. Then he would sit down again and listen to the blood coursing through his ears—which he doubted not was the echo of the fairies' feet—and to the cow contentedly grinding her hay. Duffy seemed less communicative than the cow.

At last, clear, long, and shrill, "the har-binger of early morn" gave them warning. The two men started to their feet, Larry holding the bottle in his hand. But before they had time to lay a hand upon the patient's or rather victim's horn, the cock crew a second time, and to this they attributed the subsequent failure. Down the cow's throat, however, the fluid was destined to go, the friends cunningly pledging themselves to keep the mishap from Mrs. Hanlon, which they did for three months at least. They felt that having a second time missed success by a hair's-breadth, even Jemmy Mulroy was now powerless to charm the cow to earth, "charmed he never so wisely." So they took his hint and fattened her where she was.

It was a tragic termination to an aspiring and eventful career. A temporary roof of sticks and straw was laid across the turret battlement. A temporary manger was erected underneath. Then up the weary steps went day by day, supplies of hay, and straw, and oilcake, and cabbage, and turnips, and water, and bucketfuls of white mealy drink, hot and steaming, of all which the unsuspecting prisoner freely, and even ravenously partook, and from which she apparently derived large internal comfort.

But her high mountain birth and breeding precluded her from much obesity, and it was supposed that the fairies must continue milking her; for, though she devoured twice the quantity of food of any stalled ox in the barony, the resultant accumulation of beef was no more than half. Michael Duffy said it was the keen air so far up that did it. One day the usual supply of edibles did not go up the winding staircase. The butcher man went instead, followed by an attendant, bearing the peculiar arms of his craft.

I will draw a veil over what ensued.

Whether it is that fairy money, or money derived from sources over which fairies may have had control, has a way of multiplying of its own, Jemmy Mulroy could no doubt tell, but I cannot. Anyhow, it was lucky money that Larry received from the butcher for this cow. Not liking to buy anything with it, lest there might be further trouble, Larry put the price of the cow in bank. It was the first money he had ever put away in such a manner, but once the custom was begun he rapidly developed a taste for calling at the bank, till at last he became a well-known figure at its broad counter on a fair or market day.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon are now people of importance. They ride their own jaunting car, and have a son a student in Maynooth. But with all Biddy's worldly success, she suffered a keen disappointment when, after the death of Jemmy Mulroy, she discovered that he had left his charm to a more distant relative, who happened to possess the advantage of knowing Irish, in which language alone it could be transmitted. Nevertheless, her pride is consoled by proclaiming, whenever an opportunity arises, that there is still a charm in her family, and the young fellows round about, when they look into her daughter's bright eyes, and remember the fortune waiting for her in the bank, never think for a moment of disputing the assertion.

JULIA CROTTY.

[Miss Crotty was born in Lismore, Co. Waterford. She was educated by the Presentation Nuns there, and by Miss Lizzie

Fitzsimon, now Mrs. Walsh, editress of the *Providence Visitor*, a Rhode Island newspaper. Miss Crotty lived out the years of

early girlhood in the stagnant atmosphere of an Irish country-town, receiving impressions which are rendered, sometimes with appalling faithfulness, in her books *Neighbours* and *The Lost Land*. Later she lived for some time in America. Her output is small but very remarkable. She is no Irish Idealist, and is not afraid of making the black really black and not only the dimmed white of a dusty angel. She is the first writer since Carleton who has shown fearless realism in her portrayal of Irish character, and that is not to say that she does not love her people and deal tenderly with them as well. Miss Crotty bids fair to be one of the most considerable figures in Irish literature. The following extract, which is taken from *Neighbours*, is given by her kind permission and that of her publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin.]

A BLAST.

In the pleasant July morning it was cheerful to hear the fishwoman's loud call, "Fresh—alowie! Fresh—alowie!" coming down the street. For a month the Innisdoyle people had been living on tea—tea-breakfasts, tea-dinners, tea-suppers—until they felt dyspeptic and withered and nervous. And now, "all of a sudden", the new potatoes had come in, and, to crown the feeling of plenty, here were the fresh herrings and mackerel. Rose Ellen, blowsy, and fresh as a salt-water breeze, drew rein opposite the gooseberry-woman's stand and jumped from the car.

"Yerrah, Peggy Dee, woman dear," she cried, "what in the world ails your poor face? 'Tis the size of half a barrel—the Lord save us! And that shiny redness upon it—'tis terrible dangerous-looking someway—"

"Ah, you may well say 'tis dangerous-looking, an' the feeling of it is worse. 'Tis a face, Rose Ellen, that will be the finishing o' me I'm thinking."

"But how did it come on you at all—sure, you never had the like before—an' what is it?"

"Oh, what would it be, an unnatural thing like it, but"—in a whisper and with a fearful glance around—"a blast!"

Rose Ellen blessed herself and looked at the stricken one with awe.

"'Tis nothing else in life," went on Peggy, "an' I got it of an evening three weeks ago. I was out gethering a bit o' dandeline, for I was bothered a good while with a kind of sickly all-overishness, an' the dandeline is great for that, when just at the burying-ground gate I suddenly felt a sting o' pain in the jaw that nearly lifted the head off o' me. An hour's aise hasn't blessed me since."

"She's a torminted cr'ature, that's the Heaven's truth," put in Mick Dee.

His wife glared at him. "L'ave the talking to me," she said, "you that could sleep rings round you while your poor misfortunate wife has to be tossing and turning in her misery. Ah, if I couldn't give a sorrowful histhory of nyself since this struck me!"

"But didn't you see the doctor about it at all, Peggy?" asked Rose Ellen.

"The doctor! Ah, the blaggard, sure 'twas no use! But I went to him through the fair denth o' misery, an' he commenced feeling and examining the lump, till I thought I'd fall out o' my standing.

"How long is this growing, ma'am?" says he.

"I told him. I said nothing about it being a blast though, mind you, for 'tis to bu'st out laughing in my face he would, maybe.

"And you did nothing for it—saw nobody about it all the time?" he says. 'You neglected it.'

"That maddened me." ["An' why wouldn't it?" said Mick Dee. "She that saw a nation of people about it, an' took everyone o' their advice! Bedad! 'twas nothing but concoctions in saucepans—"] "Will you let me go on with my story, you common, ignorant vulgarian? 'Neglected it?' says I. 'I to neglect a jaw like that! I'd be long sorry. There isn't a blister or a powltice or a stouping that I'm not afther applying to it. Fly-blisthers, musthard-l'aves, horse-reddish, ky-in-pepper, ground cloves, hot roasted onions, cowl'd b'iled turnips, stewed figs, mashed potatoes, linsid-male, rice-an'-flour, soap-an'-sugar, march-malices¹, ground ivy, camimile flowers, eldher, ellum bark—a hundred things—I'm the remains of 'em all, an' still, doctor,' says I, 'look at the jaw I have! Nothing of all that I tried suited it at all; it got worse an' worse.'"

["That's what it did," said Mick. "You could compare it to nothing but a house

¹ Marsh-mallows.

a-fire. An' her appetite is gone; a fly would ait a bigger brekwist."] "Can't you keep aisy, you talkative disciple, an' I lave me explain to the woman?"

"'Doctor,' says I, 'can you tell me at all what's the nature o' the ailment? There's a b'ating in it like the hammers-o'-death, an' you see yourself 'tis more like a pudden than a Christian f'ature.'

"'What would be the use, ma'am, of telling you the name and title of it?' says the limb. "'Tis a bad jaw, an' if you want relief you must submit to an operation—'"

"But I wouldn't stand that," interrupted Mick Dee. "'If ye want carving an' experimenting,' says I, 'thry it on them without well-wishers. I daar ye to touch Peggy!'"

"Who wanted you to intherfere?" cried the patient angrily. "Wasn't I able to do my own talking and take my own part?"

"The allusion to the operation," she resumed, "gave me a sort of a sinking in the inside—"

"An' why not, you poor soul?" said Rose Ellen. "Sure, everyone knows that an operation is the last resource."

"'Oh, dochtor,' says I, when I could ketch my breath, 'what would you be for doing to me at all? Is it to scarify and lance the gums you'd be wanting, or to cut a piece o' the jaw off o' me, an' I lave me an *object* all the rest o' my days?'"

"'All I have to say, ma'am, for I'm busy and can't waste words, is to repeat that if you want relief—for a time—you must place yourself in my hands.'

"Rose Ellen, I may look like a fool, but I'm not one." ["Faith, you're not, Peggy," said the fishwoman heartily.] "An' I took good notice of what he said about relieving me 'for a time'. 'Well, then,' says I to him, 'if that's all you can do for me, let us part, in the name o' God! I suppose my days are numbered, an' if so, I'll go to my Creator as I came from His hands, without being hacked, or hewed, or disimbered.'

"Bully for you, Peggy! That was the way to talk to that rogue of a fellow with his knives an' saws for the poor human frame."

"It was Christian talk, at any rate, Rose Ellen Doyle," said Peggy, who prided herself on her theological as well as other knowledge. "'I'll take medical treatment for the jaw, if *you* plaze,' says I, an' by that token he knew that he had no slack customer to deal with.

"'Very well,' says he, pretending to yawn, but p'aceable enough, for 'tis aisy to terrify the like o' em if they see you're knowledgable, 'come in any day when the dispinsary is open and you'll get some drugs.'

"Up with me next day, an' 'twas that blaggard of an assistant of his that was there. What did he do but give me a bottle o' stuff as black as my shoe. I'm no hand at all at swallowing boluses, an' so I tould him. 'Give me a few good strong pills,' says I, 'instead of all that hedjus wash.' 'Tis the bottle was ordered for you by the doctor,' says the impident jackeen, 'an' that's all you'll get.'

"Paddy Donnelly, my own second cousin, was there with an impression on his chest, an' he was afther getting a box o' pills.

"'Bad luck to 'em,' says he; 'sure I can't get the like down at all only by *chewing* 'em, an' the divilish brat wouldn't give me a draught of some kind that would be no trouble at all to me.'

"That was my chance. 'Paddy,' says I, explaining it to him, 'we're both under constitutional thratement, an' therefore our medicines are interchangeable. What's sauce for the goose, you know, is sauce for the gander. Give me the pills an' take the bottle with you.'

"'All right,' says he; 'sure, "exchange is no robbery". We're both suiting ourselves.'

"Well, would you believe it, I took the whole box of 'em, and never a stir did they put in me, although, in addition to 'em I took the two dozen pills that poor Tom Brown, the car-boy, left when he was took so sudden, God rest him! I swallowed all that two dozen—" ["Except the three or four you gave me the night I had a touch o' the colic," corrected Mick Dee.] "An' notwithstanding, an' nevertheless, the jaw kept gethering an' gethering."

"You didn't take enough of 'em, I suppose, Peggy," said a neighbour; "people have to take a regular *course* of constitutional medicine."

"I knew that," said Peggy, "an' so I went to the dispinsary to get Paddy's box renewed, but when I made my request you never heard the like o' the language of that on-mannerly scamp of an assistant. He was black in the face with timper. 'Bedad,' says he, 'for one farthing I'd hand you over to the peelers for a case of attempted deliberate self-slaughter!'"

"They're vinimous cats, them doctors, an'

they had it in for me for refusing the operation, so I said to myself I'd avoid 'em for a while. Look, Rose Ellen, at that for a surge o' cowl'd perspiration all over me!"

"You're very wake entirely, Peggy. Come over with me to O'Dell's, an' we'll have a little drop in comfort."

"Oh no, Rose Ellen, I thank you kindly, but whisky, wine, or porter would be the complete ruination o' me."

"Yerrah, sure, my mother mentioned that when she was here with the fish lately ye had three or four glasses of punch apiece—"

"But that was when I was taking James Hagarty's advice to drink all the stimilants I could get to build me up against the wasting o' the lump. But Johnny Ryan—an' he's an expariansed man, for 'twas a boil between the shoulders that killed his son—tould me that every drop o' that kind was adding poison to the jaw. I left off the drink on that account."

"Well, you're a terrible sufferer, there's no doubt about that, Peggy, a terrible sufferer, poor sowl. I have some grand fresh herrings there in the cart, an' you must take a couple home for yer tay."

"I'm obliged to you, Rose Ellen, an' I'll take one with thanks for Mick Dee, but as for myself I daarn't touch 'em. By Norry Lane's advice I was eating everything that came my way, for she said 'twas a great thing to feed a swelling up to the point of seppuration, but Mrs. McGoldrick, the pinnioner's wife, that knows a bit of everything, for she's a thravelled woman, declared to me I was fairly 'digging my grave with my teeth', an' she said 'twas lowness of living suited a lump of any kind. So I gave over the aiting too. I'm living now on a cup of tay, an'," with sad resignation, "l'aving everything in the Lord's hands."

The two women looked impressed and sympathetic.

"But there's one comfort in it all," went on Peggy, "there isn't one that passes the way without the kindest enquiries."

"Oh, begor! that's the truth," said Mick Dee. "'Tis nothing but axing her all about it. 'Tis a great wonder of a face to 'em."

"Well, listen to that! Wouldn't anyone think, to hear that mass of ignorance, that 'tis out of mere curiosity the people queshtion me about my affliction, when 'tis through the very heighth of respect an' goodwill. But that was his way ever an' always, to lessen by his ignorance the dacent, hard-working

cr'ature that for thirty years is afther standing between him an' the Poorhouse—"

"But I did my share, Peggy," Mick Dee was beginning with feeble remonstrance.

"Your share? How?" scornfully.

"With the donkey, sure, hauling an' carrying."

"At ninepence a day! Yerrah, go to grass, man! You an' your once-a-week jobs, what a help they were to support you an' your son! Go, you man o' misfortune, an' tackle the donkey so that I can go home an' rest on my bed, an' be out o' the sighth an' hearing of you for a while!"

Mick Dee shuffled off obediently.

"God help him!" said Rose Ellen; "he's feeling purty blue these times."

"Ah, but if you saw an' heard him Tuesday night when I was making my will—"

"Making your will? Were you that bad, Peggy?"

"I was so bad in my head an' mind an' feelings in general, that no one but the Lord an' myself knows it. I had no other prospect before me but that the morning would see me launched into Eternity. 'Tis a solemn thought, an' one that a person of a right conscience an' understanding can't forget in a hurry. An' so with death staring me in the face, I called out as well as my weakness would let me. 'Mick Dee!' says I. 'Yes, Peggy,' says he, coming over from the dresser, where he had his head in among the plates, groaning an' sobbing. 'What is it, Peggy?' says he. 'I'm going to make my last will an' testament,' says I. With that you never heard such a cry as they all sot up, for although I hadn't a blood-relation among that houseful o' neighbours, still they all knew me an' respected me, an' grieved for my sad case. 'That double-shawl o' mine,' says I, 'that Father Mulrenin gave me last Christmas twelve years, give that to my cousin Mary at the Pill. She's the only one o' my father's people left in Ireland now, an' although she's rich an' I'm poor—although she can come here with her three pounds' worth of fish at a time, while I have no better stock than a few gallons o' gooseberries, or a bag o' apples, or a box o' sprats, an' although she never once had the kind heart to say "Peggy, are you in want of a male of vittles or a shilling?" still, I wouldn't like Father Mulrenin's token o' respect to go out o' the family. So give it to Mary Bree,' says I, 'an' long may she wear it! Give my linsey gownd,' says I, 'to the neighbour

that'll lay me out, an' if 'tis too long or too short I'm willing to have her change it to suit herself. My hooded cloak that I brought from home with me nine-and-twenty year ago, when I married Mick Dee, I give and bequathe to Rose Ellen Doyle—"

"To me, Peggy?" cried Rose Ellen with a kind of choke.

"Give it to Rose Ellen," says I to Mick, 'as soon as I'm sthretched in my long rest, for I love an' like her, and I'd wish her to remimber me. An', besides, she'll give the cloak the care an' respect that a cloak should have."

This triple-barrelled compliment made Rose Ellen speechless for some moments, with a mixture of pleasurable and sad surprise.

"I hope 'twill be many a long day before I'll be wearing it, Peggy," she said softly then.

"Ah, no, Rose Ellen, as I tould the neighbours last night, I'm a doomed woman. Well, when Mick Dee heard me giving these directions, he began to bawl for dear life. 'An' what'll become o' me, Peggy?' says he."

"No wonder," said Rose Ellen, "you were the good partner for him."

"I was. I stood by him through thick and thin, kept a roof over him, a whole coat to his back, an' he was never without his warm male of vittles when he'd face home of a night. An' if I reminded him now and then of my seven generations an' their dacency, I only did it for the good of his soul and to keep down the strake of impident defiance that's in Mick Dee by nature. He can't help his natural lowness, an' I'm not finding fault with him for it. Where I'm facing we must forgive an' forget; an', besides, poor Mick has his own good points. 'What'll become o' me, Peggy?' says he. 'I'll tell you what you'll do,' says I. 'Make sale o' the donkey,' says I, 'an' of every thrap in the place; put the money in Mrs. O'Dell's hands for safe keeping for your berryin', an' go up to the Workhouse. *I'll look after you there,*' says I."

There was a pause after that, during which the woman buying fish took a pinch of snuff and blew her nose vigorously, and Rose Ellen sniffed a little.

"God help the poor!" said the woman.

The telegraph-boy, who had gone into O'Dell's a few minutes before, came out now, and immediately the clerk began to put up the shop-shutters.

"I wonder who's dead belonging to the

O'Dells?" said Rose Ellen with concern. "I'd be sorry to the heart for that kind family's trouble."

The servant-girl running across the street was stopped and questioned.

"Oh, don't be delayin' me," she cried. "I'm sent for some vinegar in a hurry for the missis. They're burnin' feathers under her poor nose, for she's in a dead wakeness. Her niece that was taken with a stitch in the side this morning an' left seventeen little orphans after her."

"Seventeen? Murdher, she's a great loss! That's frightful bad news for the kind woman over."

"Don't fret about it; she'll get over it aisy enough, never fear," said Peggy grimly. "They took it mighty calm when O'Dell's brother went so unexpected last June twelvemonths—"

"But he was a wrack from the drink, an' 'twas an actial relief to have him at rest. They were half killed from him—"

"Oh, that's all very well, but human beings ought to have some feeling, especially them that's no great shakes at the soberness themselves, an' I didn't hear a single sigh or moan from one of 'em at his funeral."

"Mrs. O'Dell was crying under her veil, an' so were the little girls, an' sure there couldn't be deeper black than they all wore for a good twelvemonths," said the neighbour.

"What matther is a few tears? Sure, a stranger would shed 'em over a poor fellow taken before his time. An' as for the crape an' bombazine, as my mother used to say, there's no great grief in mourning."

"Well, they have the shutters up an' the blinds all down now. 'Tis a sorrowful-looking house—"

"'Tis aisy to pull down blinds an' put up shutters, but I'll bet you a pinny that not more than four of 'em will go down to Belfast to the funeral! An' that's the sign that I go by. 'The proof of the pudden is in the aiting.' I believe in the grief that proves itself in a big an' respectable an' feelin' funeral. And the people who'd begredge to spend a few pounds on their relations' burying are people to be mistrusted an' doubted—"

"Well," said Rose Ellen a little impatiently, "four out of one family won't be a small share to travel so far into the Black North—people with a business that can hardly spare 'em. An', Peggy, they were always kind to you, and in the day o' their trouble

it would be dacent and good-hearted to remimber that."

"Oh, 'kind'! Of course they were; but didn't I explain their r'ason for it? It was because they couldn't help having a respect an' a veneration for me, an' when people wish to do a good turn they'll do it for the best-deserving person they know. Ah, there's Mick Dee with the donkey. Here, put in

my chair an' the basket of gooseberries while I'm going over for the cowl'd vittles to O'Dell's. Good-bye, Rose Ellen. Say a few prayers for me, for as sure as I'm talking, we won't have many another shake-hands in this w'ary and sinful world. But we'll meet in a better one, plaze God, for we're a pair o' women that sthiv always to do the very best we could!"

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

[Dr. Stacpoole is the son of the late Rev. William Church Stacpoole, D.D., of Trinity College. He was educated at Malvern College, and took his medical diploma in London. Dr. Stacpoole is a contributor to various literary journals, and has published several imaginative prose volumes. But in the light of his few exquisite poems one must regard him primarily as a poet. The following examples of his work are given by kind permission of author and publisher.]

THE STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS GARDEN.

(FROM "PIERRETTE".)

"No, I will not have the curtains drawn or the lamp lit, for this is just the light I require for the story of the cripple.

"It's about a little German boy who lived once in a village in Germany near Frankfort-on-the-Main. Though he lived in the village, and though he was twelve years of age, he had never been to the end of the village street, he had never seen the village pump, nor the blacksmith's shop, nor the linden tree where the gossips gathered on fine summer evenings, nor the village inn with its porch all overgrown with roses.

"His name was Carl Memling, and he had spine disease, so he spent his whole time lying upon his back in bed; his room was very bare, but then it was very clean and very tidy, and outside the window grew an apple-tree which was sprinkled every spring with pretty pink and white blossoms. Then on the mantelpiece stood a crockery lamb, and this lamb he had driven to ever so many imaginary markets, and there bartered

for ever so many imaginary articles, from cakes of gilt gingerbread to real princesses; but always before the close of market he would barter back somehow, even after he had eaten the gingerbread and kissed the princesses, and home the lamb would be driven to its place on the mantelpiece, to be bartered and brought back another day. He knew every green sprig on the wall-paper by heart, and the old spider who lived in the little hole above the window-frame was a sort of friend, although the acquaintanceship never ripened into any real intimacy. Then Dr. Marx, the Jewish doctor, who came over from the village of Friedrichsdorff every month to see how he was going on, gave him a 'struwelpeter', and it is almost worth having spine-disease, if you have a 'struwelpeter'.

"What is a struwelpeter? Well, now, listen to me, and I will tell you exactly what it is.

"A struwelpeter is a twopenny-halfpenny book, printed on bad paper, but on every page there is a picture worth two of any of Aunt Maria's pictures—yes, the ones she is always threatening to leave to Aunt Martha if Uncle John does not give up smoking cigars in the dining-room—and the strange thing about them is that though they are so good, they have never been grumbled at, for every art critic who looks at them forgets all about fault-finding, and only remembers the time when he was a tiny little boy, and people used to find fault with him.

"So between the struwelpeter and the spider and the crockery lamb, Carl Memling had a world of his own, and in the big everyday world outside he had many friends. Father Hans the blacksmith made him a little horse-shoe, which was hung over his bed

for luck ; and Carl Tropmann, the son of the butcher, gave him a pair of skates, for Carl Tropmann, though he had neither brains nor sense of humour, had a great big heart, that somehow always led him right. Stupid people laughed at the idea of skates for a cripple, but they were just the things this cripple wanted most. He had them hung on the end of the bed where he could see them, and he would slip them on and skate to all sorts of places in his imagination.

"Then there was Gunhilde Meyer, the innkeeper's little daughter. She would come and spend most of her spare time with him, telling him stories and explaining the pictures in struwellpeter. She would tease him sometimes just as if he were a real whole boy, and this made him love her better than anyone else, for nothing irritates a cripple so much as to be treated by everyone too kindly.

"One day he asked Gunhilde why father Hans the blacksmith had not been to see him for so long, quite a month ; and Gunhilde grew a bit pale and hesitated, then she said, speaking in a low voice :

"'Father Hans has gone to Frankfort.'

"It was an untruth, for father Hans was dead ; but they never told him of deaths, and when people never came to see him any more it was always, 'Oh, they have gone to Frankfort.' He did not know where Frankfort was, but it seemed to him a very sad sort of place, and a very long way off, since all the people who went there never came back.

"He knew nothing about death, or about graveyards, for he had always been so close to death that people held their tongues about it in his presence, feeling, perhaps, that he was better informed than they.

"Well, one day later on in the autumn, he suddenly remembered that Gunhilde had not been to visit him for three whole days, and he asked his mother, who was dusting the room, why Gunhilde had not been to see him. She answered without turning her head that Gunhilde had gone to Frankfort.

"He said nothing. But he never asked about Gunhilde again, or why she had gone or when she was coming back, and everyone thought him hard-hearted because he never asked after the pretty little girl who had been so good to him.

"'It's the way of cripples,' said one old woman who was the village oracle. 'They care for naught but their crooked selves.'

And she may have been right, but sometimes even old women are in the wrong.

"At all events he put struwellpeter under his pillow, and did not read it any more ; and he found that the crockery lamb could be driven no more to market, for the road was gone ; and the skates could not be put on again, for somehow the straps would not buckle. He grew weary of the room in which he had spent a happy life, and his one desire was to leave it and go to Frankfort, for there he would see Gunhilde and father Hans, and all the other people whom he had known and who had gone to that mysterious city never to return.

"It was winter now and bitterly cold ; snow had fallen, and he could see the long icicles hanging from the eaves over the window, and though he never spoke of Gunhilde, she was the one idea that filled his head.

"One night, after a great many nights of wakefulness, he woke up from a deep sleep into which he had fallen, the moon was peeping in at the window, and there by his bedside stood Gunhilde ; she was dressed all in white and she was laughing at him.

"He stared for a moment, and then, as if he had never been ill in his life, he jumped out of bed in his little night-shirt and stood beside her. She took his hand, and put her finger on her lips as if to say 'silence', then she led him to the door and down the stairs, then across the hall, and into the village street ; it lay all white in the moonlight, and the whole village seemed as silent as the moon herself. He saw the village inn for the first time in his life, and the blacksmith's shop, and the pole with the stork's nest on top of it, and he wanted to speak and ask questions ; but Gunhilde still kept her finger on her lips as if to say 'silence'. The snow felt quite warm to the feet, like cotton wool, and she led him down the village street, and then along a road set on either side with fir trees till they came to a very old gateway, just two old rusty gates slung between two moss-grown pillars, and on each of the pillars these words half-hidden by moss, 'Mors janua vitæ'.

"Gunhilde pushed the gates open and they entered a garden.

"'Now we are in the garden,' cried she, 'and we may talk.'

"But Carl Memling could not speak at first, he was so astonished at what he saw. Here there was no snow, only roses. Roses blew everywhere, white and red, and there

were arbours from which music came; and as they passed one of these arbours a voice called to them, and turning, they saw father Hans the blacksmith sitting inside, smoking his long pipe and drinking his beer just as he used to do after a long day of honest hard work before that time when he went to Frankfort.

"'Why,' cried old Hans, 'tis little Carl Memling! Has he too—'

"But Gunhilde put her finger to her lip as if to say 'silence', and the old fellow stopped speaking, and puffed at his pipe, nodding kindly to the children as they passed on.

"They walked down a path banked on either side with rose bushes; they walked with their arms round each other, and they forgot to talk.

"'Art thou happy?' once asked Gunhilde.

"'I am happy,' answered little Carl Memling. 'But, Gunhilde, tell me what call they this garden, and why have I never been here before?'

"'Tis—Frankfort,' answered she, with a sly smile; 'ask me no more about it than that.' And as she spoke she plucked a white rose from a bush, and began to scatter its petals on the path; but as she pulled the petals off, new ones grew from the mysterious white rose, and soon they were knee deep in a perfumed snow of rose leaves. But the rose in Gunhilde's hand remained just the same; it had not lost a single petal, and it was still covered with dew.

"'Tis the rose of life,' cried little Gunhilde, replacing it on the tree, where it grew again as though it had never been plucked. 'And this,' cried she, gathering an armful of the fragrant pot-pourri from the path, 'is the thing men call—'

"'What?' asked little Carl.

"She made no reply, but letting all the

rose leaves drop in a fragrant shower, placed her finger on her lip as if to say 'silence'.

"Just then they heard the crowing of a cock far away in the distance, and all the roses in the garden trembled as if a wind had passed over them, and across the eastern part of the sky they saw a long streak of grey.

"'Come,' said Gunhilde, and with that she led him back through the garden, through the gateway, and down the road to the village, and so to the house. As she left him, tucked up in his bed, she placed her finger again on her lip as if to say 'silence', and so ends the first part of my story.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

*I pipe beneath the morning star,
Across the fields of early frost,
My music leads from near and far
The footsteps of the children lost.*

*Beyond the land by light forlorn
I bring them to such fields—ah, well!
For my beloved ye would not mourn
If they could tell,
If they could tell.*

O piper, thou hast led them hence;
What then? The tale unwritten lies
Of these sweethearts of Innocence,
Their wanderings under unknown skies.

Shines there the sun, blows there the wind,
The butterfly—what share has he——?

—O thou wouldst nevermore be blind
If thou couldst see, if thou couldst see

*The white-robed and the dreamy hosts
I lead—some call me Death—ah, well!
They would not name me thus, those ghosts,
If they could tell,
If they could tell.*

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In the second the daily routine of the Household is considered—the duties of the servants, their wages, their leisure and pleasures, the management of the kitchen, laundry, and store-room. Plain and fancy cooking receive due attention, recipes being given of a large variety of dishes, and suggestions made for breakfast, lunch, afternoon-tea, dinner, and supper. A number of menus are added suitable for the different seasons. Invalid cookery also has its special section.

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While the sum of human knowledge is gigantic now as compared with what it was a hundred years ago, in the department of Natural History the books upon which the great majority of us must depend have undergone practically no change. The general Natural History still follows the lines adopted by Goldsmith in his famous and delightful *Earth and Animated Nature*. That is to say, they are little more than classified catalogues of animals, taking up in succession the various groups and individuals, and describing them one after another, each as standing by itself. This is not what the intelligent reader of the present day requires. He must be put in a position to take a comprehensive grasp of the subject; he demands a competent guide, not a directory, however accurate.

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It is needless to say that the production of such a work demanded a man who has devoted his life to the study of biology and zoology, and who at the same time is a gifted writer and expounder. This rare combination has been found in the person of Prof. J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of University College, Aberystwyth, the author of the present work. Prof. DAVIS is well known to naturalists as an ardent worker in Natural History, particularly in the field of marine zoology. He is a very distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, the chief scientific school in Britain, perhaps in the world, and has done a great deal of literary work, both scientific and in other directions.

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To teachers THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS may be regarded as indispensable. More than usual attention has of late been directed to the important subject of **Nature-study**; and in this respect the appearance of Prof. Davis's work could scarcely have been more fittingly timed. In the domain of Natural History it is pre-eminently the book for the purpose. Its clear and orderly arrangement of facts, its masterly grasp of general principles, its comprehensiveness of scope and simplicity of style, combined with the most absolute scientific accuracy, render this work an invaluable book of reference for those who aspire to teach Nature-study on up-to-date principles.

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The editor of THE MODERN CARPENTER, Mr. G. Lister Sutcliffe, Associate of the Royal Institute of Architects, **needs no introduction** to practical men; his name is already well known not only through his professional position in the architectural world, but through his editorship of *Modern House-Construction*, a work which, although issued only a few years ago, has already become a standard book of reference. Mr. SUTCLIFFE'S large experience has enabled him to enlist the services of a **highly-qualified staff of experts**, whose special knowledge, acquired through long years of practical work, is now placed at the disposal of every member of the craft. The first condition in selecting the contributors to the work was that they should be **practical men**, not only possessing the indispensable knowledge, but having the ability to impart it. The result is that within the eight divisional-volumes of this work we have a treatise on every branch of the craft, distinguished by four outstanding qualities:—It is (1) **complete**, (2) **clear**, (3) **practical**, and (4) **up-to-date**.

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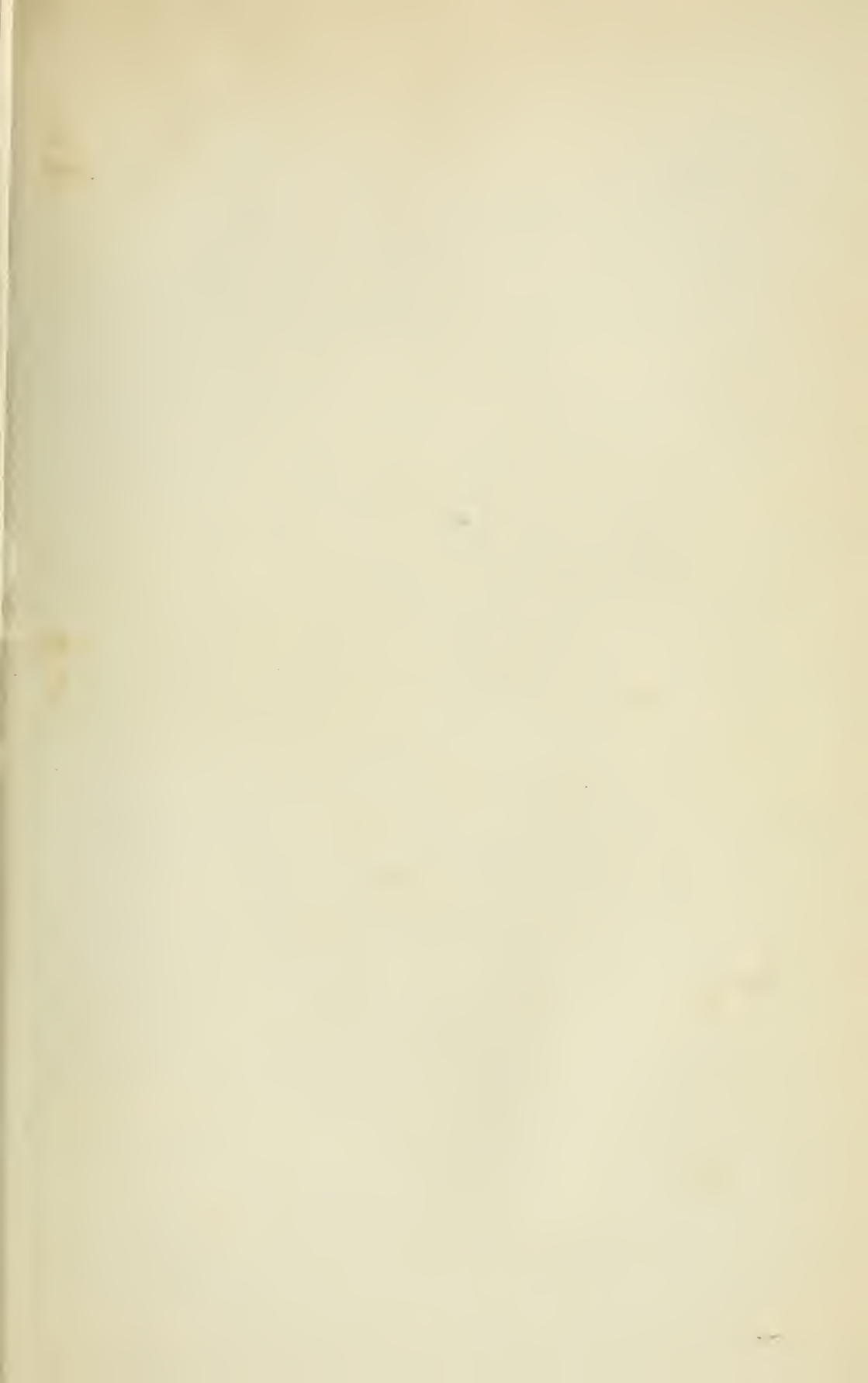
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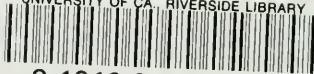
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